Official Name = Storybro's Magically Lewd Road-Trip Adventure

Document #2

Previously known as the live-action document.

Believe it or not, google docs seems to be unable to handle a document past 1531000 or so characters.
Thus, this is now the second document.

Links!

For those of you seeking the first story (and looking to start the adventure) Go here.
-Wordpress Site -Has various wiki pages and oodles of history about the stories. Also has links to anything you'll possibly need to get started, including snippets not available on the documents.

Sleepover
-First Story (WordPress) -The Hub Page for the first story
-First Story (Document, Raw) -Original Doc, Allows Full commenting/Suggested edits

-First Story (Document, Mobile) *New* - HTML, Can Read Comments via lettered citations, click to load comment, click same letters to return., loads 1000x faster.

Road-Trip
-Second Story (Wordpress) -The Hub Page for the second story
-Second Story (Document, Raw) -Original Doc, Allows commenting/Suggested edits
-Second Story (Document, Mobile) *New* - HTML, Can Read Comments via lettered citations, click to load comment, click same letters to return., loads 1000x faster.

-Chapters 63+ **(You are Here)**
-Second Story, Second Document (Raw)
-Second Story, Second Document (Mobile)

Other Things
Fanart
Donations **(This page has additional stories about the girls)**
Contact The Author
Skype Group

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Note: Archives recently went down and were swapped from http://archive.heinessen.com/ to http://desustorage.org.com Please report any broken links. Thank you.

Update #63 : October 15th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14099116/#14099116

This update also brought to you by the letter "D" for Smooth Disco House
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JnaNquBN1aU

>Blondie doesn't laugh
>Not even a giggle
>Instead her skin's color absorption bounces photons reflected into the 650-700 nm scale >[spoiler]Red[/spoiler]
>Perfect red too
>As is her exceptional skill at blushing whenever anything happens that puts her in the spotlight, aubrey laughing didn't help.
>Nor did my laughter
>In the not-so-mysterious mystery of the female mind, the obvious happened
>Blondie screamed at me
>"Jerk!"
>Should have expected it really
>Before my brain appropriately devoted resources to finding out exactly what i had just done incorrectly, she was gone
>Out of the room in a red blur

>By the time i had appropriately devoted brain resources
>I realized exactly what just went wrong
>Actually maybe like six, or seven things wrong
>Firstly, most obvious is that blondie probably didn't know, or realize glasses had the other two condoms.
>So me flaunting an, as aubrey called it, "Six pack"
>Daunting maybe, bragging i would need that many, or a manner of other rudely embarrassing things that blondie thinking about would cause her to conveniently suffer a blushing explosion.
>Secondly, blondie never, ever, ever, ever had openly admitted any affections for me in front of any of the other women.

>I just nonchalantly informed aubrey we were possibly romantically involved
>"Made it official" so to speak
>Also emotion/blushing overload, and maybe something she didn't want entirely either.
>I'd place hefty bets on the third and fourth being the way i was seemingly so confident about the entire thing when she was probably still on the edge about it.
>Then everything else wrong is as good your guess as mine.
>I'm sure my "Sorry we're working out what the fuck just happened" face was intensely entertaining to aubrey
>But she added in her own snippet of wisdom
>"She's all nerves, she probably wanted a drink to calm them"

>Told like a true war veteran aubs
>Secret covert ops missions into enemy territory kinda stuff, doing unspeakable things at 3:00 in the morning kinda stuff. Getting a call from your best friend and having her frantically plea for help burying a body kinda stuff.
>I'm not sure what the "Follow her" policy entitles in this situation
>There's an entire set of rules, situations when you should just leave them alone, or chase them and try to make things better
>I usually had most situations memorized, or the girl made it easy by telling you "It'sFINE!" or "It's not your fault!"
>In which case everything's not fine and it's all your fault so go fix that shit before she thinks about it too much.
>But "JERK!" is just giving me the blame outright.
>Aubrey clears it up
>no accent, just a calm instruction.
>"Leave her... alone"
>Sounds sincere
>Or she's manipulating me in that way generally everyone around me seems to be doing lately
>Giving me the wrong directions to worsen my fate.
>Decisions Decisions.

>I take my time
>Weighing consequences
>Follow, or not, what would i say if i follow, do i really care, wasn't i doing this for her, ect.
>I don't actually care
>Meaning i do, but not to the extent i'm going to trouble myself over it.
>Admit it, i figure
>I'd end up dead probably.
>Have to bind her arms, legs, probably get a full body restraint system going up
>duct tape and everything.
>On that train of thought, i come to the conclusion it would probably be seven, or eight times more terrifying if i did that

>Mass murdering rapist status
>I don't even have to tell you how self explanatory that is
>Don't tie down a girl for her first
>Deciding to not follow the obviously distraught but uninterested in speaking to me-right-now blonde, i leave the kitchen.
>Not the door blondie used
>Definitely a smirk from aubrey on the way out

>I kinda saw it
>Corner of my eye
>If that was glasses, i woulda turned around entirely and walked out the other door, chased down blondie.
>[spoiler]But she would have planned that, and used the smirk to make me change my mind after picking the correct choice[/spoiler]
>Who fucking knows with aubrey, it could be me doing the right thing or wrong thing
>Her allegiances weren't obvious
>Or that wasn't what she was smirking about
>greeted near instantly by a pair of eyes and a rude comment
>"You have chocolate on your chin... pig"
>Guess who?
>Wasn't glasses, she gave me a seductive pair of bedroom eyes, flutter of eyelashes and a wink when i entered
>Completely out of place considering i seemingly had chocolate all over my face
>[spoiler]Or maybe that's her fetish?[/spoiler]
>Wasn't raven either
>She was playing that game where she was doing exactly the opposite of what glasses was doing
>So a very seductive blank stare, no blinking at all, and some "You're sleeping on the couch tonight" eyes.
>Freckles of course was the culprit

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8JU2HjLR-ts
-fukin old, this was 100% for sure on gadget's ipod

-Anon got a get asking for waffle recipe, must deliver.

I've watched her make them a handful of times. Thus as per get-requirements i shall give you the simplest recipe.

-Waffle Mix, any kind, any brand. Whatever you want to make. Buttermilk, original, gluten free. Works with everything.

- 1 Banana (makes about 6 waffles, more if you want to use more)
- Hazlenuts, half cup, maybe more if you like nutty waffles (Other nuts work too, but hazle or a mix of hazle+walnuts = best)

As is always the case with cooking ingredients like these are added to taste, and you may like tons of fruit in your waffles or you may like tons of nuts. Or very little. That's something i can't tell you right off the bat, gonna have to try making them yourself. However the preperation is key.

-Slice that motherfucking banana up
-Grab two flat objects and smash the nuts, make them into generally decent sized pieces, but not the whole thing
-Put it in a bowl. Both of em
-Mash em up
-We want super mashed bananas
-Add a splash of milk, just a little
-Microwave the mixture, maybe 30 seconds, maybe more. You want it hot, but not cooking
-Spoon it out into the waffle mix
-Mix it good
-Try to smash up any clumps, use your hands if you have to, nobody'll care they're delicious
-Layer maybe a fourth of a cup of crushed nuts additionally into the waffle mix
-Cook that shit
-Waffle irons are awesome, mickey mouse waffle irons are better
-Add more nuts on top if you want it to look fancy
-Maple syrup if you're not a communist
-Maple liqueur if you are (we don't judge)
-Enjoy

>Not that it surprised me
>Or mattered
>I just took it out in the most passive aggressive silent manner i could
>Took up my old seat somewhat next to her, leaned against the couch arm
>And draped my legs across her lap
>lol
>She flinched
>Not a flinch, more of a discomforted startle
>But didn't jump to her feet, or yell at me any more
>Just pretended to ignore it, as i grabbed a napkin from the table and wiped my chin
>I had socks on, so it's not like i was shoving stinky man feet in her face or anything
>Just cute little feets

>Which would soon be involved in a territorial war
>One i quickly realized would end badly, as Aubrey returned
>Handed out the glasses of wine to everyone except me
>Then attempted to take up her previous position on the couch
>One that involved her legs in freckle's lap
>Turf she was not entirely willing to sacrifice
>We met on the battlefield
>She didn't have socks on
>Shirts vs Skins

>What resulted was the least lewd round of footsie i've ever encountered
>Wasn't even cute
>Just involved an all out war of leg strength, calve muscles and kicking
>Not just light kicking either
>Poor freckles got nearly nipped in the chin multiple times.
>The two of us giggling like maniacs the entire time.
>Six, seven near misses later she does shout at us
>Blah blah acting like children, blah blah foot war
>Typical cover for just not wanting to get accidentally kicked in the face
>And also the fact that she was pretty terrified we were going to spill wine everywhere
>That's a pretty big one too
>I resigned, retreated, gave aubrey back her footly throne
>she didn't take it.
>Either via tease, annoyance at having her game stopped, or something harder to read, she swiveled
>Layed legs calmly in glasses' lap again
>Informed me "I could keep her"
>Comical, really
>Because "Her" was if anything, exceptionally not interested in my feet on her lap right now
>Soiled ground, radioactive emotional fallout from the resulting war
>Happens
>I shrug, curl my feet under myself, and return to watching TV.
>Still torchwood

>The episode uninterrupted by my previously earthly distractions, i get immersed
>Until the sound effects stop making sense
>"Umphs"
>and "Grrs" that don't fit any of the characters on the screen
>Or match any of the voices
>Prying my eyes away finds that freckles is still sitting there with arms crossed and a pout
>):
>Sorry freckles
>You were just going to sit there awkwardly with those feet anyway

>Feet which, according to aubrey's kicking, were no longer stationary in glasses' lap either
>Glasses seemed to have a battleground on her... thighs?
>Which included a pair of feet vying for dominance
>Raven's
>Practically biting her lip in concentration, the new girl was holding a dangerously swaying wine glass and exerting everything she had, with little giggles and hisses of "Ouch" every so often.
>Aubrey doing the same
>Glasses completely ignoring them, leaning back and enjoying the TV as if there was nothing happening.
>That is until an errant foot clips the bottom half of her wine glass, and sends it skittering out of her grasp and to the rug.
>The white rug

>The rest of the story contains the tale of a young man, and six women in the hopeless attempts to repair an expensive white rug they've now spilled red wine all over.
>It includes trips to exotic countries, traveling in war zones with armed guards, and most of all a complete lack of anyone surviving.
>That or the glass was empty
>And glasses leaned forward and snatched it back up quick enough for no drops to spill
>Still though, her accompanying "STOP" put an end to the feet war once more
>This time for good
>I only mention this because both girls were wearing shorts
>Legs...feminine legs are wondrous things
>Even if you're not particularly fond of feet, the ankles, curving calves, quads, thighs and everything higher and lower
>They squeeze, contract, expand, and mould as you watch them kick one another
>Two silky slender pairs, one wiry and lightly toned, the other slender and well proportioned
>Hot, really hot
>And i didn't realize that i was most definitely staring and not watching the TV
>Not until glasses follows up her "STOP!" with a small speech
>Mostly about leaving that for a time we weren't drinking easily stainable liquids
>Also about how they were inadvertently turning on the only male in the room.
>With a point, at my crotch
>Not realizing that was me
>I followed, obviously curious who it was she was talking about
>Then pillowed my lap for good hiding measure
>Raven didn't say anything, her focus elsewhere.
>Aubrey curtly responded "Good" and stood up
>Raven's feet seemingly having won the lap war this time
>Aubrey to drown her sorrows in more wine.

>Of course i was blushing
>A little red

>But not too bad
>Stupid sexy girl legs, leave me alone
>I did however realize in aubrey's absence that raven might have just completed stage two of her plan
>whatever her plan was
>Glasses was paying about as little attention to raven's feet as she had to the fight that brought them there.
>But they were wiggling toes in victory nothenless
>A quiet example of raven's behind the scenes interest in getting closer to glasses once more
>The same thing that...
>Wait a minute...
>Why am i so fucking awful at this? I could have made this happen days ago!?
>Ignoring whatever they've talked about upstairs, raven obviously hasn't been having much luck getting close to glasses again
>But that's what glasses asked me to do wasn't it?
>Mind racing, i start to formulate my own plan to help this along
>"Glasses?"
>I inquire, peacefully, garnering her attention
>She shifts eyes, from the TV, to me
>A frown on her cheeks and eyes, but not mouth
>Uh oh

>I know that look
>The fake smile
>At me, or maybe not me maybe she's just making faces because raven's feet stink or something
>[spoiler]not my queen, never![/spoiler]
>Probably me
>I still bite "Can we talk?"
>She doesn't
>"Not right now, after this episode maybe?"
>It had just started
>Dammit, can't pry a harkness fan away i guess.
>About 24 minutes later, right near the finale of the episode
>Two glasses long since emptied by her, the bottle of wine that aubrey returned with empty yet again.
>She announces she's going to bed

>Just abruptly stands up and leaves
>To which i'm on my feet and following her
>Up the stairs, around a corner to a hallway

>To which she turns around
>Confronts me
>One word
>"Alone"
>!!!
>"Whoah wait i di-
>She shakes off my excuses
>"You already ruined it IDIOT, you didn't drink"
>---
>what?
>She thinks i'm following her up here for something completely different
>Oh right
>That entire "You need to fuck me to further my plans for world domination" thing
>I hold up both hands
>"Whoah!"
>Completely forgot she probably thought we were still doing that
>Had come to the mental conclusion it wasn't happening
>She didn't get that thing i sent her, obviously
>[spoiler]Can probably stop asking now[/spoiler]

>I have to quickly explain that i didn't follow her up here for sex
>A revelation that in no way helped her mood
>Probably soured it
>Her squinting arms-crossed glare with sunken cheeks identifying a probably not good mood already
>Eyes were even cross at me, the usual amber irises pitch black in the light up here.
>She was indeed cross
>And in no mood to wait, she spurred me with a growly "Get on with it"
>I did
>"So i was talking to raven-
>Her eyebrows raise, interest spurred in learning notes of our relationship she hadn't caught on to yet
>Obviously brain whirring, plans changing with the new found information we were secretly on talking terms
>I had to defuse that
>"-And right before she slapped me-
>Perfect
>Her eyebrows lower in disappointment, i'm on awful terms with raven still in her mind
>"-She said she wanted to get back with you..."
>I let that note hang
>No facial movements, beside the frown in her cheeks fading slightly, and maybe her eye color returning.
>Then i continue, i can't be completely OK with it, but i have to ask

>"She's hurt from breaking up, and i would really appreciate it if you took her back like you wanted and possibly got her to forgi-
>She interrupts me
>With a snap
>"I can't"
>No explanation, no examples, no logic whatsoever
>Turns around, and stomps off down the hallway
>Leaving me completely lost and confused
>SHE'D ASKED ME
>TO DO EXACTLY THAT
>AND NOW SHE DOESN'T WANT IT
>SERIOUSLY FUCK WOMEN

>I end up staring off into the darkness after her
>She vanished into one of these rooms
>Was that the kind of thing you're supposed to follow a girl when she says?
>I can't remember
>None of them are in the manual today it seems.
>Without aubrey here to lead me astray, i make what i think is the right decision
>Follow
>Ideally i want to get her together with raven after all
>Further raven's scheme
>whatever it was
>Down the hallway, i check doors
>Which is easy because all the bedrooms are open except for one
>I knock
>No response
>Tentatively open the door and peer inside
>My eyes adjust, to the scene of a figure partially undressed, frozen, shirt almost above her shoulders and bra easily visible.
>"What?"
>A single question she rings out, in a less than amused word as she resumes undressing
>Completely ignoring me there, shirt over head.
>Then it's tossed to the ground, and she collapses into sitting on the bed
>Staring at me
>Eyes glinting the light i'm letting in from down the hallway, like a creature in the darkness.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6NJeanrwRKE

>"Spit it out, or leave"
>A tense shrug of her shoulders as she tells me in a not-too-friendly tone of annoyance
>I've just been staring and watching this entire time
>So i stutter my mouth into words
>"U..uh you just, i wanted you to help me with raven be-
>I'm not quick enough at getting my point across
>She ends my request for help with a "Why?"
>A stale remark
>But now i know she's mad at me
>At me
>I've literally done nothing except f...
>Except for go behind her back and purchase condoms to get out of her plan
>Which she doesn't know about
>Aubrey couldn't have possibly told her without me hearing and being in the same room
>Could she have?

>Thinking interrupted with
>"You didn't drink, like i asked... asshole"
>The last bit an added on insult
>In a just-because tone, hurt even.
>Glasses
>Hurt
>that i wouldn't get drunk and snog/shag her
>Why not EVERY other time?
>Why THIS time?
>These are the questions mere mortals ask themselves every day when dealing with glasses' shenanigans
>Not me
>For i was no mortal man
>I instantly caught on
>Snidely tormenting her and calling the bluff, i threw down my asshole card
>"I didn't know you could fake tears, that's impressive"
>Usually if you call a girl when she's faking
>One thing will happen
>She'll get angry, and fake harder.
>[spoiler]Literally nothing else, you can always tell they're faking it if they get angrier and fake harder[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Oddly enough if you tell them they're faking it and they aren't, they realize you're not taking them seriously and stop, usually to hold it all in and blow up with it later[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Oh and you'll be reminded you're out of touch with her feelings and said she was faking it, don't worry that's in your future [/spoiler]

>Glasses isn't faking feeling hurt
>Nor does she entirely stop
>Sometimes girls are different, sometimes they follow different rules, and know that one form of communication isn't working
>So they try another
>I often wonder what would have happened if i had just left
>Gone after blondie instead
>Not a future i had chosen however
>I got this one
>Our silent schemer quietly sitting
>Eyes still glinting in the light reflecting into the room
>A calm, emotionless
>"I'm not faking, SB"
>my nickname
>My childhood friend. Nickname.
>One she never uses, one that was coined by raven mostly
>But one she'd heard a thousand times, or more.
>She always used my other, my shortened actual name, the one she'd learned before i eventually had to start putting my full name on all my papers.

>I ignore the use
>Skim right past it as if it's nothing, note it down and continue
>She doesn't make a big deal out of it, only that phrase
>And the next
>Staring at her feet, a single swish
>One two, a kick of her heels
>"Why... do you think i do this?"
>Trap question
>Something's eating away at her, that much i can tell.
>But she needs my input on it, or my justification, or endorsement, or simply acceptance.
>Something.
>I steel myself behind a couple sets of proxy emotions, ready to give her whatever expressions or reactions she needs
>Armor ready, i take the bait.
>"That's broad, do what exactly?"
>One more kick of the legs
>And a return of her gaze up to mine, lazily, head almost sideways
>Glinting again
>In almost a smiling tone
>"Talk to you... keep you involved, safe and close?"
>"You hate me after all, but i keep trying right? Keep making everything better and just making it worse instead?"
>Whatever i was pretending i had ready for emotional armor, this wasn't going to cut it.

>I put on my best sets, get out my exquisite samurai adornments and robust middle age plating.
>I can handle this, i'm a big guy
>"...for you..."

>!!!
>DANGER
>Good evening friends, i'd like to take a moment out of our daily programming to talk to you about a serious endangerment to your teenagers that's been sweeping the nation like wildfire.
>It's called "Emotional Blindness"
>Scientifically we call this a "Frequent Rejection of Interests or Emotional Neutrality Deriving Zero Outcome of Nearby Enamourships"
>Unluckily most young adults afflicted by this curse have very little clue this is occurring in everyday life.
>They may continue speaking to others as if they are just "Friends" and prioritizing contact with them accordingly
>Unknowingly turn down advances, romantic or otherwise that would result in any substantial change in your relationship status
>Considering the way the perpetrator keeps the receivers at arm's length, seems entirely accidental.
>This, as most victims can confirm.
>Ruins lives, relationships, and sows a seed of doubt and constant torment into the heart of the poor souls affected.
>This "F.R.I.E.N.D.Z.O.N.E" As they call it, is a serious endangerment to our country, and steps are being taken soon to prevent it from ever occurring.
>If
>If it existed
>[spoiler]Don't delude yourself lonely anons[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They fully fucking well know you're romantically interested in them, they just ignore it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The only way they couldn't is if you've actually shown ABSOLUTELY zero interest in them, in which case it's your fault entirely[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Just like i was keeping glasses at an arm length, and never letting her get close[/spoiler]

>I knew the signs
>Standing there quietly
>Weighing all the options, quietly staring at the very emotionally exposed brunette
>:|
>I'm not sure i know of a good way to handle this at all
>A way to start saying anything without making it worse
>She's the one that talks, interrupting my indecision
>"Why... do you think i chose to handle things the way i did?"
>Ambiguous as hell

>Don't answer
>You know better Storybro don't do i-
>"Tell me?"
>fuck
>you stupid stupid idiot, you've doomed us all
>abandon fucking ship, we're done
>Glasses' missing the inner dialogue
>Most likely overpowered by her own
>Spurring her to say her own stupid things
>"Because i didn't mind"
>Ambiguous again
>As usual

>I could just sit here all night and let her lead me in circles trying to say what she's obviously been unable to say for months, if not years now
>But i kinda get it
>It's a simple question
>More of a statement, from me
>"You love me, huh?"
>Dismissal almost
>As if i was amused
>She catches it, but doesn't pull out a new "Ouch that hurts" attitude
>she just punishes me right back
>"You should know by now"
>...
>A tricky two pronged answer
>If i get it wrong, i'm an idiot and if i get it right, i've been hiding it this entire time.
>Best case scenario i admit she's the only girl for me and stay all night.
>Worst case we're never friends again
>I'm not going to do it
>Neither answer
>Literally want no part in any resulting glasses shitstorm
>The next actions were more of one movement
>Well planned, rehearsed and calm
>stepping into the room, strolling across the carpet and lightly placing a hand on her opposite shoulder
>Turning upper torso to face mine, pressing her back to the sheets and leaning in
>For a soft, but tender kiss
>No tongue, barely anything but lips, and a retreat
>Leave her lying there, looking upwards , at me
>now for the-
>oh fuck
>forgot what i was going to say

>quick
>Make up a snappy comment, anything, romantic, cute, anything!
>"You...work too hard... to be in my heart"
>!!!
>THAT MADE NO SENSE

>I'm pretty sure that it came out like some kind of sappy 60s show romantic pull that brings two characters together
>It makes no sense in my head
>Breaks like three logical rules, had a huge pause in the middle, and actually sounds like i'm rejecting her because she's trying too hard.
>It didn't matter
>Amber eyes flicking back and forth
>Searching for a solution in my obviously confused face
>Which i played off as emotionally insecure
>See it doesn't matter, because she smiled
>Shoved me off with a giggle, and told me "that makes no sense... idiot"
>Still worked
>Rules of romantic quotes are as follows
>Add buzz words, even if they're meaningless
>Relate those buzz words to things that they can't relate to
>???
>Profit
>Telling someone "I love you" or "You're special to me" is not nearly as fun to think about as telling a girl something absurd, and even funny at the same time
>Try some fan favorites
>Like "My love for you is like a truck"
>[spoiler]Requirement of yelling BERZERKER afterwards[/spoiler]
>Or "I like to sing in the shower, can you sing? My bathtub holds two!"

>Phew
>I get shoved, do a turn, end up on my back lying a short way from her on the bed
>Then a verbal "Phew"
>Which i stupidly follow up with an
>"I thought you were going to tell me you loved me, and ask me to drop everything and run away with you"
>To which i realize i've said too much
>and mumble out a quick "or something..." afterwards
>Obviously solving the problem and dissolving the previous comment
>Or not
>She's way better at this whole meaningful quotes that make no sense kinda thing than i am
>Because hers definitely gets me thinking
>"I can't run away with you, there's no roads"

>...
>See?
>THE FUCK does that mean

https://www.youtube.com/v/9e8Y2KNOKXU
-fullscreen animu is irrelevant

>Who fucking knows
>Mystery innit
>I stand up, and she grumbles
>half expecting a don't go
>Or "Don't leave me"
>Or any of that other romantic stuff you get after you're pretty sure a girl's just confessed she loves you
>Never came
>She just stayed there
>Staring upwards, at an old friend.
>I check my instruction manual
>At this point, what she doesn't know
>What she does know because she knows everything, is that it's her
>Or me going to find blondie
>Both problematic choices
>But, mental calculation here
>She's been trying to make me-
>Nevermind-
>WE ARE ASSUMING DIRECT CONTROL
>My various minds take over, relieve me of command
>Remind me of my mission
>i stand back, start to walk away and stop
>Just for that dramatic kind of feel
>Make it into as few words as i can
>Tell her Raven's hurt, needs her as a friend, and plead for glasses to take her back.
>Maybe fix things.
>I try to make it sound sincere
>Not that it helps
>Glasses doesn't even move, doesn't even look at me
>Before curtly responding, same as always
>"I can't"

>She elaborates this time

>"It's not... "
>a pause
>Then the harsh truth
>"If i get back with raven, it's going to completely ruin your relationship. She won't come back to you"
>...!
>OUCH
>Pretty sure i'm going to need to get myself to a burn ward for that one
>"I... was so sure i had you two back together, but i was wrong..."
>):
>):
>I kinda want to tell her
>She's obviously beating herself up over it
>But i don't
>She's never going to let raven close because raven won't fix her relationship with me, and raven's faking the relationship being broken to get with her.
>Shenanigans i tell ya
>I try my best
>"Do it anyway? I've got a trump card of my own-you-know"
>She calls the bluff
>I have to admit i have nothing because nothing i would have made up would have sailed past her defenses
>Except for-
>"Just do it, for her, not me"
>Click the "You love her too button"
>which works
>somehow
>Gets her to nod
>go back to staring at the ceiling quietly
>And i inform her i'm going to send raven up
>No response
>Eep
>Good luck raven, you're gonna need it.

>Quick trip downstairs and i find raven
>Trying to ignore freckles and aubrey almost sitting next to one another and just barely not really doing it.
>Nobody else is down here, there's another bottle of wine half-empty, and i'm sure aubrey and freckles both drank it.
>Impressive
>Considering i was gone like 15 minutes, at most
>I mean raven knows
>It's obvious as hell, they're both trying to avoid eye contact, and uncomfortable stares

>Probably enough wine to want to jump one another's bones
>But no movements yet
>Cute
>I make sure neither of them are looking
>Both pretending not to look at one another, while looking at one another
>Freckles fiddling with something on the table, aubrey her wineglass, half full.
>I catch raven's eye, wink and give her a silent "Watch this"
>Then walk over, and plop myself lightly on Aubrey's lap
>Along with my best "Ello Poppet"
>British accent of course

>My plan isn't actually to get anywhere with aubrey
>Just make freckles man the fuck up and take her
>netorare is helping i promise!
>Aubrey's drunk enough to play along
>"Ello luv"
>She matches my accent, and genuinely smiles
>Probably bored of sexual tension at this point
>Then in a silly little comment, she says
>"It's too early for you to be taking my lap for a joyride"
>Then i just smile at her
>She's doing it again
>And she gets the hint
>"Eerr i mean, taking my lap for a ride"
>...
>I start stifling giggles, raven too
>She's seen this happen far too many times
>Aubrey finally corrects herself to "It's too early for you to be sitting in my lap"
>and buries herself in another swig of wine
>To which i quietly tease
>"Glasses ducked out on me, i've got a spare box of rubbers if that was an offer"
>Trying my best to not giggle and english accent at the same time
>She coughs up her wine back into the glass
>A surprised look upwards with a "Seriously!?" expression, and what i could swear was a sneeze behind me.
>Hint: She's definitely drunk
>It's not hard to flirt with her.
>Meanwhile the redhead laser eye beam was palpable, i could cook an egg off the looks she was giving me.
>That feel when someone else tries to romance your waifu

This was previously another of the thousands of references that told users they could only see the following text with a "Magically Lewd Premium account". There was no text and it was simply a method for starting a time skip. No such account exists, this text will be black no matter how long you stare at it, and nothing is behind it. The joke is still that you would have no clue what just happened. I received far too many emails from non-4chan users that didn't understand the joke, and now there's this disclaimer.

>With the door locked, there's no escape
>For me
>*shrug*
>Not like i want to escape
>She's standing between me and the door, obviously has a look of either "I'll kill you" or "We're going to fuck like animals on her face
>Both probably acceptable after what i'd just done
>I just sit myself down on the toilet
>Unzip pants
>Hold out one hand, with a typical "Come at me!" motion
>She steps forward
>Two steps
>Falters
>Then throws her hands to her hips
>"You're an Ass!"

>Words from the heart
>I agree
>However what happened was not only completely incorrect considering what i was trying to do
>But simply didn't adhere to most physicists conventional understanding of reality.
>I shrug
>I have every intention of taking a piss, and if she wants to watch, so be it.
>The real question is why i was still sitting down.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ovsjkYytGOU

>With the conscious decision that indeed, i was going to submit to the matriarchy and take a wee in the crouching position.
>Mostly because considering the accidental boner, i was going to be sitting here for a while willing it to go away.
>The yelling outside confirming that indeed, the fighting between the other girls had not stopped
>And that i would probably have to go get a spatula to tear them apart.
>Not my plan
>Even the lovely tinkling sound of me literally pissing away my rights as a male by sitting down couldn't bring me out of scheming to fix whatever chaos i'd just wrought
>Or
>Ignoring whatever chaos
>Ignoring
>Good plan
>I zip up, turn to the sink to wash my hands, and curtly inform the female in the bathroom with me that if she stays much longer i may have to flirt with her.
>She informs me i've probably set women back thirty years with what i've just done
>[spoiler]No she doesn't[/spoiler]
>Along with some other things
>Angry things, about how she'll never let me touch her, how i should stay the fuck back, and how as soon as i'm done washing my hands she'll kill me.
>Can't get any of those germs you know
>I let her speak
>Figuring someone's listening in outside
>I would figure in wrong
>Because the crashing, actual cracking and yelling tells me they're actually flipping tables out there.

>Not that i want to be involved in WWIII
>Door's locked, they can't get in without a battering ram
>Even if the company is a little frigid
>While sudsing up i make an offhand comment about how i have condoms in my back pocket

>Ya know
>We could make use of a few while they're outside fighting
>Her "As If" along with a pout makes me consider telling her that she's not worth using them on anyway
>But in my head that comes off as a little too mean
>Eh
>I say it anyway, sounds good.
>Loud, so even everyone outside can hear
>I could swear the fighting outside stopped, but the continued crashing reminded me otherwise
>The hand on the back of my neck, ripping me and the cuff of my shirt away from our hand washing activities
>I find myself forcefully pressed up against the counter
>Face against the cold cold cold tile
>Sideways
>Right
>"Too mean?" i ask
>Already knowing the answer
>She squeezes close, getting her mouth up to whispering distance of my ear
>"Yes"
>She squeaks, seems to fumble
>Then releases me, and with a thump goes silent
>...
>I stand, worried, scared and absolutely confused as to what just happened
>That explains itself very quickly
>More crashes outside, probably a couple explosions, and probably gunfire at this point
>Raven unconscious on the bathroom floor
>Jesus christ. Why me!?

>First order of business
>Raven
>A million and one things flip through my mind
>Probably Dead
>Alcohol poisoning
>Disconnected spinal cord from the previous concussion
>Crazy super saiyans battling outside
>Both of them screaming about that not even being their final form and how the power comes from "Deep inside"
>No phone
>Can't call for paramedics
>Krillin already dead
>Well
>First order is to check raven, as we've been over this

>She's sprawled out on the tile floor, lying on her side
>Hair askew, clothes askew, everything limp
>Fuck
>I kneel down, intent on checking her pulse and flipping her over
>Ends up i don't have to
>She's got her eyes wide open when i get her to her back
>They flit around
>Focus on me
>Wide and deep green <3
>She's fine
>The giggling tells me she's more than fine
>"I slipped!"
>Also drunk

>I offer a hand
>Help her to her giggling feet, and she doesn't break the handhold
>Does a twist, rotates me around
>Cute
>so i don't let go
>Even as she twists my arm behind my back
>Oops
>So if i struggle it'll hurt like hell
>And pins me to the counter again
>Sure it was cute the first time
>But this one hurt
>Come on, i was just worried you were pretty much dead on the floor, and now you're perfectly alive not dead and causing me pain
>Not cool
>Meanie
>She seems to ignore my various insults however.
>Well not really insults, just calling her a meanie
>"You're still an ass"
>She says it with a slap upon my own
>A fetish i am not into
>Not even slightly
>[spoiler]Not even a little bit[/spoiler]
>So i rotate my leg, and scoop hers from underneath her again
>Fully expecting her to topple backwards again
>She does
>Takes my arm with her.

>That means i either have to put up with my arm being dislocated

>Which i'm partial against not happening
>Or follow her
>I do the latter
>End up sprawled out on the ground with a very-pissed and drunk girlfriend
>Laughing
><3
>That's what girlfriends are for after all
>Even after she attempts to clamber over my course to gain the higher ground
>I don't let her
>with tickles
>Use the full extent of my finger's capabilities to get under her shirt and at her ribcage
>Which instantly brings her to peals of laughter
>Clutching her sides and rolling off of me
>Back to the tile floor
>Using this to my advantage, i courageously climb MT raven.
>Much like captain kirk
>Why am i climbing the mountain?
>To hug raven of course
>Envelop in a warm cute embrace
>I missed her, mostly the laughter, cuddles and everything else
>Also i mean
>As dramatic as she was, trying to pin me to the sink moments ago
>I feel like, even with all the shit that we've had going on. She's far more reliable than anyone else to act consistent.
>That or i understand her more.

http://youtu.be/K3y4WAgfX1Y?t=1m2s

>So i'm all cuddly
>She's drunk and trying to seriously push me off but laughing all the same
>I feel like our roles are reversed, possibly.
>Claiming my prize
>A cute kiss on her cheek, i finally let go
>Roll off giggling
>She heaves herself to seated position
>Shakes her hair out of her eyes, and is obviously glaring at me
>Then punches me in the shoulder
>To which i respond "Ouch!"
>Quite loudly
>her announcing "That!"

>A pause
>"Was for the cheetos!"
>hah!
>Shut up, now you're being silly
>I point out she got them anyway
>To which she smiles a mischievous smile of her own
>"Yeah, but you were still a jerk about it"
>I watch the fist come up again, ready to punch
>"Oh, and there's like seven other things i owe you fo-
>I don't give her time, i roll out of the way still giggling

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KHHe4HKucqc
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E0VNtJtKFb0

>It's not much of a demand
>More of a request when i say "Stop"
>although she does
>Even if i was still giggling
>Cocks her head to the side as if listening
>And then slaps a finger over her mouth as if telling me to hu-
>Oh she is telling me to hush
>They stopped fighting outside and can probably hear my giggling
>I fix that
>Shout a "FUCK YOU" and rustle the cabinet a little
>A fist against wood makes a great smacking sound
>Tears in my eyes mean it was convincing and didn't just hurt me
>right?
>Then i take advantage of raven's silenced state to tackle her again
>She doesn't complain, or struggle
>Just lets me pin her down, and kiss her to my heart's content
>Eventually starts kissing back
>And roaming her hands
>One ends up on my shoulder, the other on my stomach
>A squeeze of both
>And a yelp from me
>Rolling off of her and to the floor again

>"what! Did i touch something wr-
>She pauses realizing she's being too loud
>I don't answer
>So she returns hands to my shirt, and slowly lifts the hem

>Gasps accompany the movement, twinkling sad green eyes as she unveils the current level of beating my upper torso had suffered
>Numerous bruises, a large one on the lower abdomen, some smaller scattered around hips and lower ribs from punches, kicks and general elbows i'd received from various sources.
>So blondie.
>Scratch marks, some of which i can't remember getting
>Probably gadget
>Then further up the chest, we have some minor stab wounds
>Mostly that pencil one
>Healed and scabbed over nicely at this point, wasn't hurting anymore
>Then teeth marks
>Quite a few where they'd broken the skin, although you couldn't really tell they were teeth marks anymore
>Battle scars anons
>Women love them
>[spoiler]And cause them[/spoiler]

>Wide eyed, she's staring
>Mumbles a couple comments while running her hands across various bits, feeling for herself the damage
>She has seen some of it, but not most the recent ones.
>Her one liners are pretty good about them
>I remember almost chuckling
>Things something like "Gadget only bit you, who scratched you!"
>[spoiler]Still pretty sure it was gadget[/spoiler]
>And
>"How do you even stab someone with a pencil"
>Or, our favorite
>"This is the last time i rent you out"
>That one became quite an in joke of its own
>My little noirette did the sweetest thing
>She leaned over and gave a soft kiss to the big bruise on my stomach
>Then another on a little bruise nearby
>Mumbling "Show me where it hurts"
>I wanted to correct her
>Point out none of it hurt until she kissed it, at which point there was a sharp pain associated with poking or touching bruises
>But i didn't
>too cute
>I just pointed at various places and let her kiss her way up my abdomen
>ending with a very very very
>Very very very

>Very very very

>Points twice
>Receives two chin kisses
>Then raises it higher
>AND COMPLETELY SKIPS THE LIPS
>):
>Nose kisses, to bridge of nose kisses, to forehead kisses
>And then she pushes me away

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dcm-cmmEnCY

>At first i'm confused that she's pointing at me
>at my crotch
>I'm not sure i'm flexible enough for that, or willing
>Mostly flexible, i really doubt that could happen.
>She corrects me with another hand, another finger pointed at her own
>Oh
>Takes her two seconds to discard those shorts
>No clue how
>I thought they were pretty tight
>Mind shuts down
>Panties about to be removed too
>Then i remember
>):
>Hand on hers, i stop her
>):
>I make sure the frowny face is clearly visible
>"I... uhh..."
>Clear my throat
>Prepare to tell my waifu i've sold her into a life of slavery as another woman's woman
>Which she seemingly takes quite well
>The entire "She'll know if i have sex with you" speech
>Sperm pretty bad
>We both agree that on the list of things we could do to hide it, there's too many obvious indicators
>She brings up condoms
>Good idea!
>Except...
>They smell like latex and are probably obvious
>Swallowing a no-go, brushed teeth might be really obvious
>Hell even if we just have sex and i pull out and cum elsewhere, glasses might be able to smell ME on her.

>Me:):

>Her:):
>Me:)):
>Her)):
>Madame frustrated sighs
>Throws on the shirt again, then ruffles on the pants, leaving them looser than they were before, but still tight
>Tosses me my shirt
>And stands up to leave
>Then pauses
>Turns around, odd look on her face
>Finger raised
>As if she wants to say something
>She never does
>But stands there anyway
>Even after i've put my shirt on, and her contemplative stare hasn't ended
>I bite
>Ask "What?!"
>She grins
>Turns on her heel and throws open the door
>But not before quietly whispering back
>"I was considering dropping the plan"
>!!!!
>!!!!
><3 you too raven, as her midnight locks of hair whistle around the corner, her long legs striding out
>In other news
>Time to check the carnage

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Drgce2FGNXQ

>Raven didn't get very far
>Firstly the table WAS flipped
>Big wooden thing, there's no god damn way anyone out here did that without some serious strength
>One of the paintings on the wall is knocked down, there's pillows everywhere, the comforter is sprawled across the ground
>There's a pile of chairs, covering what seems to be pillows, and what sounds like complaining coming from within
>There's a broken wine glass on the carpet, one that i have to carefully avoid approaching closer
>The empty wine bottle is shattered, the table all the glasses were on has been flipped, somehow the full glasses all set carefully down in various places across the room.

>The hallway table is turned over, a vase is lying on the ground
>A bowl of ornamental stuff is all out of place
>Plus our bags of clothes seem to have been used as ammunition
>Including what was in them
>Panties, pants, socks and shoes so spread around the room i'm not completely sure we'll ever find them again
>The only thing not missing or out of place in the room is the corner two couch cushions
>which seem to have Freckles and Aubrey snuggly sitting in them together under a blanket.
What seems to be aubrey in freckles' lap
>They're both smiling and cuddling happily watching TV again
>[spooky]
>Raven makes it first to the pile of complaining chairs and pillows and starts righting them and lifting them off
>Instantly demanding my help in the task
>I arrive, and we make short work of the pile of various things stacked on top of what seem to be feet belonging to a brown girl
>Gadget

Update #64 : October 18th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14139092

>Chair
>Chair
>Pillow
>Blanket
>Couch cushion
>One of the stools from the kitchen
>This was only half the starting pile of junk that seems to have been piled up in the middle of the room.
>Brown feet kicking in cute little cute slippers underneath the mess
>It's like someone tried to rewrite the wizard of OZ, used a real tornado and tried to make the cast more ethnically diverse or something.
>Which seems to have included using a real tornado
>[spoiler]Affirmative action putting fake tornados out of work[/spoiler]
>In this case it wasn't exactly dorothy we were saving
>Wicked witch of the east maybe, trapped under an entire house
>And her feet weren't shriveling up or anything, this wicked witch was perfectly alive

>Kicking, and as we got closer to the muffled shouts, whining loudly for someone to help her
>"Nooot funnnyyy!!!"
>And
>"Sorrry! Please!!!"
>muffled under blankets in a clearly distressed voice

>Raven shooting venomous glares towards the two cuddlebirds completely ignoring us on the couch, sitting upon one another harmlessly and staring at the TV.
>One more pillow and we get to the center, the carpet from the hallway.
>Completely rolled up, with a pair of kicking legs being the only things visible of the contents
>God damnit gadget
>(soon that's just going to be my catch phrase, i swear)
>Raven and i flip the carpet around, and with some ruffling and rolling, plus
>some exceptionally loud and unhappy sounding squeals and shouts from inside. We unroll the silly girl.
>She tumbles out of her cocoon, sideways and crying.
>Bawwing her eyes out, sprinkling tears everywhere as she tried to sit up straight
>Which, considering she was dizzy, ended up with her collapsing sideways onto raven's lap
>Leaving wet spots all over her knee
>I wasn't buying it.
>Sometimes anons, you get buried under a pile of chairs, pillows and blankets as a joke.
>Sometimes you deserve it.
>She wasn't hugging me because she knew i wasn't going to give her any sympathy for this one
>I just hold out my hand
>"Give it"

>The seriousness of my firm tone doesn't help at all
>If anything it just makes gadget wail louder, and sob harder into raven's knee
>I don't buy it
>"Fucking hand it over gadget, right now"
>To the tune of louder wailing again
>I'm not joking around, she did this
>Could have stopped it, grave she dug, ect ect.
>Raven's just sitting here glaring at me with venom now
>No words needed, just silent
>"How can you be such an asshole?"
>"What gives you the right to be so mean to her after her friends tied her up and buried her in chairs?"
>I shake my head, dismissing her stares
>Then i point at gadget's hand
>It's clasped, obviously squeezing and holding on to something
>Something small

>Raven wasn't watching our little idiot, but don't worry she'd be pissed in a second too
>"Gadget..."
>I start calmly
>"You're going to give me the bag, or we're not talking anymore"

>The idiot sobbing onto raven's knee just quiets down
>Shivers once, and sits up slightly
>An impassive toss, a shove of the object in her hand towards me
>Small little bag
>Long since empty
>Doesn't cover much distance at all, just flutters down to the blanket we're sitting on.
>Sigh
>I should have just realized this was going to happen, honestly
>But gadget had either chosen to pick friendship over causing more shitstorms with that little bag
>Or realizing it was empty and she had nothing to lose, offered it up for some semblance of peace
>Both twice as likely as one another
>I return to interrogation
>"How much did you have?"
>Raven still staring at the bag
>Examining it, where she's seen it before
>The look of recognition slowly crossing her cheeks
>Then the venom she had saved for me, redirected towards the girl still quietly sobbing into her lap
>Not as quiet after i ask the question
>A wail again, in absolute despair
>"I didn't get ANY"
>then an accusing finger, not even aimed at aubrey or freckles, but obvious nonetheless
>"They took it all!"
>lol

>Frecks and Aubs still impassively staring off at the TV
>Completely ignoring whatever was going on around them.
>Yeah ok
>I'll believe it
>Gadget's still quietly crying into raven's knee, head sideways and a cascade of long dark hair across her temples and eyes.
>But she can see me, i'm sure, or more likely she's actually scared of what i'm going to do.
>I sounded pretty mad, so she's just waiting for my reaction.
>I change from sitting crossed arms, to opening them up a bit
>An obvious gesture, one that gadget can definitely see
>She catches it, and the meaning

>I've forgiven her
>To which she quickly sits upright and tumbles the three feet into a face-first hug into my lower chest
>Still quietly sniffling
>But ultimately the wails are gone, and she's forgiven.
>FOR NOW

>Quietly patting her head in the age-old manner of telling a girl it's all ok
>You know, you're going to fix it and they're perfectly welcome to just hug you until you figure out what you're going to do about this mess.
>Not even sure mess was the right word
>Class seven typhoon maybe
>As we've established, the only things sitting in the room in the correct places was the couch corner, and the TV
>I set gadget's "Upright" variable to 1
>Pat her on the head again and stand up to deal with aubrey or freckles
>I'm not sure exactly what i'm going to be dealing with
>So caution is advised
>Not that they react
>They sit there impassively, exhausted or bored after burying the meddlesome companion alive in chairs
>Completely nonreactive, even when i repeat their names multiple times.
>What does get a reaction is when i reach out to give aubrey's arm a tug
>Just the smallest pull, to try to stand her up and wake them both out of the trance.
>She adopts the brightest smile i've ever seen and turns quietly to face me
>"Gooday!"
>Australian accent of course
>Not that i had time to admire her impeccable perfection of the aussie greeting, because in a red blur she was sitting on her rump on the floor
>I was shoved, forced and pinned down
>My neck craning at an obscene angle as freckles hands clasped around it, forcing me into the cushionless couch.

>Not stopping, or letting go for a moment, i'm jammed into the backboard
>Freckles is fucking STRONG
>I'm not even able to react
>My body does, but my mind freezes.
>Just shocked, in complete confusion, and scrabbling fingers
>My own it seems, desperately trying to pry her hands off of me.
>Why is she so strong
>Where the hell did this come from
>I flail legs and kick, get her hard in the stomach
>For sure, force her off and make---

>her...
>She doesn't react
>What i could swear was a full on gut kick, all my strength, did nothing
>No reaction, just a visible shudder, and her movements changed
>She lowered her hips and shoved my legs apart with the other hand
>Which resulted in my knees to either side of her hips, and her second hand quickly resuming the effort of choking a bitch out.
>I'm sure i was letting out the most pitiful sounds imaginable
>Being choked sucks
>Plus, where she now had my legs meant i had no option but to flail and kick at the air, or wrap them around her hips and quietly allow her to fuck me into submission.

>Freckles wasn't expressionless, what she was doing is practically burned into my memory
>Smiling, well mostly smiling
>It was that empty kind of smile you always get when you've had a little too much to drink
>But the eyes give it away
>Her grassy green eyes were more of a shallow opal, and expressionless themselves
>The cheek and mouth bits were smiling, but the eyes were looking off into the distance
>Past me, as if she was attacking someone else
>Choking someone else to death
>I mean that's a lovely thought
>But you know, two hands around my windpipe, crushing
>Not nearly that kind of romantic-taking-out-past-pains-and-abuse-on-you unless you're into that kind of thing
>Which i'm not
>Being choked sucks, i reiterate because IT really does.
>I think that in most media or forms of media it looks kind of absurd. The person being choked grapples for a little bit, fingers trying to pry the claws off.
>Never really any kind of real fight back
>Mostly because you can't

>Depending on how well they grab you, it's not oxygen they're preventing your lungs from getting.
>I wasn't gadget, didn't have gills or anything. But i could hold my breath for an impressive 3 underwater passes of a regulation sized swimming pool.
>What i couldn't hold my breath for, what pressure on my jugular vein
>It all depends on positioning, and how well she had a grip around my throat
>Place your hands in the wrong place and you're going to be choking a poor sod for days
>He'll be gasping and struggling until you finally give up from your arms hurting so damn much holding him there.
>Freckles had me in a pretty firm grip, but much higher up on the throat, so nothing was happening.

>I was just choking slowly, and trying my best to gasp for air and escape.
>She wasn't exactly a professional at murder, unlike some of the other women in the house
>But every time i brought my hands up, like when i managed to wrap them around her throat
>She squeezed harder
>And one of her palms was in the right place, pressed just enough pressure to make jots of lightning blot through my vision
>My arms stopped working, or i just didn't have the concentration to control them for that moment as they loosely fell to my sides.
>Vision started to blur and blot out
>Then she unknowingly released tension from her fingers
>Let my vision return
>Along with a swimming sea of stars
>[spoiler]Three seconds of pressure on a jugular, and it's lights out for anyone[/spoiler]

>Fading in and out of consciousness, and not-enjoying the quick to rise burning sensation in my lungs.
>I watch the other girls start to realize they need to help
>Not much detail there, because fuck i couldn't see who was doing what
>But i watched someone get kicked hard in the stomach after trying to rip freckles off
>Whoever it is clasps themselves and keels over
>A muffled thwomp as they hit the ground, along with an odd lack of squealing or crying
>The second girl approaches, and has to fend off freckles' kicking feet
>Tries to grab them, i watch her hands outstretched trying to get a hold of them.
>She catches an ankle
>Tries to drag it backwards, pulling freckles and myself a full foot forward towards freedom off the couch
>Before the second foot rises up and clips her in the chin
>Sending her to the floor too
>That's pretty much it
>I slowly realize my rescue party has been thwarted, and the pressure in my lungs
>Because that's what it always feels like when you're out of oxygen, pressure.
>A burning, encompassing pressure
>Well it's burning enough to give me one last desperate attempt to escape
>Purple nurples
>Not that i can even reach, but i try and fail
>Grab her shirt and twist
>Nothing happens
>Just shirt
>Shit
>Most my vision decides that's the best time to just fade to black, along with my thoughts.

>Doesn't vanish completely though

>I mean i'm pretty sure i go under, because the hurting stops
>But that could have just been the fact that freckles was no longer choking me
>That probably helped
>The sensation of breathing, mostly air in my lungs and the burning ceasing was the next bit
>Then vision returned
>Although i doubt it, because freckles and her impassive "I'm going to kill you dad" stare was gone
>We all know that stare
>Nope
>Instead i'm treated to a dreamland scene where one of the hottest women i've ever known is standing directly above me.
>Wearing nothing except for what seem to be very frilly matching set of beige Bra and Panties
>Leaving far less than nothing to the imagination
>With both arms upraised above her head, holding firmly one of the stools from the kitchen
>She's not smiling
>Or making any faces exactly
>But she does give a little puff of air sideways to blow a lock of hair out of her face.
>That was cute
>What's less cute is that freckles is actually still here, just lying into my chest for some odd reason
>Eyes closed, mouth open.
>Slobbering all over my shirt

>First thing i do is cough
>Second thing too
>And third, fourth and i lost count after that.
>Lots of coughing
>Someone else on the floor is accompanying me with my coughing, not leaving me to cough alone
>I appreciate that immensely
>First actual thing i do is reach up and flick freckles on the nose
>"BAD DOG"
>I wish i'd said that
>Instead what comes out is more coughing
>Puzzle pieces fitting together quietly in the background
>Red circle brick goes in the triangle hole
>Use hammer if doesn't fit
>If not work, use bigger hammer.
>What the triangle hole reveals as aubrey's heavy breathing quickly reminds me
>Is that she probably just hit freckles with a bar stool
>I feel like this is cliche
>Why is aubrey so cliche
>She smiles again, and returns to her aussie accent

>This time completely unintelligible
>"Ow, ur cobber deadhead be on ya like a bombed out drongo"
>To this day, i still don't know what she said.

>I shove freckles off
>Give zero shits for her well being as she kinda tumbles sideways off the couch then to the floor
>Aubrey steps back, sets down the stool and deftly sits upon it
>Elbows resting on knees
>Hands on chin
>I manage to sit upright before her send slurred set of what i can only imagine is pureblood australian at this point
>"Oi, she'll be apples. That ranga's out like a light"
>I nod
>Whatever she just said
>I agree with it
>My throat hurts too much to do anything but nod ,so i complete the appreciative thanks for saving me gesture, and haul myself over the side of the couch to check the other casualties
>Raven, a pained look vanishing as she clutches her stomach on her side.
>Sees my face and obviously everything's all better
>A smile
>Then a cringe and back to holding her stomach, ouch
>Gadget seems less injured, even though she got clopped in the chin
>She's just sitting upright rubbing it, and maybe a couple more tears are streaming down her face
>A lack of smile when she sees me though
>):

>I will my legs to work and stand up
>Use freckles' chest as a stepping stool, because fuck her
>The umph her lungs made when i did it was great anyway
>Don't even look at raven
>Or gadget
>Or aubrey
>Even though aubrey told me "Hooroo!" as i left the room
>Whatever that meant
>I think her dad was australian or something.
>Stooping to pick up that stupid little fucking bag that caused all this on the way out, i end up in the kitchen
>First thing
>Pour a glass of water
>Chug it all
>Soothing, cold, and generally what my aching throat felt like it needed.
>Doesn't help at all, i can still feel invisible fingers grasping my throat

>Pinpricks of pain across the surface
>I ignore it, ruffle through the kitchen drawers until i find what im looking for
>Metal tongs
>I grab them, flip on the gas on the stove and light a flame

>A good measure of seconds later, the little plastic baggie is appropriately combusting into whatever toxic chemicals are released into the atmosphere when you burn plastic
>Not that i care
>There's not much in the terms of sound from the living room, so i spend my kitchen time in solace
>Staring into the flame as the plastic melts and quickly burns.
>Enjoying the flickering colors and puff of black smoke
>Seriously
>Get ahold of this fucking bag now gadget
>I'd seriously be impressed
>Pretending i didn't just leave multicolored black scorch marks across the previously shiny kitchen tongs, i toss them in the sink, turn off the gas and get ready to confront the girls
>Or..
>Not
>I leave through the back exit of the kitchen
>Only a couple rooms back here
>Laundry
>Hallway
>That extra bedroom gadget was previously sleeping in
>All of them are going to allow the girls to find me and deal with this shit they've caused up there
>I want no part of it
>So i hide somewhere they won't look
>Grab the keys off the hook, and duck into the garage.

>Careful not to turn on any lights, or slam the door or anything. I slip from the dark hallway into the darker garage
>Pitch black actually
>Door closed behind me, i decide if i'm going to sleep anywhere, it's going to be in the car
>I just don't want to deal with it
>I don't want to play the clean up game, or deal with an australian coked out aubrey, or an extremely pissed freckles when she wakes up
>Or gadget accidentally letting a very drunk aubrey and freckles have access to cocaine
>I'm probably going to fap, grab a blanket and sleep in the back seat or something. Wanted no part of any of the women in the house anyway.
>That's just what i was thinking as i was feeling my way down the railing, the three short steps to the garage floor
>Footsteps on the cement, my own quiet breathing, and complete darkness as i fumbled around

looking for the hood of the car
>Found it!
>With that as a guide i decided to walk around the entire front and enter from that side, since there was stuff all on these seats last i remembered.
>My jeans actually get caught on the license plate as i'm walking around the front, and i leave a loud metallic twang as i pull free
>Then turn the hood, walk up right to where the shotgun side door would be, and i trip
>Over something oddly firm, but soft leaning against the tire

>I don't fall entirely
>I mean i do
>But i grab the passenger side mirror on the way down, and that kinda breaks my fall
>Even if i end up shoulder first on the cement, i didn't hit it nearly as hard as i would have anyway
>Fell completely over whatever bag, or object i tripped on that someone left there
>Inconsiderate assholes, stupid women in the house.
>I could feel my legs resting on top of it as i recovered
>whatever the fuck they left here.
>Rolled over, started to pull my legs the rest of the way, before
>Well before the bag i tripped over started to move
>I think i shrieked like a little girl
>And then i was eaten by a grue.

>curled my legs up the entire rest of the way, turned completely around and was seconds away from crawling away into the darkness
>Heart beating a mile a minute, almost throwing itself out of my already throbbing throat with each pulse.
>But curiosity got the better of me
>If this was a grue, it was the least hungry one i'd ever met.
>It wasn't making any of those snapping angry windy noises grues usually made
>Instead it was just rustling around
>Fumbling for something
>My foot
>I shriek silently as it drags me to my death after it finds my ankle
>But the cute little tug informs me it's probably not out to eat me
>So i sit up, and reach out to see who i've managed to encounter in this dark garage, sitting opposite side of the car from the door and hiding along with me.
>Hand, as is the rule of reaching out for women in the dark, finds a chest
>A single breast actually, as embarrassing as that is and as quickly as i snap my hand back
>I notice a couple things
>One, she's wearing a bra, Two, she's wearing a full on jacket
>Three, as i get my breathing under control and bring my hand up to find long strands of straight hair peeking out from under a hood
>She's listening to somewhat loud electronic music, on what seems to be a pair of earbuds.
>Gadget
>How. The. Fuck

>I just nope
>Not tonight gadget, you already got freckles to choke me like a bitch, so i'm not exactly in a cuddly kind of mood with you right now
>I go off on her
>Spewing various insults, rude names and telling her i'm leaving to go find some other spot to quietly spend the night
>A couple comments about how she didn't even get freckles to stop choking me, and how i pretty much was dying and she didn't help.
>She just sits there quietly and takes it
>No comments, no responses
>The rustling and change in volume of the playing music lets me know she at least took one earbud out to listen to me
>So she heard it all
>I half expect her to do something gadget-like
>One of those ploys she always had to get my forgiveness even if i didn't want to give it
>Stand up, confront the now standing me and maybe hug me
>More tears might soften me up, a pleading apology in her home accent
>Or just a firm grasp around one of my legs, latching on and refusing to let go until i tire to the

point i can no longer escape
>None of that happens as i stretch my calves and step over her
>Avoiding any contact whatsoever
>Placing my foot securely next to its twin on the other side of her legs
>I'm almost gone, out of her reach. When she does stop me
>Not with force, not with a plea or a hug
>But her hand snakes its way up my leg and i find it firmly grasping my own hand
>fingers firmly wrapped around my own
>A less intense gesture than i had expected
>And a squeeze to go along with it
>Simple message in that hand of hers.
>"Don't go"

>That was the teensiest weensiest bit cute, i must admit
>Faltering in my dedication to leaving her to lonely exile, i consider staying
>For just a moment
>what could go wrong? I mean i could just curl up beside her, steal an earphone and quietly whittle away an hour thinking
>The only...
>Yeah
>The only part that would ruin it would be if she talked
>She squeezed my hand again, this time with a tug
>A quiet little indication that reassured me she wanted me to stay
>Ehh
>Fine
>"I just want to sit here quietly..." I start out
>Dejected defeat in my voice
>Nowhere else as remotely private as the garage anyway
>And i'm sure the girls would find me elsewhere
>"I'll stay, but if you so much as talk i'm going to leave, don't say a fucking word"
>I assume she nodded
>But i couldn't see it
>Just another squeeze of my hand, and a harder tug
>So i take the hint and drop down to sit next to her
>Sharing the tire, my legs crossed as she seems to pull her legs in as well
>Still holding my hand, without my permission (grr) she squeezes again, and leans her hooded head on my shoulder
>God damnit gadget

>Shuffling to get comfortable, she squirms into leaning her neck properly onto my shoulder too
>Then places her head nearly beside my own
>Close enough that i can listen to what she's got playing, THROUGH the hood

>It's something from the ghost in the shell soundtrack
>(SAC, not the movies)
>Cyberbird probably, or can't be cool.
>There's something about that song that everyone just loved.
>Plus it felt pretty fitting, quietly staring off into the darkness
>Someone singing indescript lyrics out of her ear and into mine
>Plus, she smelled like strawberries and lavender.
>No clue why.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2TkvgbveuSs

>I spent the time quietly thinking
>Letting my heart calm down mostly
>The pain of my throat slowly start to subside
>And my thoughts in order
>The garage door opened once
>Obvious light flooded in from the well lit hallway and someone was probably looking for me
>They didn't find what they wanted though, because the door closed and shrugged us into darkness again
>Wasn't glasses, because she would have noticed the car keys missing and found me
>Phew
>Sitting behind the tire = covert hidey spot
>I do still have the keys though
>And the urge to wank
>And the urge to probably get in the car, curl up and sleep
>I inform gadget of all of this
>Sharp intake of breath on the wank bit
>Intentional, i guess technically i'm kinda still mad at her
>But if you tell a girl you're going to wank, she usually offers to help
>She doesn't
>I ask her if she wants to get in the car and make a makeshift bed or something
>No response
>Nothing at all, which is just fucking stupid
>Seriously, i'm getting more and more pissed at gadget every moment and she's not even doing anything
>It's not until she squeezes my hand again that i realize i told her not to talk
>And she's not talking to not piss me off
>Which is coincidentally pissing me off
>Men
>I swear

>I stand up, haul gadget to her feet

>She's surprisingly light, so it only takes me a moment to lead her to the passenger door and open it
>Clamber inside
>Over piles of things, i tell her to wait while i rearrange it all, toss crap in the back and put down seats
>I can't see shit
>So dark
>But
>Flat surface
>Find something large, comfy and flat, which i think is the blanket we were using before
>And i spread it across the backs of the seats, makeshift bed accomplished
>Only one pillow though
>Guess we have to share, like it matters
>I inform her the coast is clear, and from the sounds she's making it's a tough time clambering in and not bumping into things
>Mostly me, she bumps me with her head
>Then crumples into a seated position and hauls the door closed after her
>The slam
>Then silence
>Softly playing music from the earbuds and breathing the only thing i can hear
>Oddly intimate actually
>Because my mind instantly jumps to all the lewd things that technically could occur here
>Two teenagers, back of a car, dark, alone, one male one female
>I get an instaboner
>Happens man, always happens
>And i figure, why the fuck not
>Gadget owes me right? So i grab her hand, and tug it over to my lap by the cuff of her jacket
>Place it firmly on my crotch and nonchalantly announce she's going to have to make up for her crimes.
>Pay the fines or go to jail
>Jail not being an option.

Update #65: October 18th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14150215

>Doesn't matter if it's not an option
>She picks jail

>Or the morrowind equivalent, so sit there quietly and not respond at all
>Leave the poor guard in dialogue pause for the rest of his short life.
>Or... i told her not to say anything
>Right
>With a shimmy i distance my actual pants from myself
>Contemplate boxers too, but i'm far too lazy
>Just pull down the waistband, and erect the mast
>Gadget's still quietly sitting a distance away, so i assume she's simply not interested
>Would have taken initiative by now if she was, heard the pants zipper and everything
>Fap and a nap it is

>I yelled at her anyway before
>I highly doubt she's in any mood to treat me nicely
>The silent treatment probably suited what was on her mind
>So i ignored her and started up the lazy process of a good ol rub a dub dub before bed.
>One stroke
>Two strokes
>And i was wrong
>Very wrong, because i found a hand on my wrist, a gentle grasp informing me someone on the naughty list wanted to make it up to santa.
>[spoiler]someone shoot me for that reference please[/spoiler]
>Still, the hand on my wrist quickly became a hand replacing my own
>A gentle squeeze, and then a jerky and awkward up-and-down
>Which was absolutely adorable
>Gadget had never given anyone a handjob before! How cute!

>Obviously my job as male is to instruct her on proper satisfying techniques
>She was yanking me up and down like a bicycle pump or something, completely wrong
>So i reached over to guide her, pretending i wasn't wincing with every movement.
>I just didn't expect her to yank her hand away like someone had bitten it
>Scared she was doing it wrong probably
>She was, but you never tell a girl that
>"No! It's fine!"
>I have to reassure her multiple times
>"Here, let me show you how i like it"
>Three minutes of coaxing, reassuring and gentle guidance from my hand has her giving me a handy like an old pro.
>But not really
>[spoiler]The problem with girl-given handjobs is that they always suck[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Always, literally i've only met one girl who could ever give a good handjob, the rest just pale in comparison to what you can do yourself[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Sensation wise that is, there's still an added excitement from someone else doing it that can make up for what she's doing with her hands, and i guess that's all that matters in the

end[/spoiler]

>A couple minutes later the excitement had definitely worn off
>She was fucking terrible at this
>I mean i'm sure she was trying her best, but half the time she wasn't squeezing hard enough and the other half she was squeezing way too hard
>No matter what i said, "Faster, Slower, Harder, Softer" she screwed it up
>Even somehow bent my dick the wrong way a couple times
>Not that it hurt, just shocked me
>Set me back a couple more paces on the race to orgasm. Which was definitely not what i wanted
>I was quickly growing tired, grumpy and frustrated with the entire thing
>Every time i dropped my hand to my lap to help, she would pry me away and try again on her own
>Wrong angle, too much friction, too little
>Not to be rude
>But this was probably one of the worst handjobs i'd had in years.
>Little storybro calling out in pain for someone to rescue him
>One thought on my mind
>SHUT IT DOWN
>I place a hand upon hers and utter the depressing "Stop, it's not working for me..." catchphrase no woman wants to hear
>Seriously
>Ouch
>I do point out she's probably much better at blowjobs, seeing as she seemed to enjoy those before in the back of the car.

>Her hands long since paused, retreat from the battle, i hear a sharp inhale.
>I half expect her to break the silence and sass me with some gadget tiered attitude
>Honestly, i just called her handjob shit
>But she was way too into this silence thing? Maybe she was getting off on it.
>I kinda liked it, a quiet sexytimes participant is always an interesting change.
>But i felt pretty awkward just leaving that hanging
>So i offered to let her watch next time i fapped
>Get appropriate pointers, see how a real professional did it
>Put em down and then offer to help them improve, that's the true constructive criticism way.
>Plus i mean you let em practice afterwards
>Ok maybe that's just me being a sleazy pervert rodeoing her into more handjobs by emotionally criticizing her.
>Oops
>That's an asshole thing to do
>Still

>Considering she hasn't even started the blowjob, she's not doing too well there either.
>I outline clearly that this dick aint gonna suck itself

>She still doesn't seem to respond
>It's gotta be the music
>She must have both earbuds in and isn't even listening to my instructions
>No friggin wonder she's not learning anything.
>Darkness earbud theft time, i throw my hand into the void
>Find a shoulder
>Right, Thing mode engaged
>Finger crawl my way to the hood, around the hem and to where the earbuds are
>O...
>None in the left ear
>A slide across her slender neck, goosebumps rising the entire way i'm almost sure
>N...none in the right either
>"Gadget...You're not listening to music anymore?" I ask inquisitively
>Her head shakes, twice from side to side
>That'sa no. Still playing the silent game
>"You gonna uhh... suck me off?"
>No shakes here
>Just the tiniest forward nod
>Or what i imagine to be a forward nod
>Good enough, that's a yes
>I trace my hand around her neck, sliding behind her long locks of hair and up to the back of her head
>Get a firm grip, plenty of hair back here to grab
>And i force her head forward, and down.
>It's kinda fun being dominant

>I'm not too sure my conscience can handle forcing gadget to give me a blowjob however
>She's had some pretty shitty events in the past, and i don't want to bring up any traumatic memories
>Plus i'm just generally a nice guy
>So i do the beta thing, and ask her quietly
>"Gadget....i need you to shake or nod your head"
>I explain the rules
>"Shake and i'll stop, we both stop right now..."
>"Nod and you're mine... alright?"
>she doesn't do either
>My hand still gripping the back of her head, quiet silence and the sound, the only sound now, of us breathing
>Hers quiet and almost shallow, mine calm and deep.
>I wouldn't believe she had a submissive side until this moment, seriously

>Woulda bet anything she'd speak up, tackle me into a tickling hug and take control of the situation
>But maybe she really took me literally
>I was angry enough inside, threatening to not talk with her
>Maybe she was scared i was going to leave and not talk to her if she didn't have se-
>She nods
>Once... twice

>...
>I'm torn between just going with it, and giving her another way out
>....
>.....
>Yeah alright, i care about her way too much to just push her into lewds because she thinks she has to make it up to me or something.
>"Gadget, i'm not mad at you, you don't owe me anything i was just joking..."
>I'm lying
>But i can make her make it up to me later with non traumatizing things
>"If you want to stop, i'll roll over and go to sleep right now, i won't be mad at you, it was just a figure of speech before. Don't feel obligated or anything, do you want to leave?"
>I realize i'm really literally trying to argue myself out of sextimes
>Maybe slightly insane
>But gadget = important
>Don't want to force her to do anything, or make her think that paying me in sex is something that should actually happen
>Her english is still kinda iffy, so i'm sure if i said "She owed me" she would really think that meant it.
>The response is a sob
>Half of one anyway
>Strangled at the last moment, as if she was crying but stopped herself
>Then a swish of her head
>Swish swish
>Back and forth
>Alright, i gave her an out, regrets completely eliminated, doubts destroyed.
>I give a tug
>Haul her face closer to my crotch, and demand she starts what i asked her to finish.
>I get a lick for my efforts
>A spark, tentative flick, tip of her tongue across the head of my dick, b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l.

>She seems to be taking her time
>One lick, Two Licks, Three.
>Mister owl, how many licks does it take to remember it won't bite you?
>Or
>As my hips give an uncontrollable mini-thrust

>She's teasing the fuck out of me, knowing that kinda thing drives me crazy
>A lick, a pull back, a wash of cool air over the wet bits
>It's probably a completely different experience in the dark too, i mean she can't see what she's doing
>Not that it matters
>Driven crazy by lust, i eventually have to start begging
>"Please... gadget..."
>A quiet gasp as for the twentieth time she's given me a lick and what almost feels like a soft nibble.
>Note to self
>Never call girls mean names and then ask for a blowjob
>This is fucking unbearable

>She wins
>Proving she can dominate the shit out of me in bed without even saying a word
>I find myself quickly begging for her to just put it in her damn mouth
>Anything
>But she just keeps licking
>Nothing else, ignoring me as if...
>As if she wants me to force her to do more
>Oh... huh
>Let it be known that i thought it was weird at the time
>But also kinda hot i guess.
>Waiting for me to make the move, so i did
>Next time she pressed her lips against the head, i held them there
>Hand on the back of her head, a firm grip
>And i pressed downward
>The kiss changing to open lips
>The lips changing to an engulfing warmth
>A blowjob, fucking FINALLY
>I get her halfway down, a little shallower than the last time
>Then she clips her teeth along the top of the shaft
>And i yelp, which results in a non intentional thrust of my hips
>Making her grind her teeth up the ENTIRE top of my shaft in a coughing fit upwards
>OW
>OW OW OW OW

>God DAMNIT gadget
>Fucking second time you've bitten me
>I chew her out for it again
>Can't fucking give me a handjob
>Can't fucking give me a blowjob without biting me
>All i want is to use some orifice as a cum depository. I mean it's this disgusting trait i seem to

have
>You tease me long enough, and i stop caring
>I get forceful, violent, within reason
>Grabbing the joint of her jaw, i pull her close
>Close enough that i can smell her breath
>A clear threat from me
>"IF you EVER bite me again..."
>I let it hang
>Even after she inhales sharply
>Then continue with various assurances i'll come up with various new and exciting ways to get off.
>Including her of course
>-.-
>What, i was horny
>Leave me alone

>If she hadn't liked it she wouldn't have instantly returned to sucking me off
>More effort into it this time, way more effort
>Carefully lipping her teeth to prevent any further incidents
>Fast learner
>Putting that on her resume for sure
>Although considering gadget... i was ready for her to bite me anyway
>Just because she seemed to fall head over heels into doing anything that would make me happy anyway
>I sounded pretty excited about "Using her" in our bit of imaginative roleplay
>Well, i hoped she thought it wasn't entirely 100% serious
>I might sound really scary if she didn't realize that.
>Might have to find a robe and wizard hat to put her more in her comfort zone
>she was way better after she started trying again
>Crazy tongue action, way more than before
>Definitely did her research, asked around or something
>She kept doing this amazing thing where she would roll the entire tip around in her mouth, puff it from cheek to cheek and slide the tongue along the shaft
>On a scale of one to blowjob heaven, this was 11
>Spectacular that she'd somehow learned this overnight
>come to think of it...
>This is kinda like what raven does, i bet she asked
>Hah
>The thought of raven instructing gadget how to carefully get me off with her tongue nearly has me in giggles
>A couple actually
>See it tickles too
>For as great as it feels, it's actually hypersensitive right around the tip, and the base of the tip

>Tickles slightly, and thoughts of raven's lessons send me over the top
>In both ways

>I mean it was funny
>and stupid hot
>Gadget pulls off, must have realized i was going to squirt or something from the noise i made and the way i'm sure my erection pulsed in her mouth
>Good ol early warning system
>Her hand still motionless at the base, i have to urgently reach down and grab it, forcing it to stroke me
>[spoiler]NOTHING IS WORSE THAN A GIRL WHO DOESN'T KEEP STROKING WHEN YOU START TO GET OFF[/spoiler]
>Seriously if she hadn't started when my hand urged her to, i would have died
>Probably
>She goes back to giving me a shitty handjob technically
>But i mean i'm already coming, so it's not like it matters
>Who knows how many spurts, or strokes she takes before i've plastered her hand, probably my boxers and my shirt with plenty of sticky white stuff.
>Note: This does not come from a magical fluorescent slug
>I mean it does but not that one.
>She did great though
>Not the best, but jeeze i needed that
>A sigh of contentment
>And i sit upright, her hand still stroking softly so i have to stop it
>No bueno after i get off anyway, quickly explaining that to her.
>Plus, unlike the last couple of times i'd had a BJ, she didn't swallow
>So i could do my favorite thing, give her a kiss.
>and not feel disgusted with myself that is.

>She was sweet
>Well, first i bopped her nose on accident
>then clacked teeth
>Hard to find her in the dark after all
>But finally i did get some lips
>Then bravely pressing forward, she opened up, and i got a bit of tongue too.
>Tasted like chocolate, and somehow the waffles from earlier this morning
>Interesting mixture, but delicious nonetheless
>I took this chance to cop a feel of everything else
>Wrapped my arms around her back, rested them under the hem of the jacket
>Then used that to pull her closer
>Slid one hand down the back of her pants, grabbed a cheek
>The other up higher to the major goal, the bra

>A clasp, which i fiddled with
>For a moment
>Two moments
>Not that she noticed because i'm sure she was enthralled by the kiss
>But actually i couldn't figure out where the hell this hook was
>Not here, not there
>Maybe in front?
>I leave the beautiful globe of buttocks alone and trace the other hand around front
>Trying to pretend i'm not having trouble with the bra
>She's still enamoured with the kiss
>I think at least
>Because fuck there's no hooks or clasps up front either
>God Damnit gadget.

>I throw both hands around her back again
>It's gotta be back here
>Fumbling, i nearly give up since i can't find anything even remotely close to a clasp
>So confused
>How have i had a girlfriend for two years and i don't know how to open a fucking bra
>I mean she doesn't wear a bra
>But that's not the fucking point
>I should know how these god damn work by now, i'm so embarrassed, this is-
>With a tug, the damn thing opens with a crackling sound
>....
>Velcro
>The only underwear type that you can't open effortlessly with one hand
>Thus, my MORTAL ENEMY.
>Seriously
>I offhandedly comment that if we're going to do this more often i'm buying her bras with normal fucking clasps
>Seriously
>Not that she says anything
>But she gets the idea
>Using a good amount of wiggling, shifting and jacket rearranging, i manage to get the bra off mostly
>Ends up around her stomach, still stuck on her shoulders until i pull her arms through the jacket and get it off the rest of the way
>Leaving her hands under her jacket
>Almost ready to take it entirely off
>But i stop her

>Return to kissing, and press her arms back through
>"I'm tired"

>I mention in the typical just-had-an-orgasm and now want to sleep way
>She whimpers
>Obviously dissatisfied with my decision
>I'm sleepy, but not an asshole
>She hasn't got off yet, and probably needs an orgasm to drift off to sleep too
>Im kinda really sleepy
>Fingers and tongue take effort
>Pelvis not so much, i can make her do all the work
>Ok so maybe i was a tiny bit mad at her
>But i calmly tell her to remove her lower garments and i'll offer her a toy to play with.
>But you know she has to do most the work
>She agrees
>Technically a whimper again
>But i guess that's all the noise she's willing to make, because i quickly hear the rustling that involves her pants and panties being removed
>I follow suit with boxers
>Pressing my hips softly up against hers, and returning for another kiss
>Between her quiet grinding and the furious tongueplay, it was boner time again

>As i said, i'm lazy
>And i knew she wanted it desperately by the cute little sounds she was making as she tried to rub herself against my thigh
>So i told her to guide me in
>Silence
>A hand, shaky i could swear with want.
>Wrapped itself carefully around my member and guided me
>From poking her in the stomach, nearly the bellybutton, to lower
>A trip across the delicious navel, smooth skin rubbing across the tip
>To the rocky and bristly crags of her lower hips, the fields of neatly shaved brush
>A gasp from her as i'm sure i rub past something delightfully shocking
>Then a nestle, and a rest between her legs
>No penetration yet, but all it would take is a thru-
>Wait
>Something's wrong
>I pull back, trying to think
>Connect the dots at what i've just realized
>1).
>2)...
>CONDOMS
>fuck
>I sit bolt upright, inform her i need to practice safe sex and not get her pregnant, and crawl over to my pants
>Rifle through the back pocket

>...
>they're missing
>FUCK

>I rifle through memory lane
>Trying to track down at which point i lost them
>I think i had them in the bathroom, because i offered to screw raven with one
>So i lost it outside
>The couch maybe, when freckles choked me...
>But i don't remember feeling them behind me as you know i was getting asphyxiated
>U...unless
>I don't remember having them poking me from my back pocket when i was kissing raven on the tile floor either.
>Which means...they never came downstairs with me...
>G....
>GLASSES
>YOU WHORE
>i curse her name to the heavens
>announce she stole the condoms
>Pretty sure gadget's going to argue something about it being safe again, but she doesn't
>Just sighs
>She understands my hesitation to knock her up, even if we would have beautiful brown babies
>the sound of her collapsing back onto the pillow in dejection makes my heart break
>):
>Then another whimper, because she realizes she's not going to get to finish.

>Yeah yeah
>Fine
>I lean back into cuddling with her again
>Kinda spooning, but mostly not, because i'm not sure i could resist if i got that close again
>I wrap one arm around her, and slide the other to her lap
>Tickle her bristly crotch, and slide a finger to her sticky sweet spot
>Hot, wet, wanting, the usual
>I can't resist
>She whines as i remove my finger, and her hand snakes down to stop me
>Which i cleverly dodge, and bring the finger to my lips
>Delicious, tastes like musky oak and m-
>.....
>.....
>.....
>Maple

>....
>fuck
>I analyze the last thirty minutes we've had together
>Every breath she'd take
>Every move she's made
>Every smile she faked
>Every vow she'd break
>I was watching her.
>I should have realized, but i didn't
>Not quickly enough
>I wasn't fucking paying attention
>OF course i wasn't
>Fucking oak was the last clue
>I should have realized with the stubble
>Or the fucking velcro
>Even the syrup.
>She tasted like light maple syrup too, but i thought it was just the waffles and chocolate
>I've been tricked
>Fooled
>Bamboozled
>Shanghaied, Kablooeyed, Tricked, Rused, Trolled, Tripped, Triddled, Taken, Toted, Confused, Confounded, Deceived, Hoodwinked, Duped, Fooled, Swindled, gulled, Hoaxed, entrapped. Rooked.
>Screwed
>She played me like a damn fiddle.

Updates at 8:00 Monday pst.

Update #66: October 20th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14191003

>For those of you who hadn't realized what i realized at that very moment
>Gadget was in-fact not gadget
>I hadn't been with gadget this entire time
>The hoodie, the music

>...The blowjob
>Whoever i was with had been pretending to be gadget the entire time
>Going along, as i'd called her name multiple times
>She knew i didn't realize it wasn't her
>She knew i thought i was sharing an intimate moment in the dark with someone else.
>Maple though
>The waffles i thought, the chocolate
>The definitive lack of a spicy kiss
>I made the best assumption i had and realized it must be blondie
>She was the only one who fit, who was roughly the same size as gadget, and would even be here alone.
>She just didn't know i knew yet.
>I didn't know if i wanted to keep it that way, or tell her.

>I could always pull some kind of sadistic torment on her and pretend gadget did it all the time
>Various claims, quiet, lewd and otherwise.
>Have her degrade herself, or involve some kind of physical abuse until she gave up and admitted she wasn't gadget.
>Barriers she wouldn't cross because face it, she's blondie.
>But i'd have to be an absolute creep to pull something off like that
>Or maybe do it to glasses
>Glasses i could torment all day and not feel bad
>*cough* those fucking condoms *cough*
>Blondie however was my weakness
>We've been over this
>Hurts me time and time again
>Has attempted my murder in a myriad of ways that would make even the most hardened superheroes jealous
>But she's so cute and forgivable i just have to treat her nicely afterwards.
>Even if lately that's been mostly punching her in the gut.
>I return to hugging her, a softer embrace than before, with less intent behind it
>Can't really have sex with her without condoms i guess
>):

>Giving up any intent of sexing her up means i should probably roll away
>I do
>End up lying on my back, staring off into the darkness
>I'm sure there's a ceiling above me, and she sure doesn't interrupt my choice to ponder the meaning of life, the universe and glasses' vendetta to fuck with me.
>I lie like that for a moment
>Maybe two moments before the tell-tale whimper quietly announces she's still there
>It's not much of a disguise now that i listen to it

>Doesn't sound like gadget at all, obviously blondie
>In the silence of the car i have even more time to think about it than i would like
>I figure out my opinion
>A crappy one, but one i feel i should stand by
>"Blondie..." i murmur quietly
>She doesn't respond
>I know she heard me, i know she absolutely heard me say her name
>But she's probably frozen in fear, quietly waiting for me to berate her, or insult her.
>I'm about to start
>Demand to know why she's pretending to be gadget, pretending she's someone else to lie here in the darkness and get me to do-
>Well actually no
>I stop myself because i'm not an idiot
>I fully understand.
>Chances are she was jealous of gadget, and quietly played along because i thought it was her and she saw a chance.
>Saw a chance to find out what it was like to be treated like the girl i was obviously having relations with after raven.

>I think namely that's called being selfish
>But it's kinda my fault too
>I wrongly assumed for like what
>the seventh time, that blondie was a different girl
>Too quiet and willing to go along with what i'm doing i think.
>So i decide, why the fuck not
>Ill throw her through a loop and treat her to a confidence boost
>So i finish my sentence
>"Blondie...Gadget, you know how blondie is always hurting me?"
>Cleverly repositioning words to make it sound like i was just trying to start a conversation
>Technically this would have probably sent gadget into a furious rage if i got her inches away from sex, denied it and started talking about girls.
>Me too actually
>Probably anyone.
>But carefully planned and announced to blondie, she completely missed how she would have had to actually act in this situation
>And instead was probably enthralled, and quietly holding on to my every word about herself.

>So i continued
>"She's a cute girl, but you know i just can't ever find her as really reliable"
>"I mean she cooks, she cleans, and when she smiles she brightens up the entire room"
>"But that killing me part, it's the only reason i don't think we can ever get along"

>I continue on about various things
>Little silly quips about blondie, positive notes, a few negative mixed in
>Like i was actually complaining about a girl not being good enough for my standards, yet almost being perfect
>Implying she could fix those mistakes
>Instead of sitting there and asking blondie for increasingly lewd acts of sex until she gave up and admitted she wasn't gadget
>I instead pretended she was gadget and told her everything i wanted to tell her but wasn't interested in saying to her face.
>Ok, well technically this was pretty mean
>And i did end it kinda humorously
>Eventually informing "Gadget" that blondie's feet stank something awful and she really needed to spend more time and care on them.
>Increasingly getting more ridiculous
>Insulting her "Horns", claiming she needed to trim her fingernails more often, and noting the girl's incapability of not being flatulent frequently.
>She quietly took the insults
>Like a trooper
>But eventually, on something menial. I think i pointed out blondie's hair was always an awful mess and she really needed to brush it more often
>She got the hint
>Her hair was perfect, spent hours sometimes combing that
>No hair out of place
>She realized i knew, and was fucking with her
>So she spoke
>"Ass-"

>I jump on it
>"Hi blondie"
>A cheery announcement from myself, boner long subsided and simple glee in my entertainment for the night
>Poor girl
>She thought i was actually complimenting her
>I guess instead of being nice i ended up tormenting her all the same, just emotionally instead of physically
>I'm actually irked at her
>Annoyed because she didn't take my previous advice, so i note it again
>"You gave me a blowjob... blondie"
>Not that i hated it or anything
>I tell her real quick
>But i point out she pretty much soiled her first time experience by pretending to be gadget, because i would have treated her differently if i ha-
>She interrupts me

>Not a calm interruption, a screech
>"YEAH, I KNOW YOU-ASS"
>A surprising harpy's scream towards me and my note that i liked to make things special for inexperienced women
>something i didn't realize up until that moment, might have been a war crime.
>Taken aback almost, i halt my speech
>She shrilly continues anyway
>"You would have stopped long ago if you didn't think i was gadget, you just like her more"

>I try to interrupt
>But she continues
>"SHUT UP, YOU HATE ME!"
>Pretty sure she hits the shift key so hard she breaks it
>poor girl's stuck in caps lock for the rest of the conversation
>"YOU DONT EVEN TOUCH ME"
>"YOU JUST LIKE HER MORE, BECAUSE SHE'S CUTER"
>i try to interject the actual true point that blondie's technically cuter most the time
>Doesn't happen
>It's a comical thought
>That she's nearly completely naked, arguing that she's not cute and that i like other girls more
>and i can't actually see her to compare
>So i'm just arbitrarily deciding she's cuter
>Which she is
>Blondie takes a moment to confirm what i already assumed
>"I JUST WANTED TO KNOW, WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO BE LOVED"
>...
>...
>She didn't actually yell this anons
>Caps lock was just on
>And she was a rather timid girl, announcing in a rather loud voice her lack of experience in the subject
>The same issue she'd brought up time and time again
>The reason she almost vanished in vegas without a trace, or tried to get on my good side all trip.
>She's in hurt girl mode
>Probably crying
>So i do the best thing i know to cure the problem
>Tell her to shut the fuck up.

>She takes this about as well as a panda bear in an african zoo
>So she shuts up and refuses to mate with anyone
>Stupid pandas
>Adorable as shit but refuse to continue the species.

>Blondie gets my usual speech
>Which is actually rather simple
>"You didn't... actually hurt me yet"
>"So... i would have totally fucked ya"
>Even though i point out it would have been so meaningless and insignificant if i didn't realize it was her first it would literally just be sex
>She points out she doesn't care
>I point out she should
>End it with a "The only reason i'm not embracing you right now... is that glasses stole the condoms"
>A snort
>A chuckle, and a "Fuck you" is the response i get to that
>Then a very good point
>"You fucked gadget fine didn't you though"

>I want to argue
>Plenty of thoughts in my head
>But none of them come through properly
>"She wanted it" wasn't really a good excuse
>"She said she was safe"
>That one wasn't great either
>Maybe i could get away with
>"We would have really cute babies"
>But i feel like that's pushing it
>Even if the babies were really really cute
>Instead i give up on thinking and decide #2 is the way to claim
>"She said it was safe"
>I mumble to blondie, trying to sound as sincere as possible
>As if the only reason i wasn't making her moan my name at this very moment was the issue of contraception, and not virginity
>Even if it was a tad bit of both.
>Blondie already knew what i was going to pick
>Had a counterpoint ready
>A really obvious one actually
>"You saw, stupid"
>Thanks
>I see too, and am a plank used for simple up and down playground movements
>I don't realize until she words it out, that what she means by "Saw" is that i'd actually witnessed her having a period
>At the same time as gadget
>So they were both safe oooohhh

>Or...

>Not safe
>Blondie eloquently declares herself as "Fertile"
>Or more politely, the "Don't have sex with or cum in me" speech
>Maybe i have that backwards
>But she makes no attempt to cuddle closer than we've been lying, sharing a pillow yet facing completely different directions.
>Which means one of them is wrong
>Gadget, probably
>Blondie has that superior first world education system going for her
>Probably knows how vaginas work better than a third world denzien
>or worse
>I'm suddenly much more worried about the entire thing than i had been before
>Sowing doubts in my head
>Thanks blondie
>I'll obviously have to clear it up with gadget later
>I offer the other solution
>Sex + not cumming inside
>Blah blah blah the pleasure of
>Blondie doesn't seem interested
>Although she does scoot closer
>And wrap legs around me
>She doesn't ask for sex, or imply sex is something we should be agreeing to
>Just hugs, and curls her legs around my own
>Drifting off to sleep alone.
>Probably to murder me in my sleep.
>who would have guessed that wouldn't have been her.

>Blondie doesn't actually fall asleep
>It's more of a murmuring snooze, and she quietly squeezes her legs during the nap
>Telling me many things
>That she wants me, her legs enjoy squeezing, and that she's capable of minor feats of lower body strength.
>I ignore it mostly
>Thinking about what she's said
>About not being safe herself
>That gets me
>Worries me because of what gadget had said before
>One of them had to be wrong
>Both bled at the same time of the month
>So one of them must have been right, and the other wrong
>There was either a safe period or there wasn't
>Fuck
>Blondie doesn't elaborate

>But i'm going to need to get gadget to, she's gotta make absolute sure i didn't just co-sign for delicious brown babies.
>Raven wouldn't have forgiven that at all.

Accidentally too tired, going to nap, update in morning. Updates confirmed Tuesday Morning whenever i wake up, then update for hours. Just check back here for link or continuation. I need to get back on a decent schedule seriously.

>In one of the miraculously idiotic reactions of the human body in this kind of situation
>A cute mostly-naked girl holding you close for comfort with both of you missing lower garments
>Who has indeed told you that in-no-small terms she's not alright with unprotected sex and has drifted off into an eyes closed completely disappointed embrace to try to force herself to sleep in your arms.
>Couldn't even see her
>Just could smell the lavender and faint scented oak notes along the hair she'd most likely have in a ruffled mess right in front of my nose.
>One of her arms over my side gripping a piece of shirt around my ribs
>The other curled up next to us, holding onto nothing
>Both legs tangled in mine, one over the other.
>I instantly achieved a boner thinking about the entire thing

>Problem with the boner was the way we were lying
>Her legs wrapped around mine just-so
>Lying higher than me slightly, obviously a requirement to her inclination to rest her head against my shoulder after her rather violent outburst about me hating her.
>I felt many things as that erection came to pass
>Her grip on my ribs tightened slightly
>Her other arm slid between us and grasped my lower shoulder from the front
>pulling me closer, ever so slightly in a face to face embrace, where she was looking entirely downward
>Her head against my shoulder, aiming down towards my chest.
>What was closest wasn't anything up top
>The sounds of one another breathing, the quiet noises she was making as she gripped me tighter
>Rustling
>That's all we got from up above
>Our lower torsos were much closer, lying side by side
>And the problem with that, is that my uncontrollable hardon did it's little rising thing
>Changing angles forward until it was pointing up, and quickly stopped
>Nestled right between her thighs, a crease that wasn't exactly soaking wet

>More of a moist sticky, if that makes sense
>any attempt at moving away with the tiniest muscle movements was resisted, and granted with only a bit of unsticking first.
>Not that i wanted to move away
>Even though i should
>Because blondie went back to that cute little sound she was making earlier
>The whimper.

>Just a tiny little sound
>But she was fully awake, more so than she let on
>A tug on my shoulder, a lift of her head
>No longer facing downward
>But facing me instead, a little breath and a scootch forward with her chest and her hips
>That got two gasps
>One out of me, and one out of her
>Third fucking time this trip isn't it
>Third fucking time i've had my penis between her legs without sex, and this is the only time i've actually known its her at the time.
>The only time we've willingly continued
>Never the one to not-ruin sex with interesting quips
>I point this out
>She doesn't laugh, more of a strangled hah if anything
>Thumps me lightly on the chest with one of her hands, and calls me a "Jerk" for the observation
>Duh
>I tell her to unwrap her legs and clamp them tightly though, so we can both get better friction without doing the deed itself.
>Repositioning later, it's done
>And i don't take the first thrust
>She does

>Like i said, sticky, not slippery
>Far far too much friction
>Everything rubbing against me is torture, the little bit of stubble she has left, the currently dry thighs, and the actual place they get that glue they use on the back of post-it-notes
>From the source itself i guess
>She seems completely into it, bit of a grind here, and a hip wiggle there
>Which i'm sure feels great for her
>Me... not so much
>I have to stop the entire erotic process, and reach down between our legs to see what i can do about this
>Mostly prod her with some fingers
>Little tiny "Eeps" and an oddly toned "S..stop" as i try to retrieve lubrication with two fingers

>Give a bit of poke at the entrance, the doors won't open, i'm locked out.
>They don't fit
>Because sticky seemingly means she's not wet enough to penetrate with fingers even

>As odd as this sounds, i'm not sure i've been at this exact predicament before
>Where a girl isn't wet enough to actually finger
>Like usually getting to this point involves so much foreplay that's not even a problem
>But i guess we'd skipped that, or... not skipped that
>Or...
>Well this situation was just confusing.
>In that case, if she wasn't enjoying it, or wasn't actually dripping-wet-aroused
>That means all those sounds she's making
>-.-
>Are probably fake, or forced
>Yuck
>Suddenly this became far less cutesy erotic almost-sex and just became a chore of politics again
>I give her a shake
>"You're not wet, you know..."
>Not that she shouldn't be
>Her breath was shallow and high paced until this moment
>Heartbeat quick and steady, and movements obviously forward
>She was the one pressing forward after all, the one who started.
>But she wasn't enjoying it
>Whatthefuck

>She doesn't respond to my accusations
>I realize i might be attacking some level of self-esteem that i'd previously not known existed
>But having trouble "Getting in the mood" might be a thing
>"Might be"
>But thinking back to blondie actually
>Naw
>She's left puddles on me throughout this entire trip, no way she's got a problem like that
>Just right now
>My fingers haven't been helping in the least either.
>Rubbing absent minded circles across that various squishy pieces down below
>Little flaps of skin, ridges, curves, and although i attempted a bit of clit play, she seemed to squirm violently at the first attempt.
>So not in the mood confirmed.
>I wouldn't have been able to have sex with her even if i had condoms and thought she was gadget i guess.
>Not sure if that's a good thing

>Or a bad thing
>I give up on it, kick her legs off mine and return to lying on my back
>Staring up into the darkness
>It doesn't help that she whimpers again, and quietly harumphs a "Told you... you like gadget more"

>I'm not entirely sure how to address that
>Do i tell her that her vagina faucet isn't working and she needs to call up the district water provider?
>Or do i play it off as myself not being interested enough in her to get anywhere.
>So pretty much
>Blame it on her
>OR blame it on her
>I don't think either of those solutions are very good at the moment
>But if i don't answer at all, she'll assume it's the second one entirely, and if i do say something, she'll assume she's broken and can't be fixed
>Thus, only one option
>I pick answer #3
>Blame it on her.

>Experience wise i go through a rough draft of thoughts in my head
>Girls, emotions, sex
>I come to the conclusion i should have made minutes ago
>"You're too nervous"
>A phrase that the second i mention it, sounds perfectly right in this situation
>OF course she would be nervous, she was pretending to be gadget and nearly scared out of her mind i would find out.
>Tie that into trying to throw away her firsts like halloween candy, and you've got a girl too busy thinking about sex to actually get around to enjoying the act itself.
>So, interested, forcing herself along, and not enjoying any of it but pretending she was
>):
>Only one thing to do in this situation
>I take her hand, balled into a fist
>Then fist-bump with her, rings connecting
>WONDER TWIN POWERS, ACTIVATE
>For me
>"Shape of, A stallion!"
>Blondie completes it with a
>Form of, an ocean!"
>Then some purpley explosions happen and to our dismay we realize the guy is always the one who changed into water based things
>So that's really not going to help at all is it
>Damnit

>So my lap now sitting in a puddle of water, and her newly formed stallion cock reaching the ceiling, i'm pretty sure the moment is ruined
>I'm sure there's something i should be doing
>Awkward jokes (like that one), comforting words or some kind of magical speech that makes bitches wet
>Shame i don't have an extra fat kid with a supersoaker lying around
>It's far less funny than i'm making it out to be, because it really is us both lying there awkwardly after completely failing to have relations with one another.
>I can't really come up with anything to help this time
>Blondie takes a shot
>An idea kinda, a mumbling offer more like it
>"It's my fault.... let me... umm..."
>Then she drones off into the distance
>Contemplating or forgetting entirely what she was going to say.
>My thoughts exactly blondie
>My thoughts exactly
>We're interrupted by the door into the house opening again
>Light flooding the garage once more.

>This is followed by footsteps
>Multiples, or just one single clomping pair
>Who knows
>I'd like to pretend that blondie and i looked up started to hide ourselves
>Or threw a blanket over myself staring at the ceiling, morning glory evident, and her pantless as well, on her side and emptily looking towards me
>But we didn't
>I didn't bother moving
>I don't even look as someone pins a forehead to the window
>A dull thud as they do
>And the exceptionally loud "FUCK YOU" that rings through the glass when she does
>Lol
>I sure hope that's raven, that would be so ridiculous she'd deserve it to no end.
>Although the thought that she and glasses had been in the afterthroes of not having sex kinda depressed me twice what this current situation had for me.
>The footsteps clomp away
>Garage door slams, and someone yells "THEY'RE NOT HERE"
>Cute
>Thanks whoever that was...
>But the garage light doesn't go out
>What does happen, is the car door closest to me is flung wide open

>Jeeze
>No privacy, i swear
>I figure it's raven, or
>Yeah probably raven
>She's not really interrupting much of anything
>Just awkward failures for teenagers in this car it seems
>Well she's not interrupting anything until she decides to interrupt everything with a very heartfelt
>"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU"
>Which i mean
>Considering raven, didn't really sound much like raven
>And wasn't raven actually
>Blondie, always the optimistic one, politely asks if she could be first.
>Seems i was indeed that bad
>Doubly so because the hands that quickly find and grasp my throat, not even closing the car door behind them.
>Definitely seem intent on strangling me to death
>Again
>Freckles -.-

>So you know, seemingly twice as interested in murdering me as she was before
>No aubrey with a stool to save me
>Blondie apathetic and probably going to let me die anyway
>It's her job
>Only hope is that she decides she can't let freckles kill me because that means she won't get paid or something.
>Plus i'm not quite sure blondie was altogether in a mood up for saving me.
>I couldn't begin to imagine what she was feeling, or what her sulking moments were before freckles barged in.
>Least i can see now i guess
>I try the same attack i used the first time
>Rear my leg in, pull it under the girl nearly straddling me, then extend my knee
>Kick her in the gut as hard as possible
>She doesn't let go
>Just like last time
>But she does move this time
>Angle's completely different
>That clip in the gut changes to a full out push.
>Then a lift, as her back legs and lower torso lift off the floor of the car
>Then higher, as i manage to jam the small of her back against the roof, and in some kind of crazy tumble she pulls herself forward using my neck, and turns completely over
>Ending up behind me, upside down on the back row of seats.

>Still trying to hold my neck, but failing.

>I laugh
>In that twisted kind of way where the situation's absurd and there's nothing to do but laugh
>Then i'm up, her grip far too weak to hold me down
>Kneeling in front of her, i grab her neck
>It's draped off the seat
>Comically at crotch level, which she reminds me of with a spit of words
>"GET THAT THING OUT OF MY FACE"
>A screech that could make koolaid hot. Or chocolate milk into strawberry.
>Pretty sure it killed my boner
>Rape not that hot
>However, contemplating decisions. I guess it was freckles
>With two thumbs, i press into the soft bits of flesh right where her throat meets her chin
>Force her jaws open, and her incessant complaining to cease.
>I'm not entirely sure what i was thinking
>Loss of politeness into one of those situations where i'm slowly losing it i guess
>I politely inform her
>"You just tried to kill me... again"
>I'm squeezing vocal cords, so she can breathe perfectly fine
>But words come out as chokes and coughs instead.
>Then always the gentleman, i ask her nicely
>"What would happen if i shoved my dick down your throat?"
>a serious option at the moment
>One i kinda didn't mind the consequences of, because seriously fuck this boozed up coked out bitch right now
>She wouldn't even remember probably
>Let a bit of pressure off her larynx, for a moment, and she coughs out a response
>"Iddd byitee it"
>A slurred response, but understandable

>I could probably still pin my fingers in her jaw and hold hard enough that biting would be extremely painful
>not sure if that would really be that fun though
>Not that i get a chance to try
>Her lower hips are draped over the top of the seat
>Like i said she's completely upside down because i just kind of kicked her up and over myself, and she didn't get to move before i got up and pinned her back.
>So when her hands reach out to grab the edge of the seat, i'm not entirely sure what she's doing
>Just watching the sights in front of me, the clothing she's seemingly decided to be wearing at this very moment
>Panties, bright orange (lol) with a giant damp spot in the middle, and a t-shirt that in her upside

down position has pretty much slid down to the edge of her tits
>So really just a huge expanse of skin to stare at
>What i don't realize, is she was hauling herself upwards and forwards with her hands
>So when her legs tip towards me instead of backwards, and that crotch comes for my face with a vengeance
>I wasn't even ready for it.
>A thump and damp spot contacts my nose, then her weight shoves me over backwards and to the floor
>Herself ending up on top of me
>Probably perfect 69 position if she hadn't just pretty sure broken my nose.

>It wasn't really nearly as delightfully coincidental as you would think though
>If we remember, freckles didn't exactly have a... delightful
>uhh
>Flavor to her
>IF she was giving off those pheromones that attract anyone, it definitely wasn't me
>Because instead of it being an inviting musk that makes you want to get closer and take a lick, instead there was absolutely one thing i wanted to do
>Escape
>Nose to crotch too much
>So i try to pull free, which ends up is impossible
>She's got her legs wrapped around my shoulders, so i can't fucking squirm free
>plus, she's trying to fucking sit up
>Ain't gonna let that happen
>She asked for trouble, i make it double
>Wrap my legs around her head too, and force her into my stomach
>Sadly, our heights don't match, so she's not jammed into my crotch
>But it's just as good.

>Stalemate, and the sounds we're both making attest to that
>It becomes less of a war of holding one another still, and more of my hands grasping her buttocks
>To the tune of yelling and cursing somewhere into my stomach
>I had no interest in the booty, just in one thing
>Shoving her forward
>It hurt like hell, mostly my nose
>Which was smashed and in some form of agonizing pain from having a full 115 pound girl dropped on it.
>A grinding agony later i get it free, instant relief from the pain, and i've made it to some kind of non crotch clearing
>Between the thighs mostly
>It's just a testament to my life that having your face between the thighs of a girl would be

immensely more satisfying than having your face buried in her crotch
>Unluckily for freckles, hands on her buttocks or not. She's been shoved downwards
>Making up for the height difference, and putting her face to face with my crotch
>The screaming means its working.

>You can kinda just imagine the various screaming profanities and terms coming out of her mouth
>Rape was definitely one of them
>Her favorite i think
>If i had a prehensile cock i would dickslap her multiple times right here
>Just over and over
>tfw no prehensile penis to slap lesbian feminazis
>She was kicking and screaming up such a storm i gave up and let go of her.
>Worried mostly the kicks up near my face were going to cause me bodily injury, as she'd long since released my end.
>Nothing she actually said was too interesting, just angry and loud
>And nothing she did was interesting either, just rolling over and shouting up a storm the entire way
>Finally ending up on her back, panting, blondie long retreated from the battle raging in her previous napping spot.
>Freckles, like a good little essay writer, reiterated her thesis
>This time with emphasis
>"I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU"
>She's up real quick, with a punch flying towards my face

>This girl doesn't give up
>I probably accidentally murdered her family or something
>I can't even remember what i did to make her this angry.
>Peed in her cornflakes maybe
>My thinking is interrupted only by my roll to safety from the punch
>Which isn't really safety since i run out of room and she still clips me in the ear
>Which hurts like FUCK
>It leaves her open though, for another knee into the sternum
>This one she takes with a less-than-graceful umph
>The glorious sound of air rushing out of her lungs as she collapses back onto her knees
>I fackle with a pincer attack
>Which is super effective, because i end up straddling her stomach, legs far out of kicking range and arms pinned by each of my own
>Back to me winning i guess
>I try not to remind myself that yes, indeed i do have a throbbing erection pressed against the smooth skin above her bellybutton.

>Time for words and less slightly erotic except

>As i wipe the smears of liquid off my nose onto my shoulder, wincing in pain the entire time.
>Somehow still pretty disgusting and arousing at the same time, combat to the death
>The body says yes, but the spirit is crushed.
>I ask freckles, who isn't even looking at me
>Head turned, eyes focusing on the ground, or one of the arms i have pinned
>"So? You wana tell me what's wrong?"
>Not that she even responds
>But i tackle in an extra tease
>"Come on, if you do i'll give you a kiss and make it all better"
>Tormenting the poor trapped girl
>She reacts to this
>Turns upward and spits in my face
>Well...
>Tries
>The glob she tries to hurl makes it about a third of the way before gravity wins and it slaps back down to her cheek
>Absolutely disgusting
>But hilarious
>I can't stop laughing as she squeezes her eyes closed when it happens, grimaces and twists her head to the side to wipe it off.
>But she does start talking after that
>"YOU, you're the problem!"

>lol
>i just smile to piss her off, and wait for her to explain better than facts i already knew.
>She furiously takes the bait and explains the actual problem
>"Aubrey"
>"After what YOU DID, she went upstairs ALONE and locked me OUT"
>...
>What i did
>Bitch she hit you over the back of the head with a bar stool
>implying freckles remembers that
>Then there's some more bits about how she doesn't ever want to talk to her again
>Wasn't working out
>Ect
>Ect
>Essentially the two day fling they'd been having quickly fell apart under the influence of drugs, alcohol and men.
>I'm not sure i'm surprised
>But she seems to be, and has decided that the only way to take out her current anger at losing her temporary two day happiest-i've-ever-been soulmate is to murder me.
>Violently
>I ruin her fun by explaining that bit about aubrey technically hitting her with a barstool because

she was trying to kill me before.
>That does wonders for her temperament
>Firstly she gets angrier, because now it seems i've reinforced the fact that aubrey chose ME over her.
>Even if i hurriedly clarify it was more of a "Not murdering me" compared to "Murdering me"
>Secondly, freckles breaks out sobbing
>Which actually
>I'd never seen her do, huh.

>Threat neutralized, i kinda let go
>Figure i'm being a dick
>Mighta actually broken her heart
>I take polite efforts to remove myself from pinning her down and subjecting her to the forceful patriarchy ways.
>She doesn't hesitate to sit upright
>I'm half worried she'll attack again, but for the moment she seems somewhat spayed
>a quick, but mostly emotionless
>"YOU'RE DISGUSTING"
>Informs me she's still emotionally intact, on the inside.
>That makes me smile, but also realize i've completely forgotten my promise
>"One sec, commere" I mention towards her
>Implying she would listen
>OR give me anything but a fiery death stare of a thousand green needles.
>Eh, fine have it your way
>Three seconds of a very awkward tackle and i pin her down again, hands free this time
>I say two things
>One is
>"Don't complain"
>And the second is
>"I'll tell you a secret if you kiss me willingly"

>She condescendingly chuckles a "Why would i ever kiss YOU!"
>Expected really
>but i give her a second chance
>Note quite calmly with a grin
>"Because i said i'd kiss you and make you feel better if you told me what's wrong"
>I also note that i usually keep my promises
>Most the time
>Kinda
>She eyes me suspiciously
>Trying to decide if it's some kind of trick, or some kind of me fucking with her more.
>Personally i just want to crush her stupid self anti-me ego and kiss me
>Make me feel better, anyway

>She hates me so much, crushing something like that just seems fun
>Who knows what goes through her head
>Nothing i can read from her eyes, or anything else
>She just drops her frown, tears still wet on the sides of her cheeks.
>Then i feel her hand move, and before i know it she's got my storyballs held hostage.
>....
>GOODBYE LONELY ANONS

>With two seconds to escape before inevitable doom, i try to roll over
>She follows me
>Pins me to the ground instead
>ROLE REVERSAL
>still has my balls though
>PANIC, PANIC, PA-
>She silences my squirming and attempts to get free with a kiss
>An actual kiss
>Not just some lips pressed up against one another, she jams her mouth to mine and forces entry with her tongue
>Which i have no other choice but to accept
>She's violently attacking me with her mouth almost, hands still gripping firmly on my crotch and ready to squeeze at any moment, i can't do anything but accept it.
>Tongue attacking
>The taste of chocolate, red wine and a minty taste i can't place at that very moment.
>She doesn't kiss me for very long, but it's not like that mattered
>I asked for a kiss
>she gave me a kiss
>And she says so, sitting upright and wiping off her mouth on her sleeve
>An oddly turquoise fire in her eyes, maybe reflecting my blue.
>That moment lasts forever
>Or until she squeezes, and i yelp
>Not hard, but enough to remind me she had control of the situation as she asks what oh what my little secret could be.
>I Quickly ask which room birthday went to sleep in.
>To which freckles explains, and i'm safe
>I sigh in relief, worried she wouldn't be, but i'm lucky.
>I knew it
>I point out calmly that the closets are linked and she can get in and "Visit" from another room.
>Freckles looks at me oddly
>Then eyes widen, and she releases her grasp on my aching jewels
>Rolls right off of me, out the open car door and up the garage stairs, opens and slams the door closed.
>Not even a goodbye

>First thing i do
>Hand to my crotch, make sure my beauties were alright
>Both crocodiles present, crikey that was a close one.
>Next up is look upwards
>Crane my neck backwards
>Take stock of the situation
>Blondie is sitting japanese style over in the corner, sitting on her heels and staring at me wide eyed
>Oh right, she's been here the entire time.
>I'm kinda upside down, so she looks more or less normal
>I mean she's still got the jacket on, a white one, which i realize instantly isn't gadget's
>Hers, she has a white jacket she wears sometimes too.
>It's zipped halfway down her chest, and there's just the hints of breasts on either side of the zipper.
>10/10 modestly attractive attire.
>What i technically couldn't see was her crotch, since the jacket was bundled up there a bit.
>Which she changed for me
>Sitting forward, then moving to hands and knees facing me
>Front of the jacket draping down, and giving me a FAR far more delightful view than i'd previously been treated to
>Aka a full frontal view of blondie's modest (but dear god were they attractive) cleavage.
>She's got a worried look on her face, or a mixture of worry and something else i just can't place as she crawls towards me.

>What i do notice is that now she's up and moving, i can get a look between her legs
>Can't really get a good look at the crotch because of angle and the shifting jacket actually
>):
>But i do notice her thighs, have what seems to be a shiny slickness along them.
>...
>Confirmed by her instant addressment towards me as she ends up on all fours above my face
>Me still trying to stare at her tits, but don't tell her that
>"Are you ok?" is the first question she asks
>Not waiting for an answer before jumping to the second
>"That... was... uhh..."
>She drones off
>As usual, but blushes pure crimson with her thoughts
>So i finish it for her, i get it
>"Hot"
>She nods
>Who would have fucking guessed
>Blondie gets off on-
>Wait, let me double check.

>Sliding my free hand up her leg just confirms my suspicions.
>But i ask anyway.
>"The fighting?"
>She nods
>Yep, who would have FUCKING guessed
>Blondie gets off on people trying to kill one another.

Thats end for this morning anons.

Update Schedule
Wednesday 8:00 PST
Thursday 8:00 PST.

Update #67 : October 22nd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14227136

>That's kinda cute actually
>Getting off on killing people, maybe we're more alike than i previously thought blondie.
>Eww
>Actually
>I shake that head from my thought
>Eww Eww Eww
>Not that i can actually verbally complain because blondie's kneeling right above me on all fours
>One of her hands rising to her hair, the strands that are most definitely cascading down and tickling my nose as this angle
>It's adorable
>And i want to sneeze
>Not that i get a chance
>She leans down, and connects lips with me
>Romantic right
>Not really
>Her hair was totally in the way, and i'll be honest we got an entire strand stuck between us

>That means a kiss completely ruined by hair that tastes like what seems to be rose and lavender shampoo
>But i mean those flavors alone probably are awful
>But it's shampoo so it's BITTER and SOAPY
>A sputtering spitting mess i am
>Blondie realizes her fatal mistake of forgetting she's a girl and her hair tastes awful

>which you know what i'm not sure that's even a mistake that i would contemplate on a daily basis
>But she pulls back, strands of hair wet and sticking all over my lips until she pulls far enough away
>ewww
>Well not really it's just hair
>But EWWWWW
>I would point out she's blushing but honestly you figured that out i'm sure by the fact that she's once more screwed up a cute little personal experience
>Unlike her usual freezing up and refusing to function self, she rectifies it however
>Slides a hand across her hair and bundles it up behind her, draping lightly down her shoulder as she holds it behind her head
>Then leans in for another kiss

>Now we could always pretend she made it all the way
>Got a cute little backup kiss she intended, but
>You know blondie
>Truth be told the hair wasn't just in my mouth when she came down the first time
>It was in my eyes, my face, and i squeezed them shut
>Sputtering with delicious shampoo i decided the best course of action was obviously the logical one
>Sit up straight and kiss her normally
>So i sat myself up
>Lying on my back to leaning forward, the same position you would enter when doing a crunch or a situp
>As she, well
>She did her blondie thing, and came down.
>You know, the usual
>Klunk

>Just enough time for me and her to do the most romantic of the kisses
>Foreheads only
>See that's important, because it lets you know two great things
>1). Whoever's the thick headed one wins
>Then it doesn't matter because...
>Well i found out, the hard way
>A lovely vibration and crack as skulls collide
>Really hard
>Because with a giant fucking YELP i jumped the fuck back
>To the floor of course, rolling sideways grasping my head
>"BLONDIE" i shout
>"YOU CLUMSY FOOL"
>My brain racks through the pain to decide how to handle this as i squeeze my eyes shut and

clasp my forehead
>Blondie hit me
>And that REALLY hurt.
>Sitting upright again, slowly this time
>I don't hit anything on the way up, which means i'm safe
>She's not hovering over me, or waiting for me to get up.
>Or...
>Making any sounds at all actually
>Squeezing my left eye open i find out why
>I seem to have the harder head

>So she's unconscious anons
>Just fucking out like a light
>Lying face down, legs literally folded underneath her in some kind of cat-like crouching dragon hidden tiger position.
>Impressive really
>Because i'm seeing double right now, and there's technically two of her
>And i'm TWICE as worried i've killed her
>Vision swimming back and forth as i try to confirm that there's no bone fragments or puddles of blood anywhere, and she's just out.
>Still that's like
>SUPER BAD for you
>[spoiler]Super bad[/spoiler]
>No blood, no crushed skull, just unconscious blonde girl
>Do i scream for help?
>Do i call an ambulance?
>I'm not sure if i should be panicking or laughing
>Crying or trying to wake her up, i've honestly no clue.
>My head's pounding, my vision still isn't sitting straight, and...
>[spoiler]Well going unconscious isn't anything like it is in the movies anons[/spoiler]
>well
>She blinked, which means she's probably alive, and probably awake
>Phew
>Or a zombie
>....

>First thing she does is groan
>An empty "ARUUGGHHHH"
>Full of the OW THAT FUCKING HURT emotion
>Next thing she does is ask where the nearest supply of brains is
>Kind of a "Brrraaaaaaaaayyyyy" sound
>No N, but i assume she lost that part of motor function during her death.
>I understand however

>I point out that you could probably find a mexican market or something, maybe a british place and pick up some headcheese...
>She responds by stretching her arms and pushing herself upright
>Almost returning to crawling on all fours before arching her back and putting her head back down to the floor again
>With another "Owwww..."
>Muffled into the blanket.
>):
>Was actually my fault she got hurt for once, i feel bad.

>She gives up on trying to sit upright and tumbles down sideways, legs folded to her side
>Sure there's dynamics involved about exactly which angles she was presenting bits and pieces of herself for my viewing pleasure
>Technically if i had been looking properly i would have seen quite a show
>But i wasn't because my fucking head HURT
>Headache pounding like a jackhammer, and vision still swimming
>Eyes just jammed closed after i saw her roll and moan
>Probably wants more brains
>Personally i could use another one at this very moment
>Finally feeling like i could probably see again, i open my eyes again
>Blondie's lying on her side, quietly
>Not holding her head as i would have thought, not even close
>She's got hands wrapped around her stomach again
>.....

Pls no more dancing lolis in thread

I SAID PLEASE.

>Worried, i reach over
>Ideally to...
>Well fuck it's just one of those things you do, you reach out because you somehow believe you can alleviate pain by touching other people
>Miracle healing
>Which i wasn't capable of it seems
>My hand on her shoulder did nothing to stop the grimace she was showing.
>So i did the next best thing, and scooped her up
>Lifted her into my arms
>Would be really cute if she didn't squirm instantly and force me to drop her
>):
>Frankly around blondie NEITHER of us can do anything right
>Not sure what she wants me to do
>Moaning out little "owws" and "Ummphs" squirming around on the floor

>Not holding her head
>I quickly rack up everything i could have possibly hurt in her stomach, cramps, nerves, muscles, anything.
>Nothing
>I've got no clue, so i, being a typical male, admit defeat and ask for directions
>"Where does it hurt?"
>She clears that up perfectly fine
>"MY HEAD, WHERE ELSE YOU IDIOT"
>...

>R...
>Right, clutching your stomach and claiming your head hurts
>That's brilliant blondie, and you call me the i-
>...
>Come to think of it, does holding your head do anything?
>Maybe clutching your stomach makes your head feel better, because clutching your head sure doesn't do anything
>Wow
>Sitting there with a throbbing headache i realize that i could fondle my god damn feet and it would help my head hurting just about as much as touching my head.
>Maybe more, since it would distract me from the pain.
>Or you know what else would distract me from my head hurting?
>Blondie's claw like grasp
>And a fistfull of sharp fingernails embedded in my knee
>Yeah
>That would do it
>i squeal a little bit myself
>Mostly the fingernails, just blondie saying "Hi"
>And her accompanying "You ruined it... you... you just... you ruined it"
>Not a happy sound
>Morose, Sorrowful, or just plain unbelieving that i'd managed to fuck up what seemed to be going perfectly well by sitting upright far too quickly
>In fairness it was her hair in my eyes
>All's fair in bounty hunting i guess.

>She finally sits upright
>Avoids eye contact completely, and leans over towards the pile of clothing she's left
>Three movements and she's retrieved and equipped what seems to be a piece of lower body armor
>Blocks most of the visible electromagnetic spectrum
>Light based attacks probably ineffectual against her now
>Still means she's done
>Still means i'm done

>I grab my boxers and pants and do the same
>Cringing every time i even stretch my face because my skull hurts as the skin pulls along it
>Seriously
>Like i've never realized how many muscles in your face you use to put on your pants, i must have been making "Ooohs" and "Ahhs" in expressions all my life
>Because SHIT my forehead hurt when i put in my second leg.
>Quietly retrieving the rest of my clothing earns me a full loadout
>And still no words spoken or eye contact between us
>Something about some situations being so awkward that they'll just never ever ever stop being weird.
>Try to have sex with girl pretending to be other girl
>No condoms
>Can't get other girl wet
>Have to fight off angry redhead
>Accidentally knock one another out
>Call one another stupid idiots
>Sexytimes over
>We both seem to unanimously agree in different ways
>I say "We're not talking about this... with anyone"
>She's almost interrupting me with "We... this didn't happen"

>I understand this situation
>The silent shame we've connected to one another with, the overbearing pressure of self doubt we'll now always have in any kind of situation.
>Knowing we'll probably both ruin it equally well in different ways
>That trickle of doubt
>I slide out of the car, door still open but who cares at this point
>Turn to say goodbye, or offer her another time, or say something else
>Anything
>But i don't
>I know the way this works, and she doesn't make eye contact still
>We're both embarrassed
>We must leave and never return.

>Stumbling
>Wandering aimlessly, no purpose into the house again
>Fucked up my own night i guess
>I leave blondie out in the car, i don't really care what happens just that i don't see her again for maybe 7-8 hours until my head stops hurting and the concussion kicks in.
>Then we'll have both forgotten that trifle bit of nuisance
>Good ol memory loss
>My oldest... youngest friend.
>The house is dark except for a light in the kitchen

>Someone left it on, or left it to be polite for anyone who wanted to wake up and get a drink or something
>I do just that
>Orange juice
>Pour, Chug, delicious.
>Now what
>Seriously that was as far as my plan goes
>Nobody else is downstairs, or here with the lights on.
>I'm just alone down here, who knows how late it is.
>*sigh*

>I wander into the living room, figure i'll judge the mess
>Switch on the li-
>There's no mess
>It's fucking spotless
>Everything where it belongs
>....
>There's even two half finished glasses of wine on the table, but nobody's here to be drinking them.
>Went to bed i guess
>No harm then
>I chug them both.
>Wander over to the bathroom and excuse myself for a moment
>Aka i walk out of your field of view for a mini bit of private loo useage
>Returning into the camera shot, i've got no clue what to do next
>Check for a bedroom i guess
>Somewhere to sleep
>Bottom floor first
>Door closed, and locked i find out, trying the doorhandle.
>Right
>Occupied
>On to the next.

>Upstairs seems to be the same thing
>Occupied and locked
>Occupied and locked
>Occupied and locked
>I give up, seriously, there's nothing left
>Couch it is for me... unless
>there's actually one more room up here but it's just some dingy little guest room with a pull out bed that's currently out.
>Like the house had one too many rooms and they said screw it, put another bedroom in.

>Or maybe it used to be a nursery or something
>Bed
>Or couch again
>-.-
>I pick bed, because i'm tired and my back kinda hurts and my head is pounding and the music is too loud and i'm completely done with everyone
>Gonna lock the door and not get up.
>Trying my hardest not to angrily stomp down the hallway, i reach the end, open the door (unlocked, phew) and slide in.
>Close it behind me, lock it thirty times and stumble around in the dark for a while
>finally encountering a bed
>which i collapse into, warm, comfy, soft, with blankets... already... ruffled
>And...
>someone in it.
>*Takes a deep breath*

>I'm about to ask who it is
>who i've fucking slipped into bed with to ruin my night.
>But actually i realize i don't fucking care
>Just gonna tell them to shut the fuck up and not roll around too much
>I'm going to be-
>I don't get a single word off
>Not one
>Because whoever it is, is fully awake.
>reaches over to find me first
>Decide via touch who i am
>One hand finds my shoulder, and the other finds my chest
>Flat of course
>Superior flat storybro chest
>Ultimate disguise, because the girl in bed with me exclaims almost softly
>A curious question, ascertaining my identity as a female i am most certainly not.
>"Raven?"
>....
>.....
>Out of all the fucking rooms i've chosen

>D... do i play along?
>Why would i play along? Is there any benefit to pretending to be raven?
>Why isn't raven in this room
>Let alone the more important question, WHY has glasses changed rooms?!
>That's as good as any question i'm going to ask, but quickly those hands find my shoulders
>Then a grasp at my shirt, and i'm pulled close
>Not that i squirm

>Or fight
>Or do anything to resist as i'm curtly informed in a sleepy voice that "I've been missed"
>and that glasses was proverbially waiting for me.
>Oh and i'm kissed
>Not a great kiss, more of a forceful her lips against mine
>Interrupted rather quickly when she realized whos lips they were.
>Aka not ravens
>Although i guess i was the next best thing, close enough right?
>She didn't seem to think so.
>"Ss... Storybro!?"
>h... hi glasses!

>Sure there were plenty of things that could have been going through my mind at that moment
>How fucked i probably was, how much drama she was going to cause, and how angry i should be at her for taking the condoms
>But they weren't
>Nope
>I was trying to figure out if she recognized me by my lips
>Or if her deductive reasoning powers realized they weren't raven's lips and therefore they must have been mine
>Serious question
>Are my lips kissably smooth or not
>I need to know
>Maybe ask her?
>She's preoccupied with the fact that she's just kissed me thinking i was raven
>Probably that bit about not being raven.
>I'm sorry you're grounded and your girlfriend couldn't make it here tonight glasses
>Maybe i could be your girlfriend tonight?
>By that i mean i simply steal half the blanket and threaten her with death if she doesn't let me just go to sleep
>Implying she listens
>Shocked silence in the darkness, or a plan i can't see her concocting
>Or something else
>Whatever it is, Raven obviously never showed up
>I wrap blankets around myself and attempt to sleep
>Glasses quiet breathing in the darkness, she's probably facing me.
>TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

>Minutes
>Days
>Hours later
>I feel a hand, a secret hand
>A secret slimy hand trying to sneak its way over to my side of the bed

>I catch it with my whiskers sixth sense of hands trying to do things while you're probably asleep
>I have one of those
>Only works sometimes):
>Usually catches glasses every time, like now
>When i calmly break the silence by addressing her
>"Glasses"
>She pauses, my whiskers sensing her hand frozen in midair
>"IF you so much as touch me, you're sleeping on the couch"
>She doesn't respond, but her hand does.
>I whisker as that hand whisks away
>Off into the darkness, to her side of the bed where it belongs
>Then silence again, as i wait once more to fall asleep
>Safely erecting my anti-hand shields in my drowsiness
>They don't however, do what i need them to do
>They work on hands sure, maybe a foot if i tried hard
>But not an entire girl
>Within moments i find my entire body wrapped in a blanket beside my head
>And pinned in a hugging leg-wrapped embrace by the girl i've mistakenly trying to go to sleep next to
>Her words
>"I'm not touching you"
>I know she's not
>But i hate her anyway.

JUMPING JAHOSAHPHATS

Update #68 : October 23rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14245604

>My attempts at sleeping are just going to be thwarted
>Already are
>Like a childish brother in the backseat of a car, she's now playing that game
>The "I'M NOT TOUCHING YOU" game, where they inch fingers close enough to your eyeball to make you shrink away completely, but never quite make contact
>Although in this case she's got some kind of ulterior motive that doesn't involve poking my eye

out
>I would hope
>I like my eyes
>Her quiet whisper confirms my suspicions, or the terror i'd already amassed in my mind
>"Raven never came, you know..."
>If she was anything other than sincere, i couldn't tell.
>A quiet sadness involved every word she said, my opinion?
>Loneliness
>Quietly waiting up here in bed, listening to the chaos below and having someone i promised to bring up never come.
>Or not listening to the chaos at all
>Probably fell asleep and i'd just woken her lying down, made sense why she would sleepily decide i was raven
>Deduction powers not on full yet.

>So i didn't snicker back at her like a good older brother would
>No "Moomm make him stop!" into the darkness
>Instead i just ducked my head forward, into the mass of straight brown hair i couldn't see but knew existed
>Found in that flurry her shirt, or shoulder, and whatever delicious skin accompanied it
>Took big mouthful and bit down.
>Her: "wh... ow"
>Her: "ow! ow!"
>Her: "OW, ST-"
>Each mention of the word "Ow" more pained, frantic and accompanied finally by shoving and a full release of my body constraints
>Aka Escape, successful
>Rolling free of the blankets, i heft myself off the bed in full intention of just finding raven then
>She's sleeping somewhere else, might as well just cuddle with her and fuck this game, i'm tired.
>Pretend i snuck in while she was fast asleep and she can throw a tantrum in the morning
>Or something awfully loud and noisy for everyone to hear
>Stomping out of the room, glasses calls out to me one last time
>"She won't take you back you know..."
>Literally
>FUCK YOU GLASSES
>I snap as loudly as i can yell back into the room behind me, who cares who i wake
>Into the hallway, i snap on the light and decide to figure out which room raven is in.

>That's not hard
>What i didn't notice on the way up was that the entire hall was actually littered in various

articles of clothing
>Messy piles near each door, various articles people had shed in drunken, or coke induced stupors
>Whichever ones they'd picked
>One of the doors seems to be aubrey's pants, and some sweater i don't recognize
>Nothing from freckles, but then again she used the side door to the...
>Oh you clever girl
>She locked both rooms so nobody could sneak in on her through the closet
>Which means gadget's in that second room probably fast asleep
>And then raven is across the-
>Wait no, gadget's jacket is sitting at the door to the room across the hall.
>so she's over there and raven is-
>Raven's clothing-
>Is...
>Also sitting outside the door with gadget's jacket
>...
>...

>Well
>I'm not sure how i'm supposed to feel about that
>Knock maybe?
>So of course, i figure i might as well knock
>I do, quietly
>*Knock Knock*
>"Who's there?"
>"Banana"
>So i try again louder
>*Knock Knock*
>"Who's there?"
>"Banana"
>Still no appropriate response
>So i try a third time
>*Knock! Knock!*
>This time someone speaks up
>Raven, obviously, accompanied by a diluted groan from what sounds like gadget inside, just waking up.
>An unbearably sleepy request to leave her alone
>"GO AwAY!"
>...
>Orange you glad i'm fucking your new best friend too?

>I slam the door behind me, lock it as loudly as i did entering again.
>Announce simply "When i get into that bed, you better be naked"

>Not that she seems to argue, or question my motive or anything
>The rustling from the sheets assuring me she's complying with my request as i toss my own shirt across the room.
>Then everything else.
>No tact whatsoever, no fucking foreplay
>I'm done with all of that for the night
>Stride across the room, crawling into bed in one swift movement
>I reach across the bundle of blankets in the middle towards the girl i know is here.
>Find her with a hand on her stomach
>I slide it, upward, catching fingers on her bellybutton before tracing a line straight to her chest
>Bare breasts
>She followed my orders properly
>For once.
>I pin as much flesh between my fingers as i can and squeeze harshly
>A sharp inhale from her, possibly through clenched teeth, or a bit upper lip
>I give a yank, not some kind of harsh pain inducing thing
>Just a collective tug on her chest, encouraging her to scoot closer
>Close enough for me to decide she needs to be face down
>Orders she surprisingly follows too.

>I quickly go through a list of possible girls i could have somehow mistaken her for this time
>But there's an easy way to figure that out
>I drop a hand between her legs, avoiding entirely the goal and instead rubbing a clear path across her navel
>She's not shaved
>This strikes me as completely fucking odd, but it confirms that indeed i'm probably with the girl i think i'm with
>Or the other girl i don't know the pubic situation of.
>So? I call her name obviously
>Confirming my selection
>"Aubrey! You going to be my little toy for the night?"
>Pitch silence
>And darkness
>Before a wiggle of her hips says most-likely-yes
>Accompanied by a whimper

>I chuckle to myself with how obedient she's being
>Even after what i've said
>Hah
>I'm not entirely sure i want to break the curious spell, so i don't say anything else

>Just place a guiding hand on the small of her back, encourage her to lift her butt just a little bit higher
>No words needed
>She understands, and gets ready for the monster card i've put down in defense.
>A repositioning of myself, a bit of hip-wise matching, and i figure she's probably fine for a spell or two
>AKA i prepare for dicking
>Or dickery
>No fuss, nothing fancy. I just play my Madou Senshi Breaker card
>And draw
>MONSTA KARDO
>She happens to receive the full force of pretty much my entire penis.
>Which is cool i guess
>She fits it roughly to the base, i mean maybe a little outside unless i force it up against the spongy wall at the end of the tunnel
>But other than that, pretty decent fit
>The usual attributes of a vagina, Hot, warm, wet, happy.
>Ect
>Mostly it's just the fact that i've kinda given up and just said fuck it, literally.
>DURO
>Draw again, another monster card
>So of course i thrust.

>DURO
>MONSTA KARDO
>DURO
>MONSTA KARDO
>"HANATE, YUGII!!"
>Aka stop
>The girl i've quite forcefully started railing from behind asks me nicely to stop
>HANASE
>But she won't
>She dons a voice of inquisition, humbly requesting a sacrifice from my end.
>"i... i want to do it facing you, idiot"
>*sigh*
>"You've fucking ruined it"
>I tell her that
>Firstly, there's no fucking accent
>Aubrey always has an accent if she's doing anything she would be embarrassed doing
>I'm just going down the list, paused with my penis half inside half out.
>Secondly
>You're pretending to be AUBREY not BLONDIE.
>"Drat!"

>She breaks into chortles anyway
>Collapsing facefirst into the bed in chuckling laughter.

>I'm giggling too, just a bit
>I give the other half of the plunge, just because i can
>And she interrupts her laughter to verbally give off what seems to be an "oooowuh" sound.
>Sounds delightful
>Girls sound awesome during sex, every time i swear they're having a better time than i am
>[spoiler]They are[/spoiler]
>Second thrust returns her to arms crossed lifted off the bed, and an "mmmm" kinda sound
>Then an "ahhh"
>I briefly wonder if she was serious about the facing one another thing
>Not that i have to for very long
>Thrust #6 throws a "Wait!" statement.
>Error handling catches it.
>Instead of a "S..storybro i love you please kiss me while we make love"
>I get the more usual answer
>"I hate this position"
>Which usually means the same thing
>She's at no loss for lubrication, i can practically feel it dripping down my legs alongside hers with every thrust.
>So i assume she just meant the love-you one.
>Or i'm that good
>I grab a leg anyway
>Force her to lose her balance as i leave one on the bed, and haul the other up and over my shoulder
>Different position
>No effort involved
>Yay!

>Problem with just wanting to fuck someone is that it tends to be rather boring
>Hot sweaty sex just to get off, you can describe it a million ways and yet it's no fun unless it's your first, or you've seduced your sister, mother, or brother for the night.
>Fun part about the girl i had right now was that i'd told myself i wouldn't
>Argued with her, fended her off, fought tooth and nail not to stick my dick in her, for the good of humanity.
>No matter her plans
>That's kinda like a taboo i guess?
>Personal boundaries broken
>She wasn't just a down and dirty fuck i guess
>A groan from her, panting from me
>I flipped her over, tried a different angle
>Missionary i guess

>Absolutely disgusting right?
>Only sounds in the room were her
>The rustling of the bedsheets, the grinding umphs as i made an exceptionally forceful thrust
>Something i decided was worth doing after the cute little sounds she was making.
>It was intense, feverish and almost entirely one-goal sex
>To get off of course
>And boy we did, or me at least
>I never figured out with her because this was the first time i'd touched her since the sleepover
>Didn't know those rules, sounds and patterns to follow
>Without much of a warning, or a pretend to care about how she was doing, i grabbed anything i could hold onto
>Hips
>A hand on her shoulder, a firm grip and squeezes
>Then shoved my own hips forward, connected perfectly for who knows how many seconds as i quite honestly filled her the fuck up.

>That's always the first orgasm when you get together with someone you've been with before, but not in so long that you're empty, mindless
>You both have a grinding screaming quick and dirty get-off session together
>That's always the first
>Then you come to that startling post-orgasm clarity
>Your penis loses control of the situation, and your brain starts telling you things like "Oh right this vagina belongs to someone" and "Man i hope she doesn't want breakfast in the morning"
>That's the regret stage, just momentarily really
>Because you're probably still hard, and you've probably had a bit of stirring in your loins
>I sure did
>Leaned forward and ended my rather selfish orgasm by touching my lips to hers.
>Her turn

>See, problem with that first selfish orgasm is if you get off first.
>She's still at that lust fueled stage of sex and hasn't calmed down yet
>So if you're not down to play round #2, you've just become a shit lover.
>Or in glasses' case, round 4-7
>I quickly found a hand on my shoulder, a firm shove and i did an alerion roll
>Ended up on my back, with her very-much pinning me down from up top.
>Hot
>Doubly so with that little hip-grind she does, even if it sounds like a crackling ticklish mess where we're still both connected
>Flipped me over without me even softening and leaving her cooch, post orgasm
>Impressive in ways mere mortal men will ever know.
>Triply so when two hands end up on my chest, and she reminds me how great being the bottom bitch is with a lift and hard drop of her hips.

>I'm sure i've already gone over how being able to orgasm multiple times as a male doesn't exactly make the experience that much better
>It all turns into exercise past the first
>Unless
>The girl lets you take the first, and gives you the second.
>A trick that none of them seem to learn, and the ones who know it don't share.
>You're fucking tired after you get off
>So giving a girl a second O is tedious as shit, even if you're still hard.
>Glasses takes her first, second and third with me lying down and doing almost nothing.
>Big one first, the one i forgot
>That's a shuddering gasp, although not really much verbal sound behind it.
>Second one i only felt as a fluttering squeeze, and a minute pause in her attempts to beat the world pushup championship with the way her arms were on my chest.
>Then three was when i got around to helping
>Thrusting here, pulling her twice as forcefully downward with hands on her hips, shoving her upward after each one.
>That one was completely quiet, nothing to say she'd had one at all
>Besides her collapsing on my chest in a heaving gasping pile of "Dear god i need air"

>My turn again i guess
>Give her a shove, flip her back to her stomach
>The quiet little gasps informing me she had her head to the side and not straight down
>Arms not entirely supporting her weight anymore, just flourished to her sides
>Possibly gripping sheets, who knew
>What i do know as i enter from behind, is that i'm an absolute idiot
>Mostly because i came inside of her the first time
>Not for the reason you think.
>No, seriously
>Never, EVER, ever EVER EVER, come inside a girl if you plan to have more than one round of fun.
>It just fucking ruins it for both of you
>Sure i mean i was technically having hot sex with an exceptionally attractive female
>Pleasure of getting off inside a girl, mentally and physically is intense too
>But then the friction's RUINED
>Ruined i say!
>No matter what, semen seems to be a ridiculously slimy and slippery lube
>And like using oil-based lube, the friction is completely gone.
>So i was regretting my mistake as the only sensation i was feeling was the slow buildup of torment that was fapping with no hands
>No sensations of various erogenous zones, no fun for having the darn thing fully buried
>Just a boring "Going to get off eventually sensation"

>That eventually came

>Not that i cared much at that point
>Thrusting from above kinda leaves you in no position to count what she's feeling, even if the legs are over your shoulders the entire time.
>Gasps sure
>Moans she wouldn't stop giving off
>A couple "Harders" and "Fasters" in a few places
>I made my best effort to ignore her when she asks for those things
>(NEVER EVER LISTEN TO A GIRL WHEN SHE WANTS MORE)
>(unless you're literally clueless, then she probably knows best)
>It's more of a game you play between the one another
>Not that she doesn't actually want it harder or anything, but you're denying that
>Denial = good
>The goal is getting to the end, so making the race longer makes all the runners feel more accomplished, right?
>Wrong
>But pretend it's right
>I hit the ending and did my own little version of collapsing gasping upon her chest
>Breasts cushioning my fall, and guiding me into a safe landing.
>Didn't feel like an accomplishment at all.

>I just wanted to get it straight with myself that the only reason i fucked her was because i...
>Wanted to
>Terrible excuse
>Million reasons why i wanted to in my head, but they all fit
>exhausted, and fully willing to sleep, i roll off and find a pillow
>Don't even want to talk about it, fuck that, i want a nap
>She doesn't exactly have that same line of thought
>A rustle
>a movement and she's turned over to the bedside table and clicked on the light
>A flood of brightness, penetrates my eyelids through the pillow somehow
>what, seriously what could i ever want to discuss after that.
>My arms hurt, my hips hurt, my left foot might be sprained, my stomach feels like someone's kicked me in the gut and i think my head might be back to hurting again.
>Doesn't matter
>I get a hand on my shoulder, and my shoulder gets shaken awake
>Brings me with it
>"Whaaatttttttt" groaning i return to the world of the living.
>Not even looking at her, until she shifts me over and forces one of my eyes open
>"Ask me how many!"
>...
>Alright fine i'm kinda curious anyway
>"How many?"
>She holds up 10 fingers.

>Bullshi-
>I'm about to say, when she closes both palms into fists
>Holding them both up, she opens one again
>Five fingers on it.
>....
>Then she opens the second
>Two more fingers
>...
>Then she closes both hands, and opens one more
>Two more fingers
>Right
>Sarcasm from me
>"So i gave you ten thousand five hundred and eleven orgasms?"
>Dropping into my not-amused voice,
>"I only got two, you selfish asshole"
>Seriously
>She's either fucking with me
>Had 19
>Or is fucking with me.

>Knowing glasses, the all-of-the-above answer D). isn't too far fetched
>She accompanies her fingers with a quick lean forward
>Head on my back, cheek against my shoulder blade and hair falling every which way
>Resting, using me as a pillow
>"My plan, tomorrow, will be great!"
>yeah, sure glasses
>whatever you say
>"Thanks...too, i needed-"
>I shut her up with a grunt
>Let me lazily go to after sleep sex pls
>Denied, refused, whatever it is she does.
>I do fall asleep, so whatever that was it waits for me to peacefully drift off
>Content
>and not angry at only one girl in the house
>Not the one sleeping next to me however.

Alright i've been up since 5:00, and i'm going to wake up same time tomorrow. Need to get at-least that much sleep. Good night anons.

Updates planned:
Friday & 8:00 PST

Saturday & 8:00 PST
Sunday/Monday probably
Tuesday no.

Update #69 : October 24th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14262171

>I wake up first, like always
>Sunlight streaming into the room from the windows with curtains that there's no point in closing
>Absolutely breathtaking view of the harbor from this room
>Or at least that's what i'm thinking i'm going to see, that plus the breathtaking view of girl awaiting me
>It strikes me oddly trying to focus my eyes and rub the sleep out of them
>I was almost excited
>We'd never spent a full night in be-
>....
>Nevermind anons, strike that statement
>She woke up first, because the bed was empty

>I notice the lack of female shaped impressions on the sheets next to me
>The un-ruffled pillows
>The fact that the sheets are neatly tucked in around me
>And i groan
>I swear to fucking god if i hallucinated last night, i will...
>Wait
>Plan of action, i'm up against clever, she's fucking with me
>I have to be smarter
>THINK!
>The pillows where she was sleeping!
>Eureka!
>With the smile of a small child that's figured out a secret of life that puts them far ahead of peers, i proceed to roll over and grin into her pillow
>Inhaling deeply as i relax, sheets twisting round.
>Well, what i thought was her pillow
>That grin quickly became a frown
>It didn't smell like anything, just... pillow
>Now it's really time to panic

>[spoiler]That's always an element i forget to remember for you, but it's always there[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Women, always have smells and i've gone over them time and time again[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But in this case i'd woken up to an empty bed, and there's always a beautiful part about waking up alone[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You get to flip over, inhale and your bed will smell like the girl you were just with[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I tried to do that just now, her shampoo, her scent, anything, because it always reinvigorates the thoughts, memories of the night before[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But glasses had seemingly changed the pillows, denying me not only the pleasure of waking up beside her, but the little pleasure of knowing she was with me in the first place[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She's an asshole, lonely anons.[/spoiler]

>So i'm not entirely sure if i've spent a lovely night with my former best friend who technically declared she loved me.
>Or a demonic succubus from the fifth realm of torment lost on her way to the kitchen to get a sandwich.
>She is a clever woman.
>Indeed
>Thumping my fist in anger against the sheets next to me
>FOILED AGAIN
>Coincidentally maybe not
>The thump against the sheets whiffs up whatever scents were mingled into them
>Nothing that delightful
>Mostly the dust that flutters around the room, illuminated by the streaming sunlight.
>except for one scent i just barely pick out
>Cherry
>A flowering scent of the lightest cherry fruit, crushed and aromatic.
>Grins on again
>That's her body lotion
>I'll get you my pretty.

>Rolling out of bed, sticks sheets everywhere
>that disgusting sticky feeling of going to bed under sheets while you're sweaty and naked.
>I carry half that bed with me rolling up and to my feet.
>No problem i'll just take a shower, bathroom's across the hallway i figure, scooting over to find my clothes.
>Looking for them around the room takes only seconds
>Guess
>Go ahead
>Guess

>I don't even have to tell you what's gone tits up this morning
>Could be me and my miraculously sprouted pair of tits
>The dead hooker over there in the corner, murdered with what seems to be a soup ladle
>No soup for her.
>The two crocodiles snapping at my ankles
>The fact that the door's completely wide open, and what seem to be harbor patrol flashing sirens and lights towards the residence.
>Or the shrieking and shouting from not only the room to my left, but right as well
>Not to mention my good-morning theme song seemingly having changed as if it's a mid-season artistic break.
>All of these things were completely normal as i knelt down grabbed my boxers and started to put them on
>It could be any of those things
>Or they weren't
>Because you guessed correctly
>My clothes were missing.

>Pfft
>I should have expected that
>Her latest clever ploy to fuck with me
>Well supposedly freckles and raven too
>I just shrugged it off
>Not really fucking with me as much as she thinks it was
>Everyone's already seen me naked
>Plus
>Bedsheets make great togas
>Adventuring down the hallway in my new homemade roman outfit (in duffel bag green it seems) brings me no surprises
>Clothes are still scattered about in various messes
>Doors still locked
>One upstairs bathroom unlocked and wide open, unoccupied, the other hidden behind doors that technically freckles and aubrey would be occupying.
>Stairs it is i guess
>I find two girls downstairs, both fully dressed
>Only ones awake i guess, One sitting at the table quietly and staring off into the distance like death itself, the other bustling around in the kitchen preparing to make breakfast
>Glasses' skirt swishing as she worked and grabbed the eggs out of the magical-cold box.

>I had initially planned to just travel downstairs and harass the shit out of glasses.
>Seemed she would have been one of the only ones awake, and i could have tormented her to my own little-bit of sadistic pleasure.
>She obviously wanted it

>Playing this kind of shit on me this morning.
>I did what she wanted after all didn't i? Slept with her for some fucking ulterior motive i could at this point NOT give a shit about.
>But not now
>Blondie was sitting there at that table, and instead of her skirt swishing cutely in the kitchen as she baked us whatever scrumptious feast she had planned.
>She was instead sitting there quietly, head raised but completely ignoring me as i stepped slowly downstairs
>No comments about my toga, my state of attire for the morning.
>Just quiet silence, and her favorite pair of PJs.
>The ones i hadn't seen in years i guess, covered in little cute bunnies.
>She doesn't react as i roar in the general direction of the kitchen
>"GLASSES WHAT DID YOU DO"

>That's the one thought on my mind
>What the fuck did she say, or do, or that big fat WHY.
>Why was blondie acting completely empty down there, a question she doesn't answer for me as i round the bottom of the stairs and end up at the foot of the table.
>My two arms, hands finding each of her shoulders and turning her to face me
>Plastered white cheeks, a tousled messy halo of golden hair, and that haunting empty blue-eyed stare
>I shake her, vigorously, only intending to pull her out of it
>Pay attention to me
>Nothing, not until i call her name
>Instead she snaps upward when i do, my utterance of "Blondie"
>Breaks those empty cheeks into a glowing smile
>Without the glow
>"Hey... storybro"
>She quietly says, weakly, heavy deep set eyes and rings as wide as dinnerplates of darkened skin around them.
>Th... they must have fought
>"GLASSES"
>I roar
>"WHAT!" she roars back
>"ILL FUCKING KILL YOU IF YOU HURT BLO-"
>My attempts to stomp into the kitchen and murder glasses are thwarted by a hand on my manly-dress.
>Soft enough to be noticed, yet ripped away far too easily with another step.
>"-NDIE"

>It doesn't matter
>I'm in the kitchen
>Two steps later i'm behind our abusive chef

>She hasn't started anything important, no knives, or bowls or cooking actually occurring.
>Just holding a spoon in one hand and an oven mitt in the other
>I obviously rudely interrupt her collection of cooking utensils
>Very, rudely
>See as she turns around to catch me and the angry stomping i was obviously doing, ruckus i was making
>she gets halfway round
>Before i catch her by the bun of hair she's put up for cooking this fine morning.
>Not lightly either, because before she gets off the "WHAT, I HAVEN'T HURT BLON-
>Screech she planned to ward me off with
>I've tugged her off her heels and she all comes tumbling down
>Tumbling down
>Tumbling down

>Not that when you pull a girl to the floor via her hair it's a very soft thing
>She had reaction speeds like a fox, must be the video games, hands went up
>Both to stop the floor from hitting her first.
>I wasn't going to exactly let that happen
>A firm grip on that bun, which was quickly loosening in my fingers
>Then i stopped her fall with it
>All however-much she weighed
>Not much, considering i'm a weakling
>But between her hands and another firm tug on her hair, i'm sure i hurt the hell out of her scalp
>The yelling meant it was working
>In midair she yelled something harsh
>Maybe a curse word or two
>Even if i softened her fall, that's no polite tongue for a lady
>So as her hands scrambled up to the back of her head to try to pry my fingers off of what was causing her oh-so-much pain i'm sure
>I dropped her a good foot on her face

>A dull thud that i quickly followed with a knee across her upper back
>Pinning her to the floor
>However that much that hurt, i can guess
>But she told me too
>"FUCK, THAT REALLY HURT YOU ASSHOLE"
>Surprising, even with her face jammed into the smooth kitchen floor, she still was able to put up such a fuss
>My outfit held up surprisingly well considering i wasn't entirely sure how i tied it on in the first place
>I'm sure she saw it on the way down
>So i happily bring it up
>But not yet

>Blondie first
>"What did you DO to BLONDIE?"
>I emphasize this with a hard shove of the bun on her head
>Wasn't really a bun anymore though
>More like a loosely packed sphere, however it was held together wasn't doing its job much
>Glasses, not used to having her face shoved against the floor, doesn't answer
>Blondie does
>"Nothing!"
>A cry over the kitchen divider
>"She didn't, i'm just tired is all, i didn't sleep, don't hurt her!"
>Well that's good
>I take my knee off her back, haul her up to kneeling with a firm grip on her hair
>But mostly by her shoulder
>"Good Morning Glasses!"
>I don't have to mention how livid she was
>Or exactly what hue of glowing coal amber her eyes might have been burning as her hands went for my throat.

>She's not really blondie though, so death attempts don't exactly work
>Nor freckles, so she's not tall enough to have a chance to really throttle me
>Nope, she's brains, not brawn
>Less than two seconds later, i have her on the floor again, face up this time
>Both of her hands trying to get a firm grip on my wrist, which was quite firmly accompanying my hand and a grasp on her throat
>I'm not squeezing, just holding
>And smiling
>She's not
>If anything it's a plea, a look of "Don't murder me" mixed with "I'm sorry" Mixed with "I'm a good actor so these fake emotions should convince you to let me go"
>She's had prep time for this
>I had to be ready for anything, her plans probably involved ways to kill any of us at a moment's notice if we went rogue.

>Considering she didn't have a british accent and wasn't pretending to be australian
>I could narrow the sniper off the list, but not the other guy
>That stupid rich jerk who liked flying rats.
>That's probably glasses in disguise.
>Her plans don't seem to include me grabbing one of her legs, and dragging her kicking and flailing around the kitchen
>Mostly around to the exit to the living room, and dragging her across the carpet
>Carpetburn probably
>Lord knows she was squeaking out various sounds, chirping insults and yelling enough for it
>I arrive in the parking spot right in front of blondie

>A girl who's still not even reacting
>Completely out of it staring at the ground
>Even when i pull glasses there, it takes her a moment to blink
>Surprised
>Not glasses, who knows what expression she was making
>I was paying attention to blondie, who seemed far less interested in the fact i'd just dragged glasses here than i would have expected
>Still though
>I ask my sleepy princess what punishment we should mette out
>I get cute mumbles in return
>"State her crime"
>A sleepy joking poke at the all-too-common judge quotes from all these stupid crime TV shows that got popular all of a sudden.
>I outline a couple of them, the lack of condoms, stealing my clothes, causing various mischief
>Mostly the ones that happened recently
>Blondie mumbles her punishment
>Simple, Easy, clean.
>No witnesses
>Mur-
>"tie her up"

>I couldn't be sure that was blondie who said that
>I mean i couldn't really hear her over the muffled kicking and squirming of glasses, who i'd currently clasped my hand over the mouth of
>She was pretty sleepy it seems
>Eyes closed, nodding off
>Murder circuit down for repairs most likely
>Aight i guess
>Unclasping her mouth and lifting the poor complaining girl like a rag, i dump her into a nearby dining chair
>Not that she doesn't try to escape
>I just seem to be stronger than her at the moment, or she's not fighting it.
>I am at a bit of a loss as to what i should use to tie her up however
>No rope anywhere close, so i query blondie to see if she knows of some
>Struggling all the while to hold glasses down, through her "No! please! stop, i'm sorry!" Rants
>Blondie mumbles "Sheets"
>I realize she means mine
>Poor glasses goes as white as one when she hears that
>Starts offering things, begging.

>All the while i pin her shoulders steady with one hand at her throat, one knee between her

legs, and get around to unwrapping myself to use as rope.
>A struggle from her
>a hand to my wrist
>"Please, i'll do anything!"
>Beg #403
>"I'll apologize to you for everything! I'm sorry i've been so-
>I clasp my hand over her mouth
>Already have the starting of one sheet wrap going, but i can't really hold her still enough to do this
>She's just squirming so much it's going to be loose if i finally tie it all up
>So i inquire if blondie's willing to help
>Half asleep, a nod
>And two hands, one at a shoulder and the other at glasses' throat
>I'm actually worried she might be somehow more violent when she's tired like this
>But there's no hint of actual force
>Just a steady grip, and a squeeze every time glasses tries to get free
>Three wraps of the sheet and i'm actually undressed now
>Not that anyone seems to care
>Glasses long since having lost the ability to squirm, is just kicking at my shins
>Contacting sometimes, but bare feet so nothing really hurts
>Bargaining starts full fledged
>"I'll get raven and you back together!"
>Blondie snorts at this
>Finding it funny somehow
>I keep a straight face and ignore her.

>She returns to trying to barter for freedom
>Starts with innocent things, stuff like setting me up with anyone else i wanted if i didn't want raven
>Something that admittedly she said with a twinge of hurt in her voice
>Good honestly
>She says she knows some secret or other she'll tell me if i let her go.
>Not very enticing because she doesn't tell me what secret it is.
>Which was her plan probably, to get me to ask about it
>show interest
>Because she tells me right off the bat when i ask that it's about "Gadget"
>And it's something i'd kill her for if i found out.
>...
>Tempting actually
>But blondie dissuades me, a half-cocked sleepy "She's making it up, ignore her"
>Actually, that's more than likely the truth
>I figure i can safely dismiss that one with a wave of my hand
>Forgetting the promise glasses made to me earlier.

>So she tries her luck with more temptations

>I've long since finished tying up the sheets behind her back by now
>Her arms pinned under the cloth to her sides, back of the chair forcing her into place.
>It's not that it's some miraculous perfect hog-tie or anything
>She's just fairly stuck
>Maybe enough wiggling and effort might get her free, but not for a good while.
>that's kinda the point, i mean i'm sure keeping glasses as a pet might be fun for a while
>But eventually she would be like a cat
>And would have mind controlled us into feeding her, giving her a warm place to sleep and giving her positive attention all day while we slave away at "Jobs" to keep her happy.
>We got about half her hair snugly tied down behind her, bun long undone
>The rest draped around the sheets and around her pleading face in a cute mess
>Her eyes weren't fire, even as she started "Upping" the stakes
>"I... i'll give you a full blowjob!"
>Hah!
>what worries me, is that actually got my attention, might be worth untying her fo-
>A curt little head shake from blondie informs me she not only knows what i'm thinking about, but thinks i'm an idiot for even considering it.
>I want to argue
>Blondie doesn't know how good glasses' blowjobs are
>Life changing
>Seriously
>If i could just get a full one, i'm sure it would make everything better.
>Smile for weeks
>I contemplate bargaining for two, maybe she could give blondie one too
>But i obviously spend too much time thinking before Glasses moves on to the next proposition
>"I'll tell you where the condoms are!"

>Jesus, who are you? Aubrey's mom?
>Like i fucking care where the-
>Glasses' finds herself throttled, two hands this time
>Not me
>I might not have cared where the condoms were
>But mentioning them seems to have completely reminded blondie of the reason she'd slept
>Or not slept, alone last night.
>"You have NO RIGHT!"
>Her voice a liquid anger completely unrelated to her sleepy state, an emotion she never seems to show around me.
>Not intentionally at least
>Her two small hands throttling and shaking glasses not unlike homer choking bart every other episode.
>Same sounds too

>That awful "Augckkaugckk", coughing, that disgusting sound.
>The head loling back and forth on her neck, and if she were any angrier, i'd have no doubt the chair would have left the ground too.

>I'm not getting between them, taking a step back even
>"HE bought those FOR ME!"
>A shrill shriek from blondie
>Not unlike the harpy's cry, the siren's call or the psychic scream of a mindflayer
>The obvious implications echoing through my brain similar to the last one anyway
>More drama i didn't want to deal with
>At all
>But glasses is kinda turning blue
>Although blondie's "I JUST wanted ONE!" and "WHY DOES EVERYONE HATE ME" shrieks were sufficiently heartbreaking on my end
>I did have to stop the choking bit.
>I did that with a carefully planned YANK of the poor frantic girl away from her victim.
>She kinda went flying
>flailing
>No shrieking though
>Surprising how the only time she should be yelling she's not

>Blondie a less than dramatic three feet away on hands and knees, it's my turn to stare at glasses
>Easy question actually
>"You realize you're tied up and i could do half those things without you agreeing to them anyway right?"
>She doesn't nod
>Just spits a tuft of hair out of her mouth from where it ended up during the choking
>I continue
>"So you know, tell me where the condoms are? I could always let blondie come ba-
>She spits an interruption
>"YEAH WHY THE FU-
>Interrupt paradise, i block her shout with a hand over her mouth as i lean in for a whisper
>"Because i fucking followed your plan, you happy? Let me have them, you promise-
>She bit my finger
>"OW!"
>Snapped up an oh-so-clever comeback
>"Yeah well TYING ME UP wasn't part of any plans!"
>I retort quite clearly that neither was stealing my clothes
>To which she lividly moves her lips to respond to
>Then stops
>Eyes widen
>"Wh... what?"

>"I didn't actually take your clothes! I just thought you were fucking around with those sheets as a joke"

>That does it
>I snap at her for being an untruthful bitch
>Tell her that flat fucking out
>Nobody else fucking stole the clothes, it was her trying to play some shitty ass plan of hers.
>She was awake before me, she fucking swapped the pillow to fuck with me, she stole my clothes.
>I use those words
>She snaps back
>"Of course i swapped the pillow! But why the fuck would i take your clothes if i wanted it to seem like i wasn't there?"
>....
>It made sense, but
>I think she just got caught and is trying to cover for herself, which i make clear with a
>"SHUT UP YOU LYING CUNT"
>She gets a "I'M NOT A CUNT" back, along with her knee
>which still free for the most part, comes up and tries to get me where i stand
>Right between my legs of course
>Perfect shot at my jimmies

>Luckily the triumvirate kicks in
>Right leg, left leg, and reaction times
>You can't rustle them, our jimmies are eternal.
>Surprisingly my hands also seem to have created impassable walls to her kicking motion, giving me a firm grip of knee and upper thigh in the process.
>That's pretty much it
>I'm completely done with her, done with being her friend, done with her stupid plans, done with listening to her stupid fucking excuses
>she took my clothes and is now lying to me
>I clasp my hand over her lies, and look around for something to gag her with, holding her leg up the entire while
>Nothing except a tablecloth, which is way too bi-
>I stare down
>She's got a skirt on
>Which means

>Well it means that i've never quite realized how easy it is to get kicked in the face, and how much screaming, struggling and yelling about "YOU BASTARD DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE~" can happen
>When you're trying to forcibly relieve a girl of her panties and she's tied up
>Seriously, i've seen this before in some hentai or something.

>Like the women don't even struggle
>Two minutes later, a knee to the jaw, a clip with a toe on my stomach (which hurt like hell considering where she hit was already tender) and an awful lot of "YOU PERVERT" And "DON'T YOU DARES" screamed across the household, and i successfully had her panties off
>Not even fancy things, they were plain white.
>I'd love to pretend they were drenched and she was getting off on this tying-up business, but
>If glasses had anything as a fetish, it was not "Everything not going according to plan"
>Begging eyes, and various shouts of "THEY'RE IN MY BAG, JUST TA-" shut off by her clasping her mouth shut in absolute defiance as i brought the cloth near.
>Eyes changed to fire
>Good ol fire
>I had a trick for that
>A clever trick, because i knew she was clever
>I held my breath
>Clasped two of my fingers to her nose, and held on tight as well
>Hovering with my other hand the wadded up underwear, a teasing taunt right before her

>A half minute passes before she appropriately outplans my plan.
>She grinned with her mouth
>Lips open, teeth clenched, and hissed
>Outward, and inward, breathing through a space between her gums.
>Not enough room to shove anything in and shut her up
>Clever i tell you
>She starts to talk, teeth clenched
>I think she's calling me an asshole
>I'm offended
>So i clasp my other hand over her mouth too
>Receiving yet another defiant stare, but this time one of actual fear
>Those eyes wondering how long i'd actually deny her both sources of oxygen.
>Still holding my own breath of course
>Where would the fun be without that?

>Third of a minute passes, and i puff out my cheeks like a chipmunk
>Breath still held for both of us
>Well
>Until she starts to squirm, and gets the tiniest gasp of air through her nose by shaking her head side to side so fervently i lose grip
>I have to stop that i figure, re-assuming control with two fingers and quickly straddling her lap
>Applying twice the force against her mouth to hold her still
>Arms now, both of hers are struggling against the bonds, and muffled "Mpphhs" are escaping every so often
>I'm sure she's feeling the burn, so i let go with my hand

>Teeth bared, she grins a shark-ish grin at me, rows of chompers all smiling like a predatory fish.
>Then inhales through her gums again
>Too Slow!
>I'd been grinning at her right back, brought my face right in front of hers and smiled my best smile
>She didn't realize i was holding my breath too
>I mean why would i have been.
>In the least romantic kiss we'd shared recently, i press my lips against hers
>Cut off outside air entirely, fingers still over her nose.
>And blow

>Now the neat thing about holding your breath for a minute, maybe a minute and a half as i did
>Isn't really the lack of oxygen.
>As the professor on breath-play games, let me tell you nope. What i was doing was building up the carbon dioxide in my lungs
>[spoiler]That's the bit that makes them hurt when you don't breathe long enough[/spoiler]
>So that kiss was less of a kiss and more of a forced "Here let me give you two minutes of my body's carbon dioxide supply"
>Not that she told me afterwards what she felt or anything
>I knew
>Pressure on your lungs, a strong burning sensation, a gasping desire to breathe
>Fuzziness, and loss of thoughts, vision blurring and maybe even a hint of passing out before i brought my mouth away.
>Let her cough
>Take a breath, one, two, three
>Hurried, fast paced and with only one intent, to get as much oxygen as possible
>Her eyes shallowly staring forward, lost in all cohesion towards glaring.
>Flushed skin, a sheen of sweat across her forehead
>I let her breathe
>Twenty or so odd times, a full minute of recovering her breath, mouth wide open and gasping.
>Then i smiled
>And jammed that open jaw full of innocent white crumpled up underwear.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zmc4OW2p7jY

>She coughed twice
>Muffled behind the gag, but worrying all the same.
>Firstly i almost plucked the underwear out right there
>Sure i wanted to shut her up, but coughing is a big-no-no
>[spoiler]Coughing quickly becomes puking, and puking becomes choking on vomit that can't leave your mouth, and then anons that girl you tied up and left in your basement is dead.[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Trust me, from experience[/spoiler]
>Always make sure the girl isn't likely to be dead when you come back
>Important
>Besides the Amber of her eyes once again resembling the burning of some kind of highly flammable material.
>Possibly road flares
>She'd stopped coughing, and would probably be able to force the underwear out with her tongue in a matter of minutes
>*Shrug*
>I turn to blondie, who's
>not behind me...
>Where the hell

>Thirty degrees of turning faces me towards the bags of clothes i need to get to anyway
>Naked, remember
>My willy was a tad cold, and i felt like a bit of a shower
>So leaving glasses to the wolves, or rabid lesbians.
>Whichever came first, i rounded the couch to get to my bag
>I find blondie there
>Hi blondie!
>She seems to have emptied out glasses full bag of clothing all over the floor
>Rifling through it still
>Jacket, shirts, bras, underwea-
>I stoop down and quickly collect anything that even remotely resembles lingerie
>Including a pair of sweatpants, jeans, both her t-shirts and her jacket.
>This leaves her with a tank top, a rather loose wifebeater type thing with spaghetti straps, another not-nearly-as-modest as the one she was wearing skirt, a dress and a pair of rather small booty shorts
>Which i'm pretty sure aren't hers.
>Bras (Just one, i guess she's got the other on right now), Two pairs of underwear (One yellow, the other striped) and her more modest outfits confiscated.
>I hide them in gadget's bag.
>Well the ones that fit, i think i hide a couple in freckles too.
>Because fuck if glasses is going to look in either of those places.

>Blondie seems to ignore me entirely as i assemble myself a modest amount of clothing
>Running low myself anyway
>Need to do laundry
>Or find where glasses keeps hiding my clothing first.
>Finally finding a pair of jeans i want to wear
>Hint: They were in raven's bag because she stole them earlier and never wore them.
>I hear a "IT'S not here!"
>More of a battlecry of unhappy from behind me, so blondie

>She was definitely looking for something in that bag
>But that bag was empty and whatever it was she wanted was long gone.
>Properly ready to take whatever angry comments she'll throw at me, i ask what she's looking for
>"The box!" seems to be the answer she wants to give
>But not very descriptive
>I peer around behind her
>Piles of clothes, a baggie of hair/beauty products, a small vial of something nondescript, another box with what seems to be "Girl" products, a glasses case, and a box...
>"It's behind you luv"
>I british accent a little bit myself, a tad bit of aubrey in me this morning.
>Mostly because i realize the box she was looking for was the condoms.
>She finds them, clasping the silly blue box to her chest like it's lifeblood
>Right...
>I inform her i'm going to let her and the condoms hug it out, but i'm taking a shower.
>Glares in return
>Lovely

>I don't close the bathroom door before my silent follower's foot blocks the way
>Then a leg, and following it an entire girl
>Still clasping the box she'd delved through the cache of a demon for.
>Alright i guess
>I inform her she's welcome to join me
>But taking a page from the wise experiences i'd had before, i use a forgotten trick.
>"But uhh... i usually jack off during the morning shower... so just warning you"
>I say this nonchalantly as possible
>Tossing my clothes into a heap on top of the toilet, my plan is simple
>You tell a girl you're going to fap in the shower
>IF they're in the shower with you, they'll help
>Almost every time.
>Or in the case of blondie, no plan works and she's completely unpredictable
>Still sleepy, she mumbles an answer
>Then noticing i probably couldn't hear it, announces it louder over the spraying water i'd just started
>"That's fine, i don't want a shower, go ahead"
>Instead of undressing, or joining me, she curls up
>Back against the door, other side in the corner of the room
>Leaning against the hinges, head resting against the hard wood, and her precious box safely cradled in her arms.

>I can't help but smile at the sight
>She looks so small curled up like that, like some younger version of herself almost
>Sleepily gazing in my direction, i notice and afford her a wide brimmed grin

>She smiles back i think.
>I guess she wants me to give her a show
>Read her a bedtime story of cute boys showering i guess
>I don't know many of those
>Plus this shower door is going to be completely in the way
> so i have to leave it open
>And then be extra careful not to splash everywhere
>Jeeze
>Showering without girls is so troublesome.

>I admit i don't give her much of a show
>Lather, rinse, repeat, no buff steamy abs to show off, no muscled toned upper torso
>Just showering
>I even get around to the fapping bit and don't even bother
>Peering out into the bathroom, it's full to the brim of steam
>Can barely see blondie
>But she's curled up in the same spot
>Hasn't moved an inch
>Daww
>I decide i'd rather just not tease her and go straight to maybe some cute cuddles or something, turning off the water and exiting the shower
>Towel accomplished
>Two steps to blondie accomplished, grin accomplished
>...
>She's just asleep
>Face scrunched up in a little idle expression against the wall
>Mouth open slightly
>Drooling
>But still had her box clasped tightly in her hands.
>I realize this is going to be like a sadistic form of capture the flag if glasses gets to fighting over this
>So , without moving her too much, i open the lid of the box, steal three condoms and deposit them in a bathroom draw
>Carefully closing the box and leaving it as-if-it'd-never-been touched.
>Without a doubt she's adorable snoozing like that
>Makes me want to cuddle up and join her
>But it also makes me entirely wonder WHY she didn't sleep last night like she'd said.

Taking a small break anons. Not sure if i'll actually resume updating tonight. We'll see when i come back how sleepy i am.
I think i'm sleepin for the night.

Updates Sunday 8:00 PST & Probably Monday 8:00 PST.

Update #70: October 26th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14299143

>Because blondie's currently curled up against the door like a hamster refusing to leave a cardboard tube.
>I'm trapped
>DUN dun DUN
>Really though
>I toss on clothes, equip the set of gear i've brought into the bathroom and cautiously determine how i'm going to deal with this
>It's pretty fucking steamy in here, warm as hell, and she's leaning against the hinges
>Maybe i should just let her sleep
>Tiptoe over to the door (who knows why because i wasn't trying to be quiet before)
>Slide it open, barely
>Inches
>Just...a couple...mor-
>The princess stirs in her slumber
>a groan, a mumble, and a turnover
>A danish too.
>She's now facing the wall, curled up tighter, legs brought in twice as hard as they were before

>I freeze, stereotypically holding my pose
>One leg trying to sneak through the mere foot wide gap in the door, the other frozen in place behind me
>Not nearly as hilarious looking as i should be if this was a comedy movie
>She seems to have halted her awakening, curled up tightly and snoozing softly into the off-color yellow walls
>Why every bathroom in this house was painted gay, i won't ever know
>Not that i minded
>Matched her hair
>Not her outfit though, that would match the upstairs bathroom.
>That's the last thing i was thinking as i slipped the rest of the way out, and her weight made the door click shut behind me.
>Fully showered and feeling like a cat ready to play with his prey before he eats it, i figure glasses is long overdue for a visit.
>It's but a quick journey into visual sight of the target

>And
>She's not there
>*sigh*
>and of course i hear rustling in the bushes behind me.

>That particular brand of rustling lets me know just that very moment i have but one course of action
>DODGE
>Diving out of the way with the grace of a frog crossing the road, i skillfully avoid the barrage of knives thrown at me.
>Proof of ill intent embedding themselves in a neat scattering on the wall across from my previous location
>I only realize that was a distraction a moment too late
>The quarter stick of some round cylindrical something, hissing away dropped at my feet
>Just enough time to dive into an adjacent room before the loud blast tears away at the countless priceless paintings on the wall
>Entire chunks of drywall bouncing off the various surfaces
>I don't have time for this
>I'm crawling away, desperately looking for a weapon to fight back as various thuds, thunks and cracks explain i'm moments away from death.

>I can only get glimpses of the masked assailant as i dodge around another corner
>The study completely shredded with who knows what, i'm in the hallway behind the kitchen.
>Running, fleeing, searching for anywhere to hide
>Frantically, i decide i could use a knife of my own, or a coffee mug sitting on the counter
>One that i grab frantically
>Tho-
>Before i hear a crack
>the sound of glass shattering,
>A scream, the sound of a gurgling plea , and then silence
>I sit there, clutching my coffee mug for ages
>Waiting
>Terrified the assailant is just fooling me, teasing and ready to pounce the moment i move.
>That moment never comes.
>That empty silence as you're sneaking around the house trying to avoid someone you know is just around a corner.
>Waiting
>Watching for you, and ready to make the move
>She's not there
>So i tiptoe on my hands and knees, peek around the doorway into the study.
>The assailant is there
>Masked, robed face and a dark black outfit.

>Only strips of skin across the eyes, the rest covered, with an iconic yellow scarf tied around his forehead.
>Lying facedown in a pool of blood, the visible shards of glass from a long lost wineglass and an unlucky movement skewering his throat.

>Tiptoeing to the unknown assailant, i recognize the headband.
>The Tara Xac umani clan.
>Translated, the "Dandelions"
>A rough group of weedy individuals, all of them with hair as bright as the shining sun.
>Friends i'd met in a life so far away you could say it was a past one.
>Or enemies, the wrong ones to make.
>Ruthless, cutthroat, absolutely impossible to cut down unless you get at the roots.
>I'd shamed the leader, insulted his youngest daughter and fled with a pamphlet of lewd trickery i'd abused ever since.
>It's where i learned everything i know
>But i didn't realize enemies from a past life in your future could come to ge-
>....
>SUDDENLY THAT MAKES FAR TOO MUCH SENSE
>Shoving thoughts out of my mind, i carefully step over to the wine glass
>Picking up the largest shards and carefully carrying them away, and closing both doors of the study.
>Nobody should be walking through here barefoot anyway
>Nobody would ever know.
>Depositing them with a clattering crash in the wastebin was an awful idea, because it makes me realize i've just blown my cover.

>I hadn't exactly seen glasses yet though
>Wherever she was hiding was probably brilliant because i hadn't seen her taking the entire back way to try to be stealthy
>I just knew she was going to jump out of somewhere and skewer me in some shape or form
>But not from where
>King dandelion's dear little daughter resting peacefully in the bathroom, i knew she couldn't be that way.
>Or from behind me, i'd covered most those doors.
>A shout, from both in front and behind me!
>"YOU ASSHOLE! I HEAR YOU!"
>Not a shout as much as a cry
>And not a cry as much as a snivelling
>Whoever it was instantly asserted herself as non dangerous, crying, and possibly in pain.
>):
>I peek over the kitchen counter, into the living room
>Nobody's there

>Woooo
>FUCKING GHOSTS

>I call out softly
>"FOUL DEMON, SHOW YOURSELF"
>Softly in all caps
>Also accompanied by "Where the fuck are you?"
>It sounded like she was everywhere at once
>and the response i get mystifies me even more
>"You, ASS, you know EXACTLY where i AM"
>....
>I obviously don't
>Peeking over she's not on the chair, which also seems to be missing
>Or the couch
>Or most of the living room actually, unless she's hiding behind something she can't possibly be anywhere-
>"Please! I'm fucking sorry! Please it hurts ok?!"
>Oh, oops, joking aside
>She's definitely crying, and i stand up all the way to try to figure out where she is
>Only seconds too late to realize it was a trap, and there's now multiple deadly objects flying at my head.

>The flipflop hits me square in the forehead
>It's just that cheap rubbery plastic foam stuff, so
>I mean it's surprising
>But i appropriately flinch (superpower) to protect my eyes, and take it like a man
>The other one misses entirely
>One out of two is pretty good, and i quickly track the trajectory back to the flailing feet of a very-much upside down girl
>Chair still attached
>It looks like she's tried to pull a heroic move and escape the chair by squirming, but instead of tipping it on her side like she's supposed to
>She tipped it backwards
>10/10 for the landing, seriously
>I couldn't see her before but she's got her legs flailing in the air kicking towards me, and that's obviously how she flung her shoes at me.
>Hair covering her face in whatever normal mess it was
>Like an angel you'd just woken up in bed beside after she tossed and turned all night.
>most the sheet so bunched up i wasn't even sure how she'd ever get it off.
>Plus i mean skirt
>So kicking flailing chair on back arms pinned behind you legs in the air equals what?
>Skirt long since given up its job of defying gravity and offering any modesty whatsoever

>She's practically bottomless, shaking her buttocks and swishing her feet in the air, a perfect sight of the carpet-matches-the-drapes bush i'd never had a good look at the night before.
>I would laugh, and i mean i start to
>Absolutely breathtakingly funny.
>But her "Shut up and help me, please!" quickly brings me to my senses.
>She's probably fallen on her arms and been lying, her entire weight on them for like ten minutes.
>It's a wonder she wasn't screaming.

>Helping her up is an endeavor in itself
>Proper positioning, appropriate leg form, and a lift shove and a thump i get her back on all four legs of the chair.
>Of course the first place my eyes end up is her crotch
>Skirt politely performing it's gravity-induced duties once more.
>):
>One look at her face presents a mess of emotions i wasn't ready for
>Firstly she's crying
>Really crying, tears that should be streaming down her cheeks instead have left wet trails down the sides of her head past her ears.
>Those soft amber eyes are shimmering with tears even now
>"What are you doing...aren't you going to...!"
>A shimmering cry instead of her usual bossy self
>It brings me to the realization i was just standing there
>Hands on her shoulders
>Staring into her eyes.
>No glass between us this time, lenses i'm sure but you can't exactly see those now can you
>I never got to stare at Glasses' eyes, not often enough i figure
>So i might have been lost in them, the pure emotion she was forcing my way through each bright sphere

>Staring a minute more, maybe less
>She tries to break me out of my quiet contemplation again
>This time a plea
>a proper one
>"I... i didn't, i please just untie me, i.. i can expla-
>Yeah yeah
>Heard it all before
>encircling her cheeks partway with my hands, i wipe away traces of tears with my thumbs, interrupting her plea
>Softly caressing her hair, straightening the strands that have long since twisted and tangled themselves across her forehead.
>Confused, relieved.
>Scared

>That's what i watched as her irises darted back and forth
>Completely tied up, and at my whim with how to deal with her.
>Searching mine of course, for whatever insane bout of chaos i had rolling through my head
>"I'm telling the tru-
>I bark, interrupting her this time
>"WHAT..."
>My voice softening after the first interruption
>To an intentional subtle, calmer tone
>"Would there be for you to explain? You stole my clothes, you stole raven's clothes, you stole freckles' clothes. You've lied to me and DON'T say you haven't.
>Quaking in her boots
>that's how i'd describe the poor thing
>Even if she wasn't wearing any
>If she was, it would have hurt when she tried to kick me.

>Not that she hit anything
>The feet forced themselves forwards a foot
>Ready to strike
>Then stopped
>Even before my grip on her hair tightened, and my other had made it to her shoulder.
>Will of her own, she didn't kick me
>Stopped short, and brought her head and chin down with it
>Broke that beautiful eye contact we'd shared, obviously seeing i was entirely serious.
>Silence
>I took advantage of it
>Started listing all the crimes, the things i wasn't entirely sure i could forgive her for.
>The ones i thought up until now i could forgive
>Lies, secrets, drama, trouble, and last of all
>Raven
>I turned that key, over, and over
>Raven, i couldn't forgive her for raven
>Malice in my voice, and spite in my heart i turned and turned.
>Until the clock overwound, and the quiet choked as the springs broke.
>And as the minute hand took its last tick. Silence.

>See
>I wasn't really angry with her until that moment
>That seems to be how i operate
>Forgiving
>Until they prove they can't just fucking tell the truth
>I was perfectly willing to have her as a friend
>What if she could be turned to the dark side...
>Yes, she'd be a powerful ally,

>Another dark Jedi
>She'll join us or die.
>We can't trust her
>We can't trust her
>The dark rage broke through
>There's no room for friends when you're angry
>Not even with this silence, as i waited.
>Quietly let my fury drain off
>Her face never once upheaving, eyes never off the floor.
>Broken by her. A quiet exhale, words accompanying.
>The one a prisoner gives when they know they'll be executed after confessing all
>The one a mother whispers to herself when she realizes she'll never see her son grow up
>See glasses, she hit me right where it hurt
>Where i didn't even realize it burned until the knife stuck in and twisted
>"I don't have a plan for this"

>Oh well gee
>The painful twist just makes me angrier at her
>"THE FUCK DO I CARE YOU DON'T HAVE A PLAN"
>Oh "Boo hoo!" i taunt
>"So you don't have a plan, big fucking deal, thank god!"
>driving me crazy all this time
>Course she didn't have a plan for this
>Me tying her up and telling her
>In her own words, moments after my outburst
>"not this, you, i love you"
>...
>what?
>I just get angrier
>"YOU THINK SAYING YOU LO-
>A high pitched outburst from her
>interrupts me entirely
>My glowering fearful lions roar on the small shaking girl below me
>Her voice overpowering mine in high tones.
>"NO, i don't fucking know WHAT to do about you now"
>"FUCK, just go off and die, it would be easier on both of us you supreme asshole!"
>"I hope you fucking get blondie pregnant too!"

>The shrill squeak wasn't entirely her
>I helped
>"Too"
>Too

>TOO
>WHAT THE FUCK
>"WHAT DO YOU MEAN TOO"
>My hands frantically finding her chin
>Lifting up her face to reveal an absolute smirk
>Eyes glistening in tears and the element known only as "Winning" in a sparkling wall of ambrose in a sea of ivory.
>A chiding win
>voice like a million cackling needles penetrating my mind with her simple words
>Her eyes flicking upwards and away momentarily, before back to me, in a soft whisper.
>"Go find gadget, and a calendar."

>EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
>EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
>*pop*
>Well that's how my head would have gone
>It was getting there
>Steam condensing
>FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKS reaching critical mass
>Glasses was never wrong
>But you know i kinda didn't explode
>Mostly because the girl i had tied up smiled brightly and cheerily yelled "Good Morning Gadget!" off behind me
>Towards the stairs
>And me
>I turned around with a look like someone had just cut off my toe
>Sorry i meant both feet and half a leg.

>Still bleeding, my bloody stumps on the floor, i hobble towards gadget
>Half a step of hobbling really
>She's standing on the midway point of the stairs staring at us like we're both crazy
>Well, almost crazy
>She was wearing her same outfit as yesterday, obviously retrieved her clothes from outside the room she was sleeping in.
>Jacket, long pants
>All ruffled, half slept in, half piled outside a door the entire night in a pile
>Hair tucked neatly into a hood, a curious yet concerned expression across her cheeks
>And glowing good-morning eyes
>She was positively radiant
>Yet repulsive at the same time, not because of her
>But...
>Oh god

>"G...Gadget...!" i stammer
>She ignores me and points at glasses, a smile crossing her cheeks momentarily
>"Is she the damsel? Am i the dragon that saves her?"
>oh no
>She thinks this is some kind of game
>Not an actual interrogation gone entirely wrong
>Her "Rawrs" and stomps down the stairs aren't helping my thought processes.

>I'm still not entirely sure what i'm going to when she gets here
>Stop her
>Tell her i know
>Or...
>what THE FUCK DO I DO
>i throw my hands to my head and determine that indeed if any time has been appropriate
>It's full of fuck.
>The Gadget police assume i'm reaching for my gun however
>And proceeds to determine my offensive actions are pretending to be some kind of dangerous monster that has hands on its head
>So maybe a giant lizard, or fish or something.
>Aryan Masterrace Godzilla Vs Delicious Brown Spyro
>The humor that must be going on in her head is completely lost on me as she makes a rawr sound, spreads her wings and flying-tackles me from across the room.

>Course if we're honest, real spyro can't fly
>Only glide
>So that tackle ends up more near my shins after she playfully flounders over the couch.
>Doesn't matter
>I go down
>somehow softly
>I didn't realize that was possible, for someone to leap tackle you and for you not to go down like a brick
>But i didn't
>the ground didn't hurt at all
>Or i was in shock, unwilling to accept the turn of events as glasses looked on with a grin
>One i caught out of the corner of my eye
>Before thumping to the ground, and finding myself politely adorned by a small cute jacketed girl
>She seemingly has crawled up me and promptly sat upon my stomach, legs curled underneath herself and to the side.
>Peering down curiously
>Hazel eyes, every color through the fog of bangs and reddish dyed locks.
>She purrs, questioning.
>"Did i win?"

>She might be sitting on my lungs
>So yes
>I cough out yes
>"Good!" is the answer i get
>Then she's up, standing in front of glasses beaming a smile as i watch
>She bows
>One arm to her stomach, a very forward and convincing show of respect, before gadget speaks again
>"Madame Glasses! I have saved you from the evil octopus!"
>what in athena's name!
>Glasses i can tell is just as confused as me, because she's staring at gadget same as me
>The standing girl just grinning, until she startles herself
>seemingly with the realization that she needs to rescue glasses now
>As she slips behind the chair to start to untie things, i sit up
>what
>Glasses freed from her bindings stands up, not really rubbing her wrists or anything
>Damn
>Thought she would do that
>Then glasses backs away, staring at me with knowing eyes as i sit there
>Ehhh
>"Ask her"
>The serious statement from glasses catches the attention of gadget
>Who peers from both of us carefully back and forth, before pointing at glasses
>"But we need to live happily ever after now!"
>Glasses shakes her head to this
>Sadly ruining gadget's dreams of a loving eternal lesbian romance):
>Instead gadget turns to me
>and i ask the question on my mind, the most important one in the room
>"Octopus?"

>She nods
>Two quick bobs of her head up and down, before she smiles and puts her hood down
>Hands flow to her ears, and thumbs go in each one, waggling her fingers about.
>"Octo-pus!" she exclaims almost too gleefully
>she drops the smile and questions after a moment
>"That is the right animal right?"
>....
>Does she mean seahorse?
>I think she means seahorse
>I liked being an octopus better so i didn't correct her, but now i kinda felt like the arch villain of freddie fish.

>Gadget seems satisfied her selection of undersea evil creatures is correct, because she then points at glasses.
>A girl who's probably taken five or six steps back in fear now over whatever hell we've unleashed upon ourselves
>And gadget rushes over, grabs both of glasses' flinching shoulders and plans a massively loud kiss on her cheek
>"Forgot kissing princess"
>..Leave her alone
>She's only had a year to assimilate disney movies while learning english
>Plus, i can see her entire plan in her head
>Because then she points at me, and looks back at glasses
>"You are octopus next, tie up him, i will rescue"
>Implying Ursula was anywhere as near as clever and manipulative as glasses.

>I interrupt her little recreation of that scene from the little mermaid to ask her seriously
>"Gadget, we... need to talk"
>I can almost see her ears perk up at that
>Tilt of her head towards me as i stand up and break down the bad news
>Mostly about being pretty sure i knocked her up and what-
>She interrupts me with a very un gadget like
>Flustered, loud and fire in her eyes
>"You did not!"
>Almost furious
>"Do not be a stupid BOY!" is the next bit of advice she gives me, before grabbing my hand and tugging me off to the kitchen.
>i...
>I was listening to the advice of the other two girls
>blondie and glasses both sai-
>She interrupts me with a violent opening of the kitchen drawers and rummaging through them for paper and markers
>Which she quickly finds, and starts drawing boxes and dates on a blank piece of paper with a yellow hi-lighter
>until i hand her a calendar, assuming that's what she wanted.

>I sit there curiously watching as she uses three separate highlighters
>Blue for "Safe", Yellow for "Unsafe" and Pink for "Very Unsafe"
>Which she described each cycle with a portuguese word, meaning things i never remembered perfectly enough to google and link you guys here right now.
>But i guess it's the sex education she got, because she seems to explain it in very high detail
>Outlining exactly which blue days we were together and how we technically had two left after this.
>She explained that was because the egg wouldn't drop for another week past those dates, so it was extremely unlikely you would have kids unless your period was all wonky or something.

>Then yellow meant there was a small chance, and pink was a huge chance until you bled again
>At which case it was blue again.
>Made sense to me
>Seriously full course lesson on how vaginas worked, thanks gadget
>Glasses was quietly standing behind us the entire time.
>Watching
>Not commenting at all
>I assumed she was ready to step in and argue tooth and nail that gadget was wrong, and incorrect about everything.
>I waited for it
>and eventually after we'd stopped talking, and gadget had long since asked me "Understand? Silly!"
>Glasses stepped in, and picked up the pink marker.
>Then pointed to today's date
>Circled it, then went backward, circling almost a week before of days
>Before silently closing the circle, and drawing a little arrow
>To which she picked up the blue marker and wrote right at the end of the arrow a word
>"Me"

>Course i fell out of my chair
>Barstools we'd brought over for the enlightening vagina tutorial
>I took the stool with me, stumbled onto my ass
>Looking straight up at the amber eyed girl that'd just rocked my world.
>Ho..
>...oh
>My life will never be the same
>Cause' girl you came and changed
>The way i walk
>The way i talk
>You rocked my world, you know you did
>And everything i own, i give
>I tried to keep my sanity
>Waited patiently
>For her to respond
>Say anything
>As gadget's face darted to me, staring
>Then glasses
>Then understanding
>And Glasses' turning around, and starting to walk away
>No expression on her face
>Nobody had an expression except for gadget
>Who went from a questioning look, to a drop in quality

>Anger, rage, fury, the full force of a winter's storm
>She picked all of these up and flung them into her cheeks, into her eyes like she was truly a master of elements.
>Then flung it all, in almost a shockwave of words towards our quickly escaping antihero.
>"WHY WOULD YOU HURT HIM"

>Glasses seemingly took it in strides
>"Well... i told him i loved him didn't i?"
>....
>HOW IS THAT A REA-
>Gadget finishes that sentence for me
>Thanks gadget
>on to the next yell
>Me from the floor
>"You said you were on the pill!"
>I'm terrified
>My voice echoes it
>Cracks, and hiccups and who knows what all stuck in the mix
>Glasses still putting space between us clamours to her victory
>"I lied, you saw my tampon, i almost didn't get you in time"
>...
>Almost didn't get me
>Oh god
>I'm going to be sick
>Her plan, that she told me about, that included fucking her
>As if it was some big twisted game
>As if she knew all along how this was going
>fuck
>fuck
>FUCK
>"WHY DID I FUCKING TRUST YOU"
>I don't know who said this
>But it didn't sound like me

>Glasses is back to her old self
>I'm not
>I'm gone
>so fucking far gone
>she's grinning
>Eyes glinting and smiling
>I can't move

>Can't get up
>Can't even see a reason to get up
>Can't even fucking see a reason this should be happening
>But it is
>She shrugs
>Stares me right in the eyes, and informs me quite bluntly
>"You shouldn't have"
>ARRGGGHHHH
>-that's not me making that sound
>Gadget's seemingly gone full hulk
>Out of her chair, across the kitchen
>Feet sliding on tile as she's gone, chasing a now fleeing glasses around the corner
>There's actual explosions around the corner
>Insult flinging
>Thumps, screams, bloody murder probably
>I don't care
>I just lie back against the cool tile, put my head back
>And stare upwards
>Modeled stucco ceilings here, lovely.

>Neither of those girls come back
>The screams long cease
>Explosions down to dull thuds in the distance
>I don't mind
>The ceiling is lovely
>Curves, and twirls, a pattern i never cared to inspect
>I can get lost in it, think about ceiling for a while
>Lose my thoughts
>Collect them properly
>Murder, a high possibility
>Plan B wasn't really common knowledge at the time (and even if it did, it only became legal for our age group to purchase in 2013 or something)
>Murder again
>Abortion maybe
>Murder
>Or just fuck it and kill myself
>ALL GOOD PLANS
>Contemplation on proper methods to introduce the news to raven in such a way in which she'll kill me quickly and painlessly are interrupted
>Mostly by raven
>Standing above me and peering down, blocking my beautiful stucco vistas
>"Good morning storybro! Aren't you glad you took my advice and haven't had any lewd interactions with glasses in the last couple of days?"

>Little man inside me
>He's jumped off the cliff
>eeeeeeee
>all the way down
>Why can't i follow him.

>"You seem to have had a fun morning. Thank god you haven't had sex with glasses right?"
>Or, as she extended her hand to help me up
>"Did you guys make breakfast? Or were you too busy not touching glasses like i asked"
>I quickly come to understand it's just my mind adding those in raven's voice
>She's a little apprehensive, looking both ways to make sure nobody's around, before pulling me close and giving me a good-morning kiss
>To which my mind reminds me the last other girl i'd kissed was glasses
>She pulled back, all smiles
>"I didn't really get to meet with glasses last night, gadget wanted to talk to me about some things. You weren't taking my place were you?"
>"How did you sleep? Glasses free i would hope?"
>EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
>*splat*
>That poor little man hit the bottom like a champion
>"Do you have any clue why glasses and gadget are fighting? Is it about you?"
>DEAR LORD MAKE THE VOICES STOP
>I'm about to curl up into a ball and rock slowly in a corner to imply things are definitely not ok
>Before i realize
>That last question she actually said
>Fuck
>I shake my head frantically
>Then curl up into a sobbing little ball anyway
>On the inside

>Before she can ask any important questions i hold up my hand
>Contemplating just telling her outright
>Gotta right
>Might as well just fucking tell her i figure
>"Raven i thought you were fucking gadget and so i fucked glasses because i was hurt and now she's pregnant"
>Hmmm
>Nope
>Not enough pizazz
>"Raven i thought you were a cheating whore and stealing my waifu gadget so i fucked glasses to make us even"

>ehh...
>Still not perfect
>Needs apologies too
>"Raven! I'm really sorry and i didn't listen to you but i found your doors locked and thought you were sleeping with everyone i make my best friend and im really sorry but glasses has been begging me for months so i slept with her and now she's pregnant and we're all having a band baby"
>...
>...Yeah fuck it
>I don't tell her, and run like hell
>Upstairs
>Around the corner
>First unlocked door
>Close behind me.
>Turn around
>Freckles half undressed of course
>Who else

>It's not even a contest at this point, of fuckery
>I just plop my butt down on the floor, stare upwards at the startled redhead queen, and wait for her to scream
>Shout
>Something characteristic, besides standing there
>Topless, underwear and jeans
>Well probably underwear, fuck if i know man
>She's got tits hanging out, freckles all over those, and boy are they pretty
>Too bad i'm at no point to admire them, because she's just standing there
>Frozen
>Probably about to kill me in some way or form
>BRING IT
>I think
>Better than dealing with what i've left downstai-
>"What did you do this time?"
>...She... surprisingly asks with a calm voice

>Still standing there topless
>HAVE YOU NO SHA-
>"Hun~"
>A texan accent floats out of the adjoining bathroom
>The pink one.
>and i realize i can hear a shower running
>"You comin' or do i have ta rope you like a steer~"
>~~~

>Freckles and i are probably the same shade of bright red at this point
>I realize exactly what i've walked into
>i open my mouth to ask a question
>She just nods.
>Then chips in her own "It worked, it was amazing"
>and mouths a silent "Thank you"
>Before the texan accent floats in again
>My ears perking up as i hear it
>"Hey now girlie, when i say come i mean come like I-
>Rudely interrupted by freckles in an almost frantically louder "Storybro just burst in, he's sitting here"
>Awe, ruin the fun
>Aubrey's head quickly pops around the corner of the bathroom
>Nothing else
>She stares me down curiously
>Then almost mirroring freckles in tone and everything.
>"So? what did you do this time?"

>I'm lost
>entirely
>Silently sitting here staring at them both, until aubrey speaks up
>"Lets me guess!"
>Then a cheerful accent i'm not entirely sure of what origin
>"Big misunderstanding, you did something with one girl, others will be or are pissed, mob of angry women, probably threw things at you and you're hiding in here"
>...
>No!
>This isn't fucking two years ago aubrey
>THIS IS SERIOUS SHIT
>Her eyebrows raise with the emphasis i put on "Serious"
>To which she rolls her eyes
>"Everything with you is 'serious'"
>"T...thanks"
>"It really is"
>Aubrey laughs at my response
>"Aight then you idiot, lock the door"
>!!!
>Freckles and i echo "What?!" in aubs general direction
>To which her floating head looks at us both incredulously
>"Well we only had it unlocked so freckles could grab our clothes idiot"
>!!!
>Not that part, the why are you perfectly fine with me interrupting your hot good morning shower part

>Freckles asks this in her polite "But mommy do we have to keep him?" voice
>Unwantedpuppy.boxonthesideoftheroad

>"Because silly, it's his fault i even tried to hook up with you"
>Aubrey dropping the mic without realizing freckles already knew this, that's like violating the constitution.
>"And boy was he right, you are fun!"
>Freckle's cheeks matching her haircolor at this little tidbit
>Like a true deviant.
>Validation, always delicious after a good romp
>what isn't delicious is being told you're shit
>Which is what aubrey did next
>Say-so-voice and everything.
>"But he's a fucking liar, you've got no clue round a girl, and i barely do either so i can't teach you"
>SHIT
>I'M IN TOO DEEP
>I don't know what you're thinking right now aubrey
>But its wrong kay
>I'm trying to turn my life around
>Aubrey ignores freckles obvious uncomfortableness at this conversation with a nonchalant
>"Storybro could probably teach you, i hear he's great at it anyway"
>She vanishes around the corner at this, and exclaims something about the water being plenty hot
>NOPE
>NOPE

>i try to escape
>"I just took a shower"
>I'm just a guy, in the wrong place
>Wrong time, i just wana get home
>Aubrey rudely batters me down,
>"Stay and teach freckles, or get out. I'm sure we're far better than them out there"
>THIS ISNT FAIR
>I JUST WANTED TO GET MY 1 HOUR LEWD SOBRIETY CHIP
>AND THIS HAPPENS
>"But... but naked?"
>Freckles is the one asking that
>Aubrey almost verbally shrugs from around the corner
>"i can wear a two piece i guess, but he's already seen me naked plenty of times, god knows i accidentally flirt with him often enough"

>eeeee
>"He...he just needs to teach you anyway..."
>I JUST WANA GO HOME
>PLEASE, I DON'T WANT ANY MORE
>As if she'll listen
>As if anyone will listen
>Implying this isn't the best thing to ever happen to me and i'm so worried thinking about glasses i'm never going to enjoy it
>FUCK

thats update for this evening. Tomorrow at 8:00 PST moar.

Update #71: October 27th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S14317789

>Repeating over and over again "There's no place like home, There's no place like home"
>Seems to entirely fail me because i've forgotten to wear my magical red slippers today
>Drat
>Instead i'm entirely stuck in a situation in which subject A).
>Freckles
>IS standing there dumbfounded at what her new girlfriend has attempted to roundhouse me into
>and subject B).
>Aubrey
>Is practically demanding i teach them how to be proper lesbians else i'll be thrown to the wolves
>Which in this case, i had no inclinations of being outside.
>I knew, i listened to the warnings.
>Careful Arisen
>Wolves Hunt in packs.

>Sure i hadn't moved
>But freckles does, rushing herself into the bathroom first
>Presumably to rip her shirt off and have a throwdown with aubrey for dominance over the situation
>She was still topless sure, beautiful bouncing mounds of vanilla with sprinkes

>But only the red sprinkles
>I watch that enticing sight vanish around the corner into the bathroom we shall now dub mount-pink-doom.
>They argue
>Well kinda argue
>It was actually adorable to listen to, Freckles completely dropping her manly aggressive act and sideways girly-asking for things
>"Aubrey... i would really appreciate if we didn't do this right now, he's..."
>Interrupted by a stream of chortling laughter and the sound of spilling water across the shower floor
>Probably had aubrey double over giggling at how silly she was sounding
>I have no doubt her abrasive attitude was around in bed too, i mean she'd been an awful bitch every time i'd had her anywhere lewd
>Why assume differently with aubrey.
>What i didn't realize, was aubrey was a downright cold hearted cutthroat negotiator.
>Just one statement, a choice for freckles
>No accent, so i assume she was embarrassed as hell saying it, but meant the bitchery none the less.
>"Well, he either teaches you, or you get to watch him ravish me as you sit in the corner fuming and jealous?"

>The way she said "Ravish"
>Just the tone, the way that word wraps off your lips, exquisitely followed by "Me"
>I'm not entirely sure you can be sane and not instantly pop a boner for something like that
>Not when the girl in question could probably be the subject of a quarter of male population of the state's wet dreams easily.
>Liquid toned legs, almost tanned luscious skin and breasts that you could easily and happily mould and play with for the rest of your years without getting bored.
>Tagged into a beautiful set of brown eyes, rolling curls of reddish brown hair and a face that she probably mugged an angel for.
>We've been over how hot aubrey is.
>Difference is, even in my imagination i usually couldn't throw together us doing anything... that dirty

>Not beside what i'd done ages ago, and that was just fumbling experiences with someone who could probably be an entirely different girl based on how much she'd changed these years.
>The concept i always call it, is "Hot", but don't want to fuck her.
>Stare as she bounces into a room, and watch that bubbly ass leave. But never once really want to start any kind of interactions with something like that.
>Out of your league sure, so you don't even try
>That's part of it.
>But also something you're not really sure you would get anything out of trying.
>Like that age old equation where the hotter they are the more generally insufferable it is to get

close enough to fuck em.
>This was the barrier that kept me from flirting with aubrey up until now
>The quips about her accidentally making dirty jokes, my general good naturedness, and everyone around me (raven included) happily ignoring me ogling that ass as it went by.
>All that went out the window, right here
>Boner decided right then, there and now that he was going to prepare for takeoff
>Lift me to my feet
>And tug me along towards my destination.

>See i tried to resist
>I told him "Bad!" and "DOWN BOY!"
>Tugged his leash, tried telling him he was a bad dog
>A very very bad dog
>didn't work
>Like some old kind of cartoon, ol schnauzer gave me a tug and soon was leading me into the bathroom by the leash, my legs no longer touching the floor
>flailing behind me.
>I entered almost in reverse
>Feet first, then crotch, then stomach
>finally my head, and a firm grip with both my hands on the door frame, the gravity tugging me entirely downwards
>Kicking, Flailing, i try to hold on to the door frame
>Resist the urge to tumble to the peak of pink doom.
>But alas
>I am not a strong man

>I tumble into the brightness, ending up in a crotch-led heap at the door
>TO FIND
>Well to find aubrey's staring at me with some kind of insane cackling glee,
>she's got her bathing suit on, yada yada, under the shower currently, dripping wet, insanely hot.
>We know the deal, boner DOWN, DOWN BOY.
>Presumptions placing it as probably hung somewhere up to dry in this distinct area.
>Not uncommon for bathrooms, but her glee however should be
>Fingers tapping together like a mad witch, i realize i've probably stumbled into a trap and they really just wanted to eat me
>A fate, not entirely disagreeable compared to what raven's probably found out downstairs from gadget, glasses, or both.
>On that note does this bathroom have a window to escape out of?
>Possibly towards the sea? Freedom?
>Freckles is entirely insignificant here, she's wearing a towel now, and her jeans still, which means she hates the idea and is going to fight tooth and claw to not eat me
>Guess that's alright then.

>i hold up my hand
>Ask them nicely, a way out i figure
>"I could just leave you know, maybe give aubrey a written up set of sparknotes or something if you just let me hide under the bed maybe?"
>Unluckily, my pants disagreed
>that's what i meant to come out with
>But what actually came out was "Alright fuck it, i'm in so much shit i don't care anymore"
>WHICH WASN'T TRUE
>THIS WAS MORE SHIT
>STOP IT BONER

>That quickly became a shouting match between me and my crotch
>I shout at him
>"Don't you understand the weight of this situation!?"
>He calls me an idiot
>Claims "We are but slaves to the mortal whims"
>I disagree
>"I don't want to go further, we can't go on like this my friend!"
>He grins back
>His toothless one eyed smile
>"You fool, don't you understand? No one wishes to go on..."
>That of course is where i lost my pants to reason
>Shirt too
>My only shred of conduct retains my boxers, a last ditch effort to not shame myself as i unclothe
>Figure i'll just get them wet, not get ye-old-dick out, and not do anything too shameful
>Operative word too, as i walk up to freckles and lightly place my hand on her shoulder.
>She flinches
>Two feet to the left and out of hand's reach
>So a sidestep really
>Figures

>Reason returns
>Slightly, the sight of a girl shying away from my hand sparks a hint of white knight inside me
>"Mistress Aubrey" i point out
>"Tis lady of pure virtue is of no consequence. Your beef ist with me, come at me brethren!"
>a roaring announcement
>Far less manly and old-timey than it sounds here
>Who knows what i actually said
>something silly i'm sure
>Still, it's pretty obvious freckles has no intent of any actual physical contact with me, thus my end of the bargain isn't upholdable

>Aubrey pouts
>A cute little cheek scrunch up
>"Yeah fine, she told me you almost raped her anyway"
>...
>"I DID NO-
>Interrupted again
>Aubrey
>"Yeah shush i knew she was full of it"
>...
>"I AM NO-
>That gets a double "Shut up freckles" in unison from me and aubrey
>Teamwork.

>Uh oh
>Head hanging
>Eyes to the floor, and two steps back
>Freckles is hurt
>SOMEONE GET THE WAAAMBULANCE
>I'm sure she's used to it considering she's probably an unwanted redhead middle stepchild to her new d...
>on second thought i've just somehow pissed off 1 of the last two girls who probably wouldn't hate me if they lear-
>fuck
>I mean i'm not sure freckles was an ally
>but having her as not an enemy would have been great, now ruined
>I guess i could try some remedial fire extinguishing...
>"Freckles..."
>I start
>Totally sincere
>But without a clue as to what i'm going to say
>Not that i need to
>Aubrey walks out of the shower, and into the room
>Dripping
>In Gold
>Arms outstretched
>"Come on luv, you know i didn't mean it"
>A more sultry english accent than she usually uses with me
>My boner notices
>But those hands are for someone else.

>There's some cuteness overload hugging that happens in the next couple of moment
>It's adorable
>Freckles has

>Oh oh man, she's got one head over aubrey's shoulder
>And they're all nuzzled up close
>Oh
>OH WAIT FOR IT
>SHE'S MAKING A MOVE
>AUBREY'S GOT HER HAND UNDER THE TOWEL
>FOLKS THIS MIGHT BE-
>False alarm
>Instead of making out and groping one another, they start talking
>ewww
>Boner agrees
>Not the best way to solve things, but they seem to think differently.
>"Relax hun, he might be an ass sometimes, but he's got more restraint than most any guy i've met"
>She's entirely sincere
>WHAT?
>No seriously what
>I couldn't hear you over the gravitational pull from my crotch towards your ass
>"He's a perv, but he won't touch ya past where you let him"
>This is untrue i will ravage you woman
>You shut your whore mouth before
>"Hell, if he didn't have more restraint, he woulda been my first"

>Hey!
>Wait a second
>"there's no way, you were a whor-
>I don't catch myself fast enough to completely ruin the hugging cutesey bonding moment about how controlled and polite a male i am.
>Which i'm not
>She's full of shit
>And i have it on good word that she'd slept around before i met her, a fact i'd learned later.
>The glares
>Two of them
>Light Green Fire, and Dark Brown Fury
>Both enticing me to fling myself off the nearest cliff
>Boner wonders quietly if it's the right time to take off my pants now or not.

>I do the only thing i'm willing to do at the time
>which was grin
>Sheepishly
>Aubrey takes that as a hint to rail me a new one
>"Which soon-to-be-joining-you dead schoolmate did you hear that from?"

>lol
>Threatening to kill me AND whoever told me
>Classic Aubrey
>I make the wrong move again
>Shake my head, wave my hands as if i don't want to reveal the secret
>And she's across the pink tile with a fist raised faster than i could scream bondie
>Cowering in fear, fist above me, a glowering angry wet swimsuit goddess above me threatening to hit me
>I divulge my secrets
>A girl (we'll call her rumors) who was a somewhat less yet still active member of our group.
>She'd transferred over recently and seemed to have all the juicy gossip about everyone
>Including some tidbits about birthday, which she'd revealed without realizing we were all friends with birthday
>Yeaaah
>that went down well
>Still, aubrey, glowering over me fist raised
>Perfectly willing to hit me if i'd said a word out of line
>Ends the little conversation with one bombshell
>"Oh her, she used to go to my school, and then she swapped to yours"
>...
>"You know why right?"
>...
>No, why
>"She fucked her older brother"
>GOSSIP GAME TOO HARSH
>BACK THE FUCK UP OR GET KNOCKED THE FUCK OUT.

>The typical chorus of oohs and ahhs filled the room
>Mostly because freckles knew the girl i was talking about
>And may or may not have disliked her
>So you know, that's the story of how rumors left our school a crying snivelling mess with no friends.
>The story of how loose lips can indeed sink ships
>In two ways
>How you make one little enemy like aubrey, and your social life was over
>I wasn't going to tell
>But that was the end my friends.
>That's the theme, the moral of this whole story
>The whole road trip culminated here
>In this pink bathroom
>When aubrey dropped that social bomb
>That poor girl, we'll always remember her.

>BUT WAIT THERE'S MORE
>BILLY MAYS HERE, REMINDING YOU THAT IF YOU ORDER NOW OUR SPECTACULAR PRODUCT "Brutal Schoolyard Gossip" YOU'LL GET OUR SECOND PRODUCT
>"Double Brutal Schoolyard Gossip",
>A VALUE OF OVER ONE THOUSAND SYMPATHY LIKES ON YOUR SOCIAL MEDIA PLATFORM OF CHOICE
>ABSOLUTELY FREE!
>A book which it seems rumors had purchased, because in truth that's got nothing to do with the story and i'm just wasting your time
>And in reality when she got rumored into having an older brother with the romance option checked, she just let loose another piece of gossip about another girl fucking a dog and nobody gave her shit for it since.
>So yeah
>Seriously fuck women and school rumors
>I nodded Ok with the entire thing
>Yeah whatever
>Aubrey shrugged the entire thing off, dropped her first and told me i was "Forgiven"
>Then returned to freckles and scooped her up slightly, sideways really
>Before announcing
>"You know what though, you're right, he's probably a rapist"
>....
>Well
>I feel like i kinda deserved that one as she half carries half drags freckles to the shower
>Ripping off her towel and leaving her in jeans

>The reaction of "HEY!" is lost on deaf ears as aubrey gives her a prod in the bellybutton
>"Take em off, i wanna show you something"
>No bullshit, just inquiry
>To which freckles bullshits her way out of it with a "No!" and hops away
>Like a little bunny
>but not nearly as cute
>Leaves aubrey pouting again, before she sets sights on me
>Points
>"YOU"
>m... me?
>"Git!"
>!!!
>The finger seems to be coaxing me towards the shower
>The mind disagrees
>but the boner obeys
>I slide across the floor, i swear not a single step taken

>Instead of sexyshowertimes
>a word the boner continually repeats
>I'm coaxed into the shower, which still has the overhead faucet running
>Steamy
>Warm
>I know this from experience, and the fact that my boner's home of boxer shorts was now soaked
>Not that it hid anything before
>But the very visible wide stare of freckles
>Oddly not aubrey as she didn't follow me and was instead fiddling with something on the wa-
>DIDN'T FOLLOW ME
>TRAP
>OH JESUS CHRIST
>EVERYTHING SUDDENLY STARTS EXPLODING
>Water starts coming from everywhere
>One stream above me, which i duck under, just in time to get hit by another on my left cheek
>Then three more, and some kind of mist function
>and like three more shower heads
>I can't find air
>Everytime i open my mouth there's water coming from somewhere
>Can't see
>can't open my eyes
>Extend my hand vainly towards the shower door
>Gasping, reaching.
>I gurgle out a "Help!" faintly,barely audible over the multiple jets
>and proceed to drown in the shower.

>Course aubrey joins me
>Stepping into the what seems to be crazy complicated shower system like it's nothing
>Obviously not drowning
>It's actually kinda cool, after she steps out again and turns down some of the dials so it's just the massage jets
>Then its like a shower where multiple small children have been paid to hold various shower extensions and aim them at you
>That's my kinda shower
>Aubrey's too, because she's pointing out various things and what they do.
>I know what they do girl, you tried to murder me with them.
>I absent mindedly reach down, grab some of the soap and figure
>Fuck why not, might as well take an actual shower
>The massage is absolutely great anyway.
>Shit she'll have to show me how this works i figure as i offer to wash her back
>She agrees

>So i swish her long hair up and over her shoulder, lather up some of that soap we left in here and get to work.
>Delicious curvy back
>Poor freckles, staring at us blankly
>Probably mad
>Or entertained at my drowning scene
>I was too honestly, seriously that mister.
>The mister was what got me
>But i think she's probably jealous, i think that's aubrey's plan
>Get her jealous and she'll join.
>My boner can't agree more.

>It may or may not be tugging at me
>Pulling me closer
>That backrub into a caress, a backwards hug
>My arms doing less back cleaning, and more sides of ribs, and stomach sudsing.
>Course in the process slathering myself up just as much
>Love this fucking soap
>She's actually taller than me by quite a bit, model status
>So when i pull her close to do the tummy bits, she gets boner poked of course
>A wet pair of boxers and what most definitely could be a slap on the behind, she doesn't flinch away
>Just relaxes backward, and because of the height differences i'm not pressing boner against the small of her back
>Nope
>She's got a glorious ass
>And my boner is pressed right into the bottom crevice between her thighs
>Two golden globes providing lovely pillows for my own stomach.
>I realize this isn't exactly innocent in the least
>She's got to no-TICE
>That might have been the squeak my mind made when Aubrey willingly ground her hips backward into mine
>Boner was 100% on board with this plan
>He poked her back
>Twice
>But he was just her desert, not her goal
>With the voice of a tamed seductress, she calls out
>"Ohhh... freckles, the water's so warm, why don't you join us!"
>HNNNGGGG

>That little moan she added in at the end
>Hnn

>hnnggggg
>The old boss is gone
>She slides her hips upward, a tantalizing squeeze backwards before pressing them down again
>Hard man
>A seductive look outside the stall, trying to tempt the still motionless girl
>In a Soft man's town
>I'm done with games at this point, i already get where this is going
>He's got TROUUUBBLLLEEE
>She's going to make it seem as if i'm going to get as-close-to-fucking as possible to lure freckles in to stop it
>get in his way he's gonna, cut you down!
>Too bad today aubrey, we're playing for keeps
>Takin oveeer
>I shove her up against the shower wall
>He can ride
>One of the jets, shooting her right in the upper stomach, her giggles and exclamations of "It tickles! stop!" ignored
>He can shoot
>I let her roll off sideways
>Don't take nothin, from nobody.
>Ends up with her giggling, facing me
>Staring into my eyes, one of my knees between her legs, and my hands on her shoulders pinning her to the wall.

>We share that look
>you know the one
>Bedroom eyes, both ways
>I could get lost in hers sure, but i wasn't going to
>brain not working right
>He's so bad
>Raised my knee slowly, a sliding motion until it hooked in right where i wanted
>Slid one hand down her shoulder, resting it at the base of her ribcage with a squeeze
>The knee imperceptibly raising
>Lifting the weight off her legs and to my own bare skin, supporting her ever-so-slightly from the base of her butt
>The weight distributed right across her crotch
>Obviously she could feel it
>They call him boss.
>He's the Boss
>Boss Boner.

>Aubrey helps out

>Raising one of her legs, and curling it forward to rest a foot on the shower wall
>Supporting even more of her weight on the friction of my knee
>Both of her hands on my shoulders, and slowly creeping around my neck to pull me closer
>It's obvious what she wants, what we both want
>The moment went from playing to sexy the minute i laid hands on her, and that wasn't going to stop unless someone put a brick wall up at this very minute
>Which
>Our bricklayer still outside the shower
>Watching
>speechless probably
>Wasn't going to do.
>Course i'm not entirely in my right mind anymore
>My hands are roaming
>A lean forward
>A whisper in her ear
>"Tell her"
>As seductively as i can imagine my voice can get.
>luckily it works
>Aubrey creens forward, leans to the side and yells out into the bathroom
>"Freckles~ if you're just going to watch..."
>She trails off, before i give a squeeze
>curious with how she's going to end this
>Restarting, i get a mouthful
>"Top drawer, right side of the sink. Grab two~"
>...
>Two what?
>Freckles seems to ask the same question
>Not that i heard her
>But aubrey clarifies

>She calls them some name i've never heard before
>In some tempting accent i've never heard either
>Doesn't matter
>I'm pretty pissed off there were rubbers in the top drawer of the bathroom i could have used on gadget, OR blondie.
>Even if i have a liquid melting puddle of goddess pinned up against the wall
>Boner works through anger like a management genius however, because our lesbian beta friend returns holding two red foil packets
>Obviously willing to let me cuckold her waifu in front of her.
>Red obviously means they overclock better.
>...i wonder if they make condoms with flames on them.
>Freckles seems to be laughing however
>I assume that's the only way she got over here, was laughing.

>Quite loudly
>Along with a gasping giggle and a comment
>"Oh wow aubrey if you think these'll fit him"

>Uh oh
>those words
>Suddenly my masculinity is being called into question
>QUICKLY BONER, PUFF UP TO MAKE YOURSELF APPEAR BIGGER THAN YOU ACTUALLY ARE
>OUR RESPECT IS ON THE LI-
>She breaks out into more giggles and tosses one of the packets our way
>Lands in the middle of the shower, and i lean over
>Getting hit in the face with seven streams of jets
>Oh ...christ
>I can't tell if i want to laugh or cry
>Nevermind aubrey
>Never fucking mind
>Head hung, sadness in my eyes
>It's time to walk away in shame.

>Boner disagrees
>"No Storybro! We can do this! We're big enough!"
>I shake my head sadly
>Whatever that fucking thing is, it's the size of a small wallet
>Boner doesn't understand
>Freckles is in giggles over to the side
>Wide eyed giggles
>And i mean i'm admiring giggling bouncy tits
>but not really
>Aubrey you're really not defending your slut status i figure as i plan to exit the shower
>Leaving aubs leaning back against the tile wall still
>Staring at us
>Freckles puts a hand on my shoulder
>"It's ok Storybro! You're just not MAN enough for her"
>It's comforting
>in that heart wrenching kind of way, as aubrey follows behind me to peer at the shower floor
>Freckles is just an asshole.
>I'll have to actually rape her la-
>"Freckles, this isn't what i wanted~"
>...
>What
>OH BONER WE'RE SAVE...

>"But it'll work"
>m... my sun is setting anons!
>It's dark! So dark!

>Freckles stops giggling and stares at me
>Me staring at the ground
>My boner staring at the ceiling
>Aubrey staring at who knows who because i'm not looking at her
>In possibly her most patriarchy influenced action of the night, freckles reaches up and cups my crotch
>"Hello!" yells the boner
>"Hiya! Nice to meet you!" says her hand
>"He's like half that size, he'll never fit" Chastises her lips
>"Wow! That was uncalled for!" Yells the boner
>Me, just hanging my head sadly
>"Yeah! You have no clue what it's like putting up with her!" Exclaims the hand back
>"You're cute! We should go out sometime" goes boner, his suave apparently at maximum
>"Sure!" Responds freckles' hand
>I'm glad for ya m8, i really am
>But we ain't anywhere close to aubrey's seemingly absurd standards.
>End of the line my friend
>"Are you daft? You try someone that big and you'll probably die"
>aubrey... but... wait
>"It's not for him anyway"
>-WHAT
>Freckles i think mirrors my surprise as we both stare around instantly
>Trying to remember our sex ed classes and then remembering vividly murricans don't actually have ones
>So clueless
>Aubrey just giving us a "Are you both serious you have no clue what a female condom is" expression.

>Boner doesn't wait for the lesson
>He just knows everything's going to be fine
>Tugs me right back into the water, right back to aubrey again
>Scoops her back up, pressing against the tile
>Nestling right up against her front
>Happy place
>:D
>One of my hands happens to accompany her chest to the tile
>A good grasp of boob
>The other hand at her waist
>All i've got is the most angelic set of eyes in front of me

>the wet hair plastered
>A lip, her upper, bitten in an enticing pose
>Before she leans forward, wrapping arms around my back and pulling herself forward, embedding her face in my upper chest
>Two words
>Yes madame
>"Ravish ME"

>Well except not really
>Instead of that being an exclamation, it was actually a squeak at the end
>a squeak and a pause
>Before she pulled back
>Stared at me
>Seriously in the eyes this time
>Searching
>"Are you an idiot?"
>...
>what
>"You're a fucking idiot aren't you, seriously"
>what
>what what waht oh god what
>"You fucking brought it again, i swear you're doing it on purpose"
>WHAT
>WHAT DID I DO
>Freckles watching on in on us seems just as confused as i send a pleading look her way
>"Come on freckles i fucked up tell me please i just wana put mister boner in something"
>That's what my eyes are saying
>But she's clueless as well
>Aubrey just bangs my chest twice and pushes away, staring off into the distance where one of the shower jets is hitting the wall
>Watching the water flow down the tiles in little smooth paths.
>FUCK
>STORYBRO YOU DONE FUCKED UP
>ILL FUCKING KILL YOU IN YOUR SLEEP
>-Love, Boner

>Aubrey steps back
>No more happy we're totally going to do it and freckles is going to watch smile
>No bedroom pools of brown eyes
>No liquid cute raised eyebrows
>Just a judgemental look
>And a point
>Fingers towards the floor
>the corner where all the
>... shampoo is.
>*sigh*
>Freckles doesn't get it
>But i do
>DEAR STORYBRO
>I'M WRITING TO YOU TO LET YOU KNOW THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE LET ME DOWN
>WE CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE
>DON'T FUCK UP AGAIN
>-Sincerely, Boner

>I don't think you need me to tell you what lovely sleepover accomplice we'd brought along
>You know, the one that i used with gadget
>And may or may not have just lathered myself up with absent mindedly while washing her

back.
>Those cool shivers kicking in now
>Yep, you know what
>I understand
>Boner is going to leave me for another man, and i've just fucked up the same girl twice
>I stare at my feet
>Then at her feet
>then up her legs
>You know fuck, that's the SECOND TIME
>I'VE HAD MY T-
>STORYBRO, THIS IS BONER, ASSUMING DIRECT CONTROL
>Suddenly i find myself leaning forward
>A step closer, two steps, and my hands upon her waist
>Throat exposed
>I go in for a kiss, two kisses, and trail a line of them down her collarbone to her chest
>She's not exactly resisting, just
>Wait she's biting her lip
>What
>DEAR STORYBRO
>HERE'S YOUR SECOND CHANCE, I SWEAR IF YOU FUCK IT UP
>I'M ONLY GOING TO GET HARD FOR BURLESQUE MEN
>-I'm serious, Boner
>p.s: fucking try me kid
>plsno

>I realize boner has shown me the secret to women.
>Bypasses Aubrey's unwillingness to have relations with a male that smells like and uses the same soap as her father
>(i'm really sorry we just really like that soap aubs)
>She doesn't seem to mind, quickly groaning into my shoulder again, and wrapping her arms around my waist
>One hand trailing down to my boxers
>Her chest pressed against mine, nipples as hard as pebbles in a bikini
>A lift of her leg, a wrap around my lower thigh with her own

>a trailing hand, fingertips sliding to the hem of my boxers
>then one
>Two inside
>Sneaking downwards
>I feel her arch her back, curl her body into mine
>full skin contact, stomach to chest as she brings her head up to mine
>and whispers in my ear
>"Fuck me daddy"

>Dear Storybro
>I regret to inform you that on January 27th, 1932 , police responded to a landlord's inquiry as to the lack of response from his tennant. Your boner.
>We arrived on the scene to find that he had unfortunately made like a banana
>And killed himself
>We understand that there is little we can do to alleviate your suffering aside from offering you our deepest condolences.
>and assuring you that there was minimal bruising

>Welp
>Aubrey's hand found its way into my pants, and my pants contained nothing fun to play with
>Boner long dead
>Me as well, entirely and wholly uninterested in anything else with the girl

>I pushed away
>The look in her eyes
>Dumbfounded
>Astounded
>Hurt
>You don't reach into a boy's pants to find you've made him flaccid
>That's not anything good for a developing psyche.
>She'd called me daddy earlier sure, and i didn't really think about it
>No big deal right?
>Except for now, when the very fucking thing i was trying to hide from WAS that i was potentially a father.
>Well one boner had died for her sins today
>I didn't plan to get a second one and try that too.
>I left the shower
>Dripping wet, standing on the towel so kindly placed by freckles earlier
>She's staring at me
>Probably seven, or eight times as confused as aubrey, because she has no clue what the soap means
>The girl behind me nearly breaking down
>I can hear her voice
>"Wait! What! What did i do!?"
>Tears louder than the shower
>I'm not that much of an ass, to just leave her there, so i turn around
>Throw on as real a fake smile as i can, and offer her the truth
>"Glasses says i got her pregnant"

>Then
>Ignoring the shocked silence of the room
>Even the showerhead shut up, and aubrey's vagina (which was whispering sweet sexy nothings to our recently deceased) stopped moping about.
>Poor aubrey
>She blueballed me once, now i was doing the same to her, but i figured i wouldn't really
>I turned to freckles
>Pointed at her jeans
>"Off, now"
>Of course i didn't expect her to listen, or react
>So i kneel down, still dripping everywhere from the shower, and start to unbutton them for her
>I get to the zipper before a hand finds me and stops me
>"W... what are you... n"
>I lightly tug the hand away, and tell her quite blankly to "Trust me"
>"Fuck off, you know i don't"
>An honestly clear and level headed answer from freckles
><3 ya freckles

>But she doesn't stop me as i tug the rest of her jeans down, and help her step out of them
>Course she's got a wet spot the size of texas
>Same shape and size too
>They'd shoot her if they knew that.
>One hand on her lower back, another tentatively on her buttocks
>a hand finds my forehead
>almost pushing me away, but not really as i lean in close, nose fir-
>Nope
>Still not my kind of smell
>Standing up i tug her free from standing in the jeans, and point at her panties
>"Lose em, get in the shower"
>atleast i know we like the smell of that soap.

Aight thats cliffhanger,

Wednesday next update, should be a tad late. Probably 10:00 pst Is a definite yes.

Update #71: October 29th

-Why is everything so blurry, Edition
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S14356122

>Shoving freckles lightly into the shower and ordering her to strip goes about as well as a squirrel trying to ride a bull at a rodeo.
>So it's never been documented before because all three times they've tried the casualty list exceeded the stadium attendance for the night.
>Entire town went missing one time, serious stuff
>See, shock only gets her so far, before at the threshold of the shower stall, it all catches up
>"WAIT!"
>Nope, feet go down to stop me, i have to dig in my heels to push harder
>"Stop! we... we should be talking about this!? don't you want to talk?"
>Nope
>Talking bad, doing good.
>No talking, no thinking.
>"Wait! Storybro~"
>She drones off, but both arms are dug into the shower frame, using her manly upper body strength to stop me.
>"STOP! WAIT A FUCKING MINUTE"
>she finally bursts out

>A shocking change in attitude, but one that gets through to me
>Makes me realize exactly what i'm doing and give up
>Dropping my arms and eyes to the floor
>"Storybro! You just changed three moods in the blink of an eye, we should be talking about this!"
>She's a voice of reason
>But i hate her for it.

>She's going to try to "Talk to me" about this
>And aubrey chimes in
>Sensible, honest and genuinely trying to be all feely and helpful
> a "Yeah she's right, it's got to be wei-
>I hate her for it
>Snap an interruption, a growling gravelly roar
>"If i fucking wanted to talk i'd be downstairs wouldn't i"
>Good ol logic
>They ignore it every time
>"Yeah but... i mean that's big isn't it?"
>Aubrey...
>"Well i had my bets on gadge-
>FRECKLES
>I roar
>She shuts up, back to not being entirely self centered for a moment
>so i just point again
>"Shower, or else"

>Biting, redhead rage growing, i get a snapped back
>"Or else what?"
>...
>DON'T ARGUE YOUNG LADY
>She puffs up to full size, red fur standing on end
>Looks twice as big
>"The fuck are you on about now, we offered to he-
>using DIRTY language like that freckles, i'll quicker wash your mouth out with soap before you talk to me like that.
>Aubrey probably gets to see the most comical back and forth growing piss fight between the two of us she'd ever seen.
>So the usual interactions between me and freckles, back to normal it seems
>her good ol "Ohh so tough, what are you going to do? Make me pregnant?"
>or "Oh gee! I sure hope daddy dearest here doesn't get bored of his new mommy and choose a new one like he always doe~
>I pick her up
>Just lean down, shoulder under her stomach, knees bent, then straight and she's off the

ground
>fireman style as i walk into the shower, her yelling various other insults, demanding i put her down, and banging on my back.
>I'm smiling, somehow.
>Fucking freckles, always reliable to be full of shit when you need her to be.

>Remember anons, when you're carrying women and they're struggling, there's always one set of words that'll make it better
>"Stop squirming or i'll drop you"
>Who knows, mystery to even me
>But pointing out them struggling makes it more likely you'll drop and possibly injure them, just makes them shut up and stop squirming
>I guess that's a threat
>It works quite well for six seconds, which is plenty of time to get her all the way into the shower stall, without hitting her head on anything
>Then of course, being the typical "I'm going to get you back for all that" attitude, i brought her butt perfectly level with one of the massage jets and stepped into the stream.
>The squeal, glorious
>"yuEEIIIK"
>like stepping on two very small mice at the same time, poor freckles gets absolutely booty blasted
>Butt flustered
>Fanny flogged.
>Ect
>Absolutely amazing, even if the way it's angled means i get sprayed with a ton of hot water in the face too
>No pain, no gain.

>Drenched underwear, what used to be white with little cute red hearts is now completely transparent
>Modesty removed as i stand statue, holding her squirming buttocks in as clear a line of fire as possible
>It's spraying everywhere, ricocheting off buttcheeks like an old valve game
>Aubrey's laughing up a storm
>giggling so hard she nearly slips, and instead ends up butt first on the tile
>Freckles isn't exactly laughing
>More of making choking kind of yelly sounds
>Squirms, kicks, squeals and eventually enough unbalancing me that i've got to step out of the stream or risk losing the cargo
>But if anything, i've subjected her butt to a pretty solid stream of water.
>Plus i've been holding her for what, thirty seconds
>Arms already kinda hurting.
>Unending laughter echoing around in circles through the pink room, unhappily ending when i

remove freckles from the stream
>I can't see her face
>But aubrey can
>And instantly i get a very commanding "Put her back! Closer this time!"
>Freckles, comically asking me "Would you kindly NOT!"
>Banging a fist against my back as she does.
>A man chooses
>Back in the stream she goes

>It's like a little game
>Hefting up as much weight as i can to position her just-so
>Closer to the jet, maybe a foot away from the wall.
>The water soundly splashing a steady stream right between her buttcheeks
>Pick the place where she makes the best sounds
>Upper butcheeks, and assure myself that i'm cleaning her up properly for what i intended anyway
>Problem was the pesky underwear
>I had two arms around her waist, smooth stomach on my shoulder, and if she bent just right squirming
>I'd feel a pair of breasts lightly slap my back
>an act she seemed to be doing less and less as i held her there, probably scared of me tipping over backwards
>Kicking changing to just plain squirming
>Yelling changing to a squeak or two depending on how i angled her butt
>I'm sure those were water hitting sensitive bits
>Unlucky for her, she was slipping though
>Holding her steady for so long wasn't really my forte, just fun for the moment, and as she started to slip i had to tell her "I've got to put you down now..."
>Response from both girls just as confusing as you would expect
>Aubrey's up in a flash, at my side, and helping me support her, while remaining in perfect view of her face.
>and freckles takes her arms, hanging limply for the past minute, grabbing my hips and lifting her head slightly higher in the process
>Both of them kissing range now
>Hot
>Do it faggots
>yes homo

>They don't kiss
>):
>I can't watch hot lesbian action during my attempts to steamclean freckles' vagina
>Waters splattering even more everywhere now because i've moved even closer, that awful

sound as a stream of liquid hits a wet piece of cloth.
>I'm kind of losing the point of this little exercise quickly
>It's kinda boring
>and it seems my boner has been and won't be coming back
>Her cunt's probably had plenty of supersoaking by now, so i start to put her down
>aubrey stops me, shaking her head vigorously.
>Poor freckles has me gripped until her knuckles are white, and aubrey's just laughing and giggling helping the entire thing along
>Even offers
>"Here let me take these out of the way"
>The hand not already supporting weight resting entirely at the hem of the tighty-hearty-transparent-whiteys

>Freckles manages a more of a mumbled "nooo don't it's t-
>before aubrey just slips her hand inside and slides the entire article off
>No kicking
>Or legs spreading
>In fact, freckles just crosses her knees so they can't come off the entire way, pitching her legs together
>Then squeals
>"Please StorybRO pUt MeE dOwN!"
>Seemingly every letter a different pitch than the last
>I can't help but agree with the putting down
>Knees weak
>Arms spaghetti, ect.
>Not much feedback here but a squirming girl
>Even if aubrey is giggling up a storm behind me
>The slipperiness of the floors exacerbated by her SHOVING me forward
>Freckles, her butt quickly contacting the shower tile as i almost lose balance and fall forward.
>I realize i don't slip because aubrey's holding me
>Aiming me
>And freckles has landed with a mighty fine stream of water forcing its way between her thighs and to my chest
>Something i only finally realize the implications of RIGHT then.
>Boy was i slow

>I only seem to support her against the jet itself for a couple seconds before aubrey excitedly cackles
>That resounds through the bathroom too
>Great echoes in here for witches i guess
>Freckles doesn't actually make any sounds, she's almost putty in my arms, but aubrey finishes her cackling

>Then almost entirely changes her mind about the situation
>Demands i put freckles down now
>To which freckles seems to flip flop too
>"No! don't!"
>There's not entirely an argument here, my arms hurt
>She's going down, holding her any longer is risk of dropping her.
>The easiest way to do it is slide her butt down the shower wall until her feet touch the ground
>Easier said than done
>Set-down completed
>Feet touch the ground
>And the previously resolute and standoffish freckles seems to lose her ability to do both of those things
>Legs crumple out from underneath
>Barely able to grab an armpit and hoist her down safely
>Oops, wait what
>OH
>SERIOUSLY
>Aubrey catches my "what the fuck did i just do" look and points out the other half of the story
>"If you had seen the faces she was making, oh my god!"

>That clicks
>The sounds she was making and the lack of struggling
>I'd just aimed a shower jet at freckles' box for who knows how long
>She was now just sitting there, blankly staring off into the distance
>Breasts heaving with breath
>Of course i stare
>She's quite pretty naked, freckles seem to be mostly on her face/upper chest
>a bit on her forearms, and i would guess back too.
>Nothing much lower, legs seemed mighty clean and white
>That quim she'd politely shaved for me just prickly with a hint of red fuzz, accentuating the fact that it was already quite swollen and red.
>Panties still tying her ankles together
>I'll be honest, she looked ravaged
>Technically wasn't me though
>Down with the Hydrarchy?
>Aubrey leans down, and this time they kiss

>One sided as hell, Aubrey commenting between lips touching "Wow, you have no clue how cute some of the faces you made were"
>"You really enjoyed that huh?"
>and the all-but-required
>"How many?"
>I step back

>Aubrey's clearly got one of her hands in her bikini bottoms, searching for her starfish i bet
>But i step back again
>Check my pants
>No boner
>I...
>I entirely missed the fact that i was getting freckles off with a water jet
>Or that she was practically creaming herself in my arms
>What the FUCK
>It's like suddenly i REALIZE all those anime tropes about clueless males not knowing what the fuck.
>They must be asexual
>Because my lack of boner means everything i would be taking as even the tiniest bit perverted, now seems completely innocent.
>Freckles just sighs "Too many" and keels over sideways
>Fanny exposed to the world

>I should be aroused, even slightly
>I'm not
>Boner officially has died, actually dead
>No life from the poor guy
>Sexytimes a complete failure, i give up
>Point at freckles and aubrey and tell them fuck it
>I'm too tired and it's too early for this shit
>Plus i didn't even realize we were having sexytimes and i wasn't just entertaining aubrey.
>entire sexual attention span dead.
>Not that freckles is paying attention, or caring.
>She's gone too
>Too early for this for her too now, hah
>I just focus on aubrey, decide to hold up my final part of the bargain
>Seriously though, "Aubrey, it's fucking cake alright"
>Reveal my secrets
>That you pray three times to a mysterious figure cloaked in black, create a circle of alphabet cereal and lucky charms, then fill it with cherry jello and summon bill cosby.
>Start with the alphabet, find a letter she likes, and you're set
>Then come to me for Book #2
>Poor girl, looked twice as confused as she was before

>Before i leave, she manages to get my attention one more time
>"What's cherry jello?"
>Good question, i'm glad you asked
>"Ask Gadget"
>Then stepping out of the shower for probably the fifth time this morning, i grab a nearby towel

and dry off.
>I've lost all sensation in my boxers, so i just toss on clothing over them wet
>Make the movements to leave
>And don't
>Fuck it
>I pick the bed they obviously slept in
>a ruffled mess
>Fling myself atop it, and lie back
>Glaring angrily at the ceiling

>I don't drift off or anything
>Just listen to the shower, the sounds of water
>Whatever they're doing, it's quiet enough that i don't feel any shame in lying here
>even if probably a foot to the right of my head is aubrey's underwear
>No boner
>No unbearable urge to pick them up and inspect them
>Like part of my soul is missing, empty, gone
>):
>GASHUNK
>The door, blasted off its hinges as a shark barges into the room
>Eh
>I don't even react.

>A light footed and rather quiet creature for the loud bang it made opening the door, seems to pounce onto the bed.
>It's someone i don't want to deal with is what it is.
>Not that it matters
>Legs up and over the mattress, i find a girl straddling my chest far-too suddenly
>Gadget
>Holding a paperclip, which i assume considering the proud way she's waving it around, is how she got past our anti shark defenses.
>She's also got halfway between a grin and a smile on
>You would think they were the same thing but they aren't
>Also her hood is missing
>Like, she's got a jacket on
>But the hood is actually NOT on the jacket
>I notice that, along with the rather large rip across the back of it, and her not-so-well kempt hair for the moment.
>"Hi gadget"
>if you could imagine
>I sound bored, empty inside
>a drab drone of words.

>She however is not
>"Quick, found you!"
>...
>Why quick though
>I query this, and the response i get is
>"You were behind the only locked door!"
>...
>Right
>Still though
>"Your jacket?"
>I mean it's pretty ripped up
>Only thing i could imagine is if some kind of-
>"Lost"
>Only one word
>Like she'd lost the entire jacket
>Which i almost point out, until the next half comes through over the radio
>"Glasses is no fun to play dragons with"
>mmmmm...
>Yeah
>Dragons
>I'd call it blood and thunder if it was my job to name these things
>Doesn't seem to be my job, because the girl in charge of it rolls off me, and tugs me to my feet
>Before i know it i'm out the door
>which we leave wide open
>lol

>Dragging me down hallways by my hand
>Cute sure
>also terrifying, because there are definite claw rip marks down the back of her jacket
>Not entirely sure how those could come about unless she was fighting actual dragons.
>Where we're going, what we're doing.
>Doesn't actually matter i guess
>Downstairs
>No random encounters
>Downstairs bathroom
>No random encounters
>Nobody in here
>Door closed, and a finger to her lips, gadget tells me to be quiet
>Obviously she's got this timed, just waiting for the guards to pass
>I don't care
>Ready for whatever's coming my way
>She's being pretty funny

>Peeking out at regular intervals
>Telling me "SHH! " When my legs bang against the cabinets too loud
>Then a minute
>Or maybe two later, she tugs me out again
>Around the corner, like some big game
>And into the dreaded room i promised never to enter again
>The STUDY

>Alright well it's not that bad
>The dead ninja is missing, and instead the daughter of mister dandelion himself is sitting there comfortably
>so she probably found her time traveling companion, has disposed of the body with ninja magics, and grieved properly
>Probably thinks it was an accident, i mean wine glass right?
>Right
>She's sitting in some comfy leather chair
>Staring at us as we enter, and gadget quietly closes the door
>It's quite comfy
>I mean in my head there's a roaring fire, she's drinking whiskey out of a crystal glass, and is stroking a cat she's lovingly named "Mister fluffles"
>Even if her hands are really just clasped in her lap, and she's seriously looking at us with the most hardened eyes i've ever seen
>Gadget standing guard at the door, peeking out every once in a while
>I finally understand
>I've encountered the remnants of the resistance, the last outpost of humanity against the kraken threat.
>Doesn't go nearly as fun though
>"Gadget told me"
>Seems to be the announcement her twiddling thumbs accompany.
>Somber, and not entirely sad, but the perspective quietness was there.

>Then for something completely different
>"She's lying"
>....
>"Glasses is lying"
>Blondie says this as if it's nothing
>some revelation that is common knowledge
>It might be, but it's not
>Where's the fucking proof, glasses told me
>SHE told me
>She wasn't going to lie
>and i take a minute to explain that
>Leaving blondie atleast, speechless

>"B... but no she's on the same cycle as us!?"
>Despair ahead
>I point out the tampon
>Throwing the entire assumption she was lying and had the same cycle as the other girls she was usually around, out the window.
>Well it wasn't an assumption
>supposedly according to blondie, being on the rag is a thing women pretty much perfectly keep track of and share so frequently that everyone knows everyone's cycles.
>Mostly
>Trying to imagine men doing something like that blows my mind
>End of the story
>She's pretty sure glasses is lying
>I'm not, and all the things i've noticed to say she's not throw a wrench into the plan
>Fuck

>Blondie doesn't react in any kind of sensible way
>Just folds over the arm of the chair and sighs, looking off to the carpet
>Gadget, seemingly unphased by the new information
>Or she didn't understand whatever we were just explaining in english
>Possible, but unlikely
>Gadget just comes over and pats the sighing blondie on the head
>"It is ook"
>I wish
>See, gadget may have been an excellent guard dog at one point in her career
>But right now she'd forgotten there were two doors
>And raven slips in through the second one
>Not much of an expression on her face
>Nothing readable
>But everyone in the room stares at her instantly
>that one question
>Oh god was she listening
>Oh god was she listening
>Please don't be listening raven
>Not that she answers our mental questions, not in the least
>Just a slow walk, head held about medium height, to gadget
>Raven's hand raises, and touches gadget's cheek softly
>Not entirely sure the reason, or what she said
>But it sounded awfully a lot like "thank you"

>Then me, she set her eyes on me.
>Walked up, same as she had with gadget.
>hand raised, as if towards my cheek
>and then...

>she walked entirely past
>Not a word, not a motion, just to blondie instead
>I can only turn, pivoting, watching
>Blondie's eyes registering something reflected off of raven
>Fear? Anger?
>Explained, with a THWACK
>Leaving blondie stunned, slapped so hard her head was looking off into the distance now
>along with raven's accompanying "FUCK YOU"
>!!!!
>What did blo-
>She'd turned
>Towards me
>Green eyes, my favorite eyes
>There was nothing in them.
>Nothing at all as she walked up
>Never raised her hand, never made a motion besides a shuffling number of steps
>and eventually never even paused, passing by me completely
>With one word
>"Goodbye"
>Then she was out of the door

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZAYZIRk5CAI

>the surreal experience almost unbelievably quick, and without any kind of sense to it
>Just in, a caress, a slap and a goodbye
>Then the front door
>Slamming
>Blondie still staring at the floor from where the slap left her
>Stunned, my mind is empty, so i don't think i thought of anything
>Not a thought at all
>The only one there entirely was gadget, who gave chase
>Front door creaking open and slamming again.
>Then she was gone too
>And someone was there in her place
>Glasses
>Standing, watching from the shadows of the hallway
>She saw the entire thing, the audacity of that bitch
>Because without so much as a word, she slides into the room
>Picks up my hand, one i'm simply unable to control
>Raises it to her cheek, and caresses it herself.
>...

>Smiling the entire time
>The sight doesn't really do anything positive
>I just watch my stomach drop out of the bottom of my navel
>Splatter to the floor and roll away
>I yank my hand away, knowing perfectly well that for what will probably be the last time
>Glasses has won

>I sidestep
>Then start walking
>Out of the room
>Out of the door
>To the front hallway, to the bags of clothes
>I lean down, to rummage through them
>Freckles has nothing i want, nor ravens.
>I settle on gadget's
>Grab one of her other jackets, it's plenty big enough, and throw it on
>Hood and everything
>Then walk briefly over to the kitchen, double checking for my phone in the charg...
>Gadget's phone is here
>Oh no, Raven's too
>I grab them both, and find out they're both here because they're out of batteries.
>fuck
>Grabbing mine, the fully charged asshole taking up the cord, i dash across the living room and out the door
>There's only technically one way down the street they could have gone
>So i run
>And run

>Thoughts pounding through my head as i go
>"If i caught up, what would i say?"
>Nothing honestly
>I wouldn't say a damn word
>I'd just follow them
>Halfway down the block, or what i felt must be halfway down this peninsula
>There's still nothing
>as if they'd both run too
>I could see why, or i couldn't really
>No humans on this street, just empty
>I understanded the gist of it, but not the whole story i guess.
>I don't need to
>I'd just bought a jar of prego and the doctors don't operate on jars of pasta sauce
>That's how fucked i was
>So i keep running

>Running until i reach the end of the block
>the main street, two directions
>Or three
>Or many more if i counted side streets to who knows where
>Not a single soul in sight, not a girl, just cars riding by.
>I could guess
>Two directions
>The beach, or the city, either or
>I pick city, and i start running again.

>It's just a main street, so i run
>And run
>Chest burning
>Weight on my lungs, heavy, breathing steadily and strongly
>Then harder, and harder still, until i just can't get enough air and i have to stop
>Legs burning,
>There's nothing
>People now sure, it's early morning
>Plenty of people walking, moving around, going to work, or shops, or eating breakfast at little restaurants
>But not the people i'm looking for
>They must have turned, or taken a side route
>Ran off towards the beach, or gone somewhere else
>Maybe they were back at the house already
>Or maybe they weren't, and both just plunged into the harbor, swam across it to another shore, or sank to the bottom
>Anything more depressing was lost on me, because i gave up
>stopped thinking, and just kept walking
>A straight line, as far as my feet would take me

>An hour later, i'm in some kind of business district
>Decently high buildings, men in somewhat more than-casual attire
>It doesn't matter that i'm here, only that it's here i get a phone call
>CallerID says all
>"Ronald Weasley"
>I would chuckle to myself
>really i would, but i don't have it
>I think i was doing that emotions off thing
>Staring at that little screen
>That little physical green phone button we all had on phones back then, no touchscreens
>I contemplated hitting the red one
>Then did it
>Fuck off

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YpFjQOl0JoA

>The little wizards in my phone left me alone after that
>For another hour at least
>An hour i spent wisely sitting still
>Some cafe
>Who cares what it was called, what it looked like or what it was named
>I only saw the table and the coffee i ordered
>And the nike sneakers the waiter was wearing
>And the pretty blue-green rock tile floors
>Then someone elses sneakers, white
>with black socks
>Standing next to me, not the waiter
>So fuck it
>I follow the legs, girl's legs
>Dress, Something summery even though it wasn't the right season yet.
>Then a chest, probably breasts, then neck
>Throat, face
>And Glasses
>Alt+F4

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=26iT8lbso2U

>But silly anons remember
>Blondie broke her pair, so even though i nearly backflipped out of my chair, startled
>It wasn't anything to be worried about
>Because it wasn't her
>It was someone else, some girl maybe my age or older, with a prim straight face
>Trying to smile but really just failing, hands behind her back and leaning forward
>Inspecting me
>and my harsh scrutiny of my coffee and table, and her shoes.

>Either she's a regular, or
>Well a regular probably
>Because "You're the saddest looking guy i've seen in here all week" seems to be her conversation starter.
>I choose to ignore her
>But being in god's will for the day, this damn girl picks up the seat across me and demands point-blank i tell her about what's bothering me
>to which i just stare upwards
>not moving my head, but my eyes rolling to the top of my sockets to glare at her.
>Seriously?
>She's serious
>Double seriously?
>She's definitely serious.
>Alright well, i tell her straight off how it is
>"You know when you're watching a TV show and someone asks a depressed character what's wrong, and he tells them it's complicated"
>Mysterious glasses and summerdress girl nods
>somehow interested in me, a random person
>"Well, it's like that, it would take all day to explain and i'm not going to bother, so fucking get lost"

>My go-fuck-yourself-with-a-rake attitude gets us about as far as
>Oh wait
>SHE'S STILL HERE
>"Well..."
>She starts
>An oddly sympathetic voice for my complete show of disrespect
>"You think you could condense it?..."
>...
>...
>Alright fuck it, "Why are you even here talking to me jesus christ don't you see that i wa-
>She answers before the question even finishes leaving my mouth
>"Yeah duh you want to be left alone that's why i'm not, and secondly this is my uncle's shop and he lives right upstairs and i'm staying with him"
>....
>Great?
>"What should i be -"
>She catches the question again
>"You looked like you needed to talk, and i've got nothing to do this break so i thought i would listen."
>....
>well, that proves it
>My life is an anime

>Seriously though
>Uncles coffee shop, talking to random guys who look depressed.
>If this was an anime, it'd be a tavern, haunted, and only shows up at the stroke of midnight to weary travelers.
>Plus this girl in a sundress would be a vampire
>Looking around, there's three other guys in here
>One reading the paper, one on a laptop and the last just drinking coffee and watching the crowds go by.
>The... they could all be depressed and hiding it maybe
>She notices my general lack of answering her inquiry
>And does it again
>"You gonna start talking? Or..."
>...
>I think about it
>REALLY think about it, about spewing all my life story to another random person and seeing what they say about it.
>I mean
>what could it hurt right?
>Only problem is where the fuck do i start.

>I start to try to explain everything
>Operative word, Try
>"S...so i'm on a cross country trip with 5 girls who are usually my friends but some of them aren't and then now none of them really are ..."
>Sundress just looks at me oddly with my drone off
>As if that probably didn't make sense anyway
>right
>Uhh, condense it to the basics?
>"My previous best friend slept with my other best friend who's actually my girlfriend and then hid the fact that they were cheating from me and i only found out on this road trip and then i slept with some other girls to get even with her but she asked me not to sleep with the first best friend and i did and then got her pregnant even ..."
>Our lass in summer attire has a look of "What the fuck" about her for that one.
>"Wait wait..." she starts
>"You got the girl your girlfriend was shagging behind your back pregnant?"
>um
>Yeah i guess
>Poor sundress, eyes as wide as dinner plates
>"AND YOU thought this was a GOOD idea?"

>d... don't rub it in

>"S... SHE TRICKED ME!"
>Seems to be my defense
>As if it's a defense at all
>Sunny raises her eyebrows "Tricked?"
>Just asking the right questions to tear down my world huh
>I have to go into detail now
>"Yeah the girl, she plans things, everything, and she wanted me to have sex with her from months and months ago, which i resisted until she finally caught me off guard and blackmailed me into finally sleeping with her because i was frustrated over her...
>oh god it dawns on me
>Glasses plan the entire time was to frustrate me with the various women until i went to her for sex
>AND IT WORKED
>FUCK
>Sunny seems to be mildly entertained, but genuinely worried at my various exclamations upon realizing that.
>"Yeah but... she blackmailed you how?"
>...
>"c...condoms, she took the condoms?"
>her turn to ... me
>"Seriously? Who for your girlfriend?"
>.....
>I realize that actually there's no point in me answering these questions
>I mean
>They sound nice, like i'm slowly revealing the true enemy is myself or something
>But i must just sound retarded
>"No she took the condoms so i could take a girl's virginity who's really bad with men and has been crushing on me since she was like three or four years ago and she kinda gets along with me but every time i get close to her she actually legitimately tries to kill me like i think she's accidentally made my heart stop a total of five or six times now it's pretty impressive not to mention the various scars cuts an-
>Too late to realize i'm actually telling her this
>And not only is she listening mouth open
>but so is the next nearest coffee-drinking patron.
>Yeah, fuck it.
>this is never going to help.

>I try to stand up, but the guy next to me tells me he really wants to know why the hell i even let a girl get close to me who's physically injured me so many times.
>..."She's cute?"
>..."I mean she also doesn't mean to do it, and she's my friend most the...
>Yeah, nevermind you know
>this sounds pathetic out of order doesn't it

>I mean it always sounds pathetic
>Am i supposed to tell them that she's not a time traveling assassin sent from the future from a ninja clan i accidentally may have insulted the daughter of?
>Or that i genuinely forgive her because WHO fucking knows why?
>What if i explain gadget?
>What response do i get then?
>A basic rundown of a girl who's come from another country after shitty situations, i was her first friend in the united states and helped her learn english we took her along this trip and she slowly became my emotional support and then as i explained various sexual terms to her she decided i was as-good a test dummy as any and offered her positive experiences over her previous negative ones?
>Coffeedude tells me flat out "So you're taking advantage of her because you're the first american she's emotionally connected to?"
>A random woman who's scooted closer and is enjoying a ham, cheese and coruscant sandwich flat out informs me i'm some kind of pedophilic monster for praying on a girl that acts childlike most the time.
>Sundress.exe has stopped responding.

>so what, time to explain freckles? Who's a feminist militant hater of men because of her father/brother/gay boyfriend yet i consistently provide her emotional support and forcibly start arguments with her that nearly always end up in some kind of sexual contact between us, which she entirely doesn't deserve because she started the rumors that broke up me and my girlfriend in the first pla-
>Coffedude interrupts me this time
>"I knew a girl like that once, she claimed she wanted to go free chickens from some farm or something"
>....
>that's militant vegan not feminist
>Then sandwichlady interrupts him with a "Well she has strong viewpoints, that's good for a young lady~"
>Sundress still silent

>Strong viewpoints
>Yeah
>Sandwichlady needs some fires to die in
>Coffeedude demands i explain the other girls
>I skip aubrey completely
>Because telling them i went to a girl's birthday party and almost fucked her on her birthday and then didnt because i smelled like her dad and somehow managed to have the same soap and smell like her dad again earlier this morning and not have se-
>I'm talking again aren't i
>Surprisingly everyone just nods at this one
>No absurd commentary

>Aubrey just a normal girl by human standards i guess?
>Glasses isn't really the person i want to talk about
>so i do raven next
>Best friend, almost murdered, found out i loved her because she competed with glasses during a sleepover for my afffection, spent the entire time trying to figure out my feelings after she nearly drowned herself in alcohol literally, only came to terms after fucking with girl that always almost kills me's heart, then she's cheating on me with other girl, ect ect.
>Surprisingly NOBODY seems to like storybro x raven shipping in this coffee shop
>Sandwichlady comments about how we probably aren't meant for one another and childhood friends never work out.
>Ill get the lighter
>Coffeedude tells me that's disgusting, she's like my sister or something
>We'll kill him in a woodchipper.
>Waitress lady tells me i had no right to send her dad to jail ,and now i've become some kind of surrogate father for her and i'm taking advantage of her for it.
>Her we're going to take a baseball bat to. Some personal love.
>like
>Actually the only person in this coffee shop that i can even stand anymore is sundress
>And she's not talking
>Everyone else
>IS JUST WRONG
>how can you ALWAYS BE WRONG
>this fucking wrong.
>[spoiler]Back in 2008 florida was a republican state, har har[/spoiler]

>Completely incorrect political opinions aside (Because fuck anything politics related)
>I'm a registered aristocrat, and i've never fucked my sister or shit on a public stage.
>So what, do we do glasses next?
>SURE, WHY THE FUCK NOT
>Manipulative bitch, controls my life even though i don't want her to, never loses anything we play at, probably loves me, doesn't have any kind of fucking self esteem issu-
>Sandwichlady interrupts already
>"I had a boyfriend like th-
>RIGHT
>THATS FUCKING IT
>I slam my fist down on the table right there
>shut them and the questions they're about to ask all the hell up
>Reach into my pocket, pick out a five, slam it down and leave
>Not just leave
>I make sure i tell everyone they have SOME of the SHITTIEST opinions i've ever heard
>PHYSICALLY harming my psyche to listen to them
>Specially sandwichlady, and the waitresslady probably had an abusive father complex or something.

>i stomp out of that cafe groaning to myself whatever the equivalent of "Normalfags" was at the time
>Because adults as they may be, there was no way to even begin to take any of the advice as solid
>Literally shit tier people, if anything i think i was twice or three THOUSAND times angrier at the situation than i was before.
>Before i just wanted to solve it, now i was just ANGRY.
>Thirty feet stomping down the sidewalk, i realize someone's following me
>Probably the fucking sandwichlady, so i turn around to yell at her.
>I'm sure i had a pure mask of rage on, one diffused by the worried girl following me
>Sunny the sundress lass
>....
>my growl changes to a "what do you want..."

>She frowns, then starts
>"Well, you didn't let me give my opinion..."
>....
>.....
>BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE WAS ACTUALLY GIVING ME CANCER
>She laughs a little at this, "Yeah they were trying to pretend your life was the same as theirs was"
>i don't think that's what they were doing
>But i don't argue
>Continuing, our sunny girl informs me of the simplest opinion i'd heard
>"Just sounds like you accept the blame for a lot of things that aren't your fault all the time, and make them your fault"
>Well that's what she should have said
>Instead she just tells me i should probably stop doing stupid things that they can blame me for.
>Good advice i guess
>If i could figure out how to not make these retarded mistakes people keep punishing me for
>too late for that i figure, already got someone pregnant
>But Sunny continues
>"It sounds like Raven was scared of glasses, and you made her fears come true"
>a... thought that had occurred to me
>but i wasn't sure how, or which fears
>They were up until this trip best friends
>So it just didn't make sense
>Or maybe it just made too much sense and sundress was wise beyond her years
>I perform a cardinal sin and ask her how old she is, expecting 18-19s or something.
>Better
>Way better
>"I'm 13!"
>(or something around there)

>I mean worse, way worse
>Sorry sandwichlady

>At that i chuckled
>Then noped the fuck away, or about twenty feet to the nearest bench to sit on while i called up people on my phone.
>In terms of people i knew could answer, we had Rapunzel (actually i think she was lizzie mcguire at the time), Skynet or Ronald Weasley
>I guess i'll call ronald, get her to pick me up with the car and we can go looking for the others maybe.
>Phone rings
>Straight to voicemail
>*sigh*
>lizzie mcguire then?
>This one seems to just do that thing where it rings
>and rings
>Drives me crazy after fifteen or so, and i know she's not going to pick up, or the phone is muted
>I'm not calling skynet
>No fucking way
>and i don't ever call aubrey nearly enough to remember what ridiculous name she's got on my phone.
>Could be Amanda Bynes, or this entry over here for Hilary Duff.
>both rather respectable actresses at the time, and i could see aubrey in a room full of dancing lobsters i'm sure.
>Couldn't decide if i wanted to randomly call someone else i didn't remember accidentally though
>Choice is made for me
>Sundress pops up behind me with a "Boo!"
>Not very scary
>What is scary is she asks me if i'm over here in this part of town because i got angry and ran off
>Which is true
>What's scarier is she asks me if i have any clue how to get back
>to which i probably could, but maybe would get lost
>Worst of all she says "Well, you're welcome to stay upstairs for a while until your friends call"
>I don't need to point out why i was considering running again.

Update #72 : October 31st

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14387733

>Don't worry anons, i'm smarter than that
>I hope
>Her age doesn't even come into question, it's a random chick i just met who wanted to "Listen to my problems" and quietly implored me to divulge my life story to a room of strangers who i almost went texas chainsaw massacre on.
>Now she's inviting me up to her place to hang out until my friends call
>plus she's wearing sneakers and a dress.
>Two words
>Crazy Bitch
>RUN
>That advice in mind from my subconscious, i briskly attempt to walk away
>Just politely inform her no thanks i have places to be and things to do.
>I make it some rough approximation of a number between 10 and twenty feet before the clack clack clack of sneakers on sidewalk inform me that in
>three
>two
>one
>Her frame bounding past me with the dress trailing in the wind.
>She's going to be standing in front of me with a hurt expression on her face
>as if i'd just taken away some sort of toy she was planning on playing with.

>"Wait wait wait wait!" Her face scrunches up into an almost worried expression as her hands fly up to stop me.
>Sunny seems vehemently inclined to not let me pass this point, even as i try to deftly sidestep her, she matches my movements.
>I finally give up and just ask
>"You... you live THAT way?"
>She's flailing her finger around like it's an airplane, but i get the impression she means the way i'm walking
>"Y..yeah? I came from that direction"
>...didn't i?
>Oh shit actually i don't remember which direction i came from, one of you anons was keeping track though
>right?

>Her "No you didn't!" helps immensely
>dropping my pretense of annoyance, i realize she might have been watching me walk in, so i might as well ask.
>"....what way did i come from then?"
>To which she points the complete opposite direction
>A direction that looks absolutely NOTHING like what i swear i came from.
>Seriously it's like a ghetto or something that direction
>Nuh uh, i am not going that way, so i shake my head a couple times and try to make it clear i definitely came from this shiny happy business looking area.
>Or what i thought was happy
>She doesn't agree
>"B... but that's a REALLY dangerous place!"

>Like sunglasses, once removed you can never see the world the same way again
>I take a look towards my happy business district with the shiny windows and happy people in suits.
>Yeah
>Pimp suits maybe
>Along with the shiny buildings, men in suits and various nice smiling happy people.
>They're ignoring the not so nice unhappy bums sleeping in the eves of some buildings, the alleyways full of trash and the bars on the windows of most shops around here.
>I stare for a moment
>Then wonder to myself why i didn't notice.
>THEN I REALIZE
>Oh right, santa monica, this is fucking nothing compared to los angeles.
>Nothing like doing your clothes shopping in a district of town that smells perpetually like piss to harden you to bad parts of other cities.
>I just shrugged it off, seriously it looked not even remotely bad
>To me
>to her that was like a no-fly zone.
>I want to make sure i'm not walking in circles though, so i make note of asking her which way the ocean is.
>She points towards the business district.
>Yup
>I knew i came from that way, i wave and start off into the fray of shiny buildings and bum stained streets.

>Our fearless follower seems to stand there motionlessly a couple shops down from the cafe
>Not following me
>So not so fearless
>Good
>I trot back off from whence i came

>Into the darkness again
>So really i have absolutely no problems with any of the probably very nice homeless or dissident residents here.
>Maybe a thirty minute walk i figure back, until i start seeing a residential district
>One that wasn't actually nice, and was probably a shitty part of town too.
>I also don't remember walking this way either, so i realize at some point I have become lost
>-.- fuck

>Seems to be a hispanic type of area, which means there's plenty of friendly nice people in wifebeaters hanging about.
>You know, sitting on doorsteps and what not.
>Approaching them, i use my best manners
>"Good evening comrades, is glorious fine day for walking. While praising motherland i accidentally became turned around. Which is way to nearest body of salt water?"
>Aka
>I'm not a fucking idiot, so i pulled my hood up, nodded towards one of em and asked "Yo, what's the quickest way to the ocean from here?"
>Some hispanic looking guy with a shaved head, tattoos of snakes all up and down his arms (they were pretty neat)
>He walks up to me with his arms out like he's trying to pose
>big, imposing, muscled, and twice my side
>He stares me down.
>Hardest eyes i've seen in weeks.

>Then seems to nod, and point off down a little back towards where i came from.
>Must have accidentally taken a wrong turn
>He's very nice for pointing me on my way though, so i offer him a compliment on his "Sick art" as i put it, and got a smile outa the dude.
>Chill as fuck.
>Mind you i half expected them to just pull out knives and mug me or something
>Beat the shit out of me, leave me bloody on the sidewalk, or chase me off with laughter and rocks.
>I didn't entirely MIND the idea of them doing that
>It would be something wouldn't it? I would deserve it wouldn't i?
>Alas, fate decides not to punish me so. He just points me on my way and i leave..
>Retracing my route through the neighborhood, i figure it's probably the jacket
>Two full blocks away, i'm almost back to the tall building area again, and i guess there's a cross street i must have turned down.
>I look like some kind of hoodlum already with a hood up, so there's really no need t-
>A scream
>Behind me, female.
>Nobody i knew, so i just keep walk-
>....

>...
>No i'd hate myself
>Even if i already hate myself, i turn around.
>It's two teenage guys, maybe my age or a little younger, both hispanic. Harassing some girl.
>-.-
>Time to get myself actually stabbed i guess.

>They're not even that close
>Like a block and a half away behind where i just came from.
>The two guys are pretty scrawny, and i can't exactly see the girl, but i can tell she's on the ground, and they probably shoved her there.
>They're also kicking her, enough that the entire kind of scuffle rolls behind a car and i can't see anything but the heads.
>So i'll either tell them to scram and look big and imposing
>Puff out my arms, put some puff in the jacket and i yell
>"YO, SHITHEADS, SCRAM"
>Down the block
>That works about, well
>It doesn't
>Both of them stare back at me, and the big one yells something
>Something spanish, or who knows what, but i hear "Gringo" and know that means me.
>So shit.
>The bigger one seems to be the leader of the two, and he shouts that while aiming another kick at whoever's on the ground.
>The other one starts sprinting at me.

>He's fucking scrawny though
>like... blondie size...
>Couple houses away still, i let him come.
>Quickly checking my pockets for makeshift weapons, i have my phone, a wallet
>Nothing in my pants, but i check the jacket too just in case.
>ooh! Eureka!
>Some metal, plastic thing with a spikey end
>Kid's a house and a half away now, coming at me any second
>i pop it out, visual confirmation of my assumption
>Yep
>It's a mini wine bottle opener
>gadget must have been using the other night when she drank half that bottle, and stuck it in her pocket and forgot.
>It's not really big enough to use as a weapon, unless...
>I make a fist, the little spikey cylinder bit sticking out between my index and middle
>It's not very long so it's only a little higher than my knuckle as i clench my fist
>I'm gonna get my ass kicked aren't i.

>Guy's arrived though
>He's got a shitty short haircut, black hair, and a face like he's going to take out some long ignored pent up male aggression on me.
>The ripped t-shirt showing off scrawny arms too, but
>Great
>and his mate isn't far behind
>Double great.
>He didn't come barreling into me like i thought, slowed down and started approaching menacingly
>We're talking real mook status here, ready to use his preset moves and fling himself mindlessly at the target
>Kinda scary, there's like some kind of hatred in his eyes that i definitely didn't warrant, like he didn't hate me as much as the thought of me
>That is terrifying
>I'm not much of a fighter, but i raise fists and let him take the first shot
>ALWAYS
>let them take the first shot.

>I'm already on the grass next to the street, so when he comes at me with a swing
>I sidestep
>not really sidestep as much as i was ready to move because by the way his right (my left) fist was twitching, i knew he was going to swing that way.
>I'm not some analytical genius, i just noticed the tell.
>This put me less on the grass and more in the street.
>Kinda behind the bumper of some shitty two door car
>The tail end of which this kid ran up to, leaned over again and tried to hit me across the corner of.
>Rule #2 of fighting
>Never overextend
>This kid literally leans forward over the back end of a car to flail at me, putting his face right in perfect punching range.
>I literally bitchslap the kid across his entire cheek with my right fist
>Not really a slap as much as i hit him in the jaw and grind my knuckles across his skin in one movement.
>He stumbles backwards
>No knockout blows
>No heroic one shot punches, or a polite bow with a "You have bested me!"
>Naw the kid just stumbles back
>And his eyes burn
>Like little black diamonds, i can't even see the color they're so furious
>Then the muscles in his face contract, a wince, and a reactionary draw of his hand up to his cheek

>Finding i've left a long straight gash across the entire thing
>and it's bleeding, pretty bad
>I raise my fists again, fully ready to use this car to get as much of an advantage as possible.
>Thinking maybe he'll overextend again
>No luck
>His friend arrives.

>That goes
>Wrong
>Firstly the kid i scratched up is just fucking furious
>He's slowly inching closer again, and i know he's not going to punch, i'm going to get tackled or something
>His friend however
>His eyes are pure terror
>Face as white as a sheet as he glances towards me, and then his friend again.
>I don't have time to analyze it
>Scrawny angry kid comes at me again, hands up this time
>I don't deflect it as much as realize this is freckles's typical "I'm going to accidentally kill you pose"
>aka trying to strangle me
>Or punch me in the face or something
>I throw up my fists to block it, my clenched right hand facing upwards and kind of shove one of his arms out of position.
>So even though one of them gets my shoulder, the other kind of sails past.
>And seeing an opportunity, i dig the tip of the bottle opener into his arm
>This time leaving a massive gash up the entire thing.
>I mean not too deep, but that's a fucking bleeding cut.
>Berserker rage enabled, he doesn't notice and pulls back to get another punch
>One i can't dodge because he's holding me now.
>Doesn't exactly connect, because someone starts shrieking spanish

>Not me
>Not the guy i'm fighting
>And it's definitely not the girl halfway down the block.
>It's the bigger guy, the leader
>He's fucking shrieking his head off muttering things
>Half english half spanish
>About how i don't have a knife, and to look at my hands
>The guy i'm fighting has stopped
>So i do look at my hands
>Yep
>Fists
>The big guy starts rattling off spanish as the little one lets go and steps back

>Devil, Magic, Wolverine, Claws
>all english words he seems to be mixing into the fray
>Well, except for "El Diablo" But... that feels like english
>He's pointing the entire time, white faced at me
>and then the cuts on his friend
>Trying to point out i just made cuts with my fists and i'm the fucking devil or something.

>ohhh
>They aren't really that deep, it was not a very effective weapon
>but they bled a bit, think cat scratches.
>Glorious french twisted steel, twirled over 1000 times
>And when the little guy looked down and saw the trail of blood up his arm, he backed up
>Not really horror, but caution.
>three steps, four steps,
>....
>the big guy just fucking ran.
>Shrieking nonsense about voodoo and curses and crap.
>The little guy judged me, he didn't seem scared
>Just a glance down at my fist, which i wasn't trying to hide but i guess the corkscrew kind of blended in to my skin.
>Then he sneered, and clutched his arm and ran too.
>Calling various names as he went.
>Problem was they both ran back towards where they beat up the girl, so i had to fucking chase them.
>For the sake of looking tough, i make angry noises when i start to catch up
>They run faster, and i finally make it to where i think they beat up the girl
>Screeching to a stop
>She's here alright, it's guess who
>A very fucking stupid idiot in sneakers, terrified blue eyes and black hair, that's been following me for something like ten blocks.
>Even better
>You know my new tattooed bald headed best friend with the snakes on his arms?
>Oh yeah, he's there too, standing out in the street behind one of the cars, holding her shoulder.
>Not very friendly either as i cautiously approach, about to thank him for helping her up
>No luck
>I roll a critical failure
>"Hey kid... that was my nephew"
>Oh shit, boss fight.
>And i forgot to save.

>Heart pumping, feeling like it's about to leave my chest
>Adrenaline coursing through my system, my shoulder kinda hurts from where i got shoved

against the car.
>But i feel fucking good
>Better than i've felt all day
>One option
>Apologize profusely
>Except i just stand there and let the conversation timer run out, and it picks the default instead
>Then my PC takes up his default fighting stance
>Both fists raised
>I realize that his two friends followed him too, and are standing a little bit more down the street
>watching
>So apologizing looks like a good option at this point
>My mind agrees
>Blood pressure and heartbeat get in the way
>I try to say "sorry sir, i didn't mean to harm your bloodline in that manner, please if you could just give me the girl and i'd be on my way~"
>Try
>Fail
>I sound badass though.
>"You want me to fucking apologize or something?"
>Even though my teeth are soon going to be scattered across the street.

-eep, everything crashed

>Better go out speaking my mind
>"He attacked my STUPID friend you're holding who seems to have tried to secretly follow me into a-"
>Poor sundress,
>Absolutely terrified, one cheek covered in dirt and small rocks, and an absolutely pleading scream in her expression, even without lip movement.
>"-Shitty part of town, your Nephew fucking deserved it for hitting a gi-
>Snakearms lets go
>Sundress almost stumbles, then breaks into a run and crossed around the side of the car to my side
>Not even stopping
>Just runs right past me and down the block a full house before turning around.
>Yep
>run, or boss fight
>run, or boss fight.
>why the fuck not

>BOSS FIGHT TI-
>"Yeah, little shit deserved it. How'd you cut him anyway?"
>....wh

>stunned
>i thought... he ... was...
>Boss fight...
>):
>Dejected, I hold up the corkscrew, which he instantly recognizes and laughs at, hands up to his chest and head thrown back.
>His "I'm not your enemy even though you thought i was" pose
>):
>"shit, that's embarrassing as fuck! Wait till his dad hears about this!"
>He seems completely cool with not killing me
>You have no idea how disappointed i was
>I don't even remember what i said
>Complimented his tattoos again maybe
>And just turned around and trudged away
>Some comments behind me he makes to his friends, blah blah blah "That gringo's got cahjones" bla bla bla.
>Yeah but i wanted to fight you though):
>I keep walking. Towards sundress
>the girl that was now most definitely my responsibility

>She's still watching everything, terrified that suddenly it's all going to go back to shit again
>I wish
>eyes on me as i walk back to her
>To say i was angry was an understatement
>the idiot just got herself into some shit with two guys and i seem to have been her backup plan for anything happening in this neighborhood
>Woulda been fucking fine alone i bet.
>half a moment of instinct to rub the smudge off her cheek
>but i don't
>Just blue eyes, questioning how i'm going to react
>I don't
>Reaching her, i place my hand on her shoulder
>turn her about face, and instruct her to "March" and "Stay in-front"

>We follow the trail back to the cafe
>It's actually a pretty fucking far distance for her to have followed me, she's an idiot
>also crazy bitch, ect ect
>I told you anons, sneakers and a sundress, dead giveaway.
>Not a fucking word, is spoken between us
>Every time she tries to turn around and say something
>ANYTHING
>I prod her other shoulder and give a shove

>Dont youfuckingtalkidontwanttolistentoanythingyouhavetosayholyshitjustshutupandmarchyounglady
>It's a thirty minute walk
>Not even joking
>Then the cafe's back in sight and i've decided i'm going to just give her over to the waitress and have them tie her up in the back room or something.
>Well that's my plan anyway
>Ruined
>Because Pipi longstocking thinks it's a good time to call me
>*sigh*
>Digging into my phone, we stop marching long enough for sundress to turn around and blurt out whatever she's had on her mind this entire time
>which happens to be a very concerned look on her face
>and
>"Am i really your friend now?"
>what?
>"No" i bluntly tell her
>Along with a "shut up" as i bring the phone out to check the caller ID and answer it.
>It's not a wizard
>[spoiler]Harry[/spoiler]

>Frankly it's not even a number i feel should be calling me
>But it is
>So i pick up according to the mood i'm in
>Pissed i didn't get to fight an entire hispanic street gang at the same time.
>woulda been good for my street cred ok
>don't question it
>"WHAT>?!"
>Actually more of a yell
>Startles poor sundress, i watch her jump half an inch up and down
>The other side of the phone, probably collapsed in fear with the roar that was my voice
>Or didn't
>"Storybro!?
>It's gadget
>Not her phone though, she must be using a payphone.
>I instantly snap out of angry and ask a couple questions
>3). Did she catch raven
>7). Are they both ok
>1). Where are they?
>She only answers the first one.
>Repeating word for word some address she's getting from someone else in the background i

guess
>I've got no clue where it is, even though i repeat it out loud a couple times to make sure i can remember it.
>I don't know what to say when gadget asks if i can come pick them up, and quickly hangs up the phone.
>...
>Fuck
>Sundress, curious expression gone, smiles.
>"I know where that is! It's right this way!"
>And legs held high she starts trooping off in another direction
>Away from the cafe
>NO
>FUCK

>Longingly i glance over my shoulder
>The cafe
>Her prison, i'd almost made it...
>Before resigning to following some girl i didn't know and didn't WANT to know.
>She's already off down the sidewalk
>Like some little winduptoy prancing along
>I've got to follow her though, because she does know where the other two girls are.
>Ideally
>But caution alarms up high, she stops at a corner
>Puts a finger on her chin, and glances both directions
>Before pointing avidly and exclaiming "THIS WAY!"
>nearly shoving me over with excitement in her voice
>I... guess she's still marching along in front
>ri.. right?
>anons?
>Plus shit this girl is like anime come to life, i could swear i'd seen this one before.
>Pretty sure everyone dies horrifically cute deaths.
>Like that wasn't my fate anyway.

>Two blocks later and we arrive at a resturaunt
>A pretty bustling one, looks like lunch hour or something.
>Sunny-Dress walks right in, and i follow as she looks around
>Trying to guess which table includes the person i just talked to
>I scan too, but i don't see them at first glance
>So i ask a waitress where the girl was that used the phone a minute ago
>She has no clue who i'm talking about
>But sends me back to the counter, where i ask again
>This time the lady there points me to the other room of the restaurant, and says they're in a booth at the end.

>Thanking her, i rush off, Sunny-D in tow.
>Rounding the corner i catch gadget's skin right away down at the end of the room
>I plan to run over screaming various things like "I WAS LOOOKING FOR YOU" and such
>But they just don't happen
>Instead i walk over to find two plates
>Gadget instantly beaming when she sees me, Raven silent as i approach
>Her seat facing away from me, so i don't see anything but the back of her head
>Gadget's plate is empty, aside from a couple fries
>Raven's hasn't been touched
>):
>Sunny-D staring from behind me
>Obviously not making ooh and ahh sounds
>but making the faces maybe
>Gadget doesn't see her, not at first
>Instead the first thing she tells me is that "They forgot wallets"
>And that i need to pay
>lol
>women

>I raise my eyebrows
>Entertained
>Gadget explains
>"She said we could use the phone if we were customers"
>oh
>right that's probably normal
>Crisp E nuggets pays for yet another meal
>I'd buy either of them food anytime, so i'm not entirely annoyed.
>But first i want to sit down for a bit
>walking all day, feet hurt, music too loud, wish i were at home playing video games, ect.
>Raven hasn't said a word
>And trying to encourage her to scoot over in the bar so i can sit next to her and possibly pin her in, doesn't seem to work
>I give up on that plan, and prod gadget to scoot, which she does cheerfully as i plop down.
>Then she notices Sunny-D, who's standing there, hands behind her back, rocking on her toes back and forth.
>Probably waiting for me to introduce her
>Which i don't
>So she just painfully stands there, Gadget staring, Sunny-d staring back, until one of them speaks first
>this seems to be the cute girl standing
>"Hi! I'm Sunny-D! nice to meet you!"
>...
>Gadget loses absolutely no time in waving right back and going "Hello!"

>Then turns to me and demands to know where i kidnapped her from

>I don't bother explaining
>Just grab a knife
>And...
>Reach over to raven's plate and cut her sandwich in half, grabbing the smaller piece
>Only then realizing it was already sliced in two, and i just got a quarter
>Of... what seems to be some kind of pesto turkey mayo lettuce tomato and fancy sandwich
>with a side of fries.
>eww
>No wonder
>Gadget loves turkey, me not so much, and it makes raven sick
>That tells me pretty much everything i need to know about the situation right here
>Gadget must have ordered for them both, which means raven wasn't talking to her either.
>):
>Plus she didn't even eat the fries i realize as i knosh down on the pretty good sandwich
>give it an 8 maybe
>She loves fries, shit
>Gadget starts to explain how they got here
>"Walked downtown, followed raven, didn't lose her"
>Practically nuzzling into me as she does it, with an all but palpable "Did gadget do good? Can gadget have a scooby snack now?"
>Yes, good gadget
>Scooby snack assured when we get home.
>Practically purring into my arm when i thank her for keeping raven safe.

>Sunny-D still standing, starts telling everyone what happened with us, unprompted.
>Until she gets to the "He rescued me from a mean drug gang that wanted to hurt me!"
>Raven snorts at that
>A reaction, finally.
>Gadget nudges me
>HARD with her elbow when sunny says this
>I know what she means
>Raven making a sound finally, spurs sunny, still standing, to ask.
>"Can i sit down?"
>Gadget pipes in "Sure!" and points at the empty seat next to raven
>Poor sunny
>Spends three minutes asking nicely for raven to move over
>then another two trying to politely prod her over
>In house entertainment i figure, as i grab another sandwich quarter.
>Sunny eventually gives up, and decides she's just going to crawl under the table to get to the seat.
>Down she goes

>Through the maze of legs and bars
>Shocks the shit out of me by grabbing my ankle halfway under, and i'm not entirely sure what i feel as she finally slithers away and appears across the table
>with a devious smile on her face
>Skin
>Some kind of skin -.-
>This is complimented by her instantly deciding that footsie is a good idea under the table
>Doesn't really work diagonally, so after only kicking me about two times she gives up.
>Helps herself to some french fries from raven's plate

>Gadget helps herself to the fourth quarter of the sandwich as i grab the third and munch it down
>She also helps herself to my arm, intertwining limbs as she tries to munch her own sandwich
>Which just gets in the way, but i don't mind
>Pesto really good
>Plus a handful of fries, and i reach over to the glass of water that gadget obviously didn't touch and down a third of it in one gulp
>Mmm, icy
>Over the glass of water i realize that Sunny-D is staring at us wide eyed nibbling on a single fry
>Like
>"YOU DO THIS, WHEN YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS LIKE THIS?"
>Or she's wishing she were gadget.
>Voice of reason or jealous, either or.
>Polishing off the food on raven's plate, i decide now is time for action
>So i start talking
>"Alright Raven i know you're angry at m-
>She's standing
>No eye contact, staring down, bangs in her face
>Shadow across her face.
>Then gone, out of the booth and leaving, not even a goodbye
>Sunny-D scrambles out of her seat and chases after her
>Gadget shoves me out of mine and tries to do the same, scrambling to follow as i'm left last behind
>to throw down 25$ (i hope that's enough) and rush out the door.

>Too late anons
>Much much too late
>As fast as i mash the run button, i don't make it outside quick enough
>Gadget didn't seem to fare any better, getting held up at the door by a group coming in for lunch.
>We stumble outside to find nobody in sight

>No Black haired girls
>Either of them
>Sunny and Cher seem to have vanished into another shop, or crowd, or around a corner. Because both are completely missing.
>Damnit raven i hate you so much but the pussy game ridiculous
>Gadget runs off in one direction checking doors, then runs back past me and checks more
>Nothing
>She's got no clue where they went as she comes trudging back
>Pointing out quite sadly
>"I failed you):"
>Frowny face and everything
>On the bright side, i could far easier stand Gadget wandering around in a city than Sunny
>So that's a plus
>right?
>[spoiler]RIGHT?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Oh god i miss her already, how's she going to get home, where did they go, is raven going to ignore her like i did or treat her nicely[/spoiler]
>To make it even better
>The waitress ducks outside and "Thanks" me for the tip
>AKA they got a 15$ lunch and i tipped 10$ on it.
>SAME FUCKING WAITRESS THAT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY WERE SITTING
>FFFFFFFF

>Contemplating our choices in actions, i'm at a loss
>Gadget is too
>But she's got a backup plan
>"Where did you put the car? We can find her if we dri-
>She stops
>Glances around again, and realizes that freckles isn't here.
>I don't even have to say it as she sighs "Oh..."
>then grabs my hand again and drags me off down the street
>Towards another cluster of shop type things.
>I'm nearly digging my heels in as she hauls me down the sidewalk
>Leaning away from my hand as if she's walking into a force 3 gale, it's kinda adorable, but i'm not sure if we exactly want to be walking that way
>Mostly because that's where i came from
>and it was just the stupid business district again, and that fucking cafe
>Gadget eventually gets tired of dragging me, turns around and walks the short distance between us
>tiptoeing to lean her forehead against mine
>"She must be this way! please hurry!!"
>a whisper
>She's trying to reassure me with the forehead trick

>not the first time she's done it, and it's more of a hug without the hugging
>Without a response, i find my arm forcibly wrapped around hers into a handholding gesture
>Arms interlocked, she leads me off again
>Towards who knows where
>But i'll follow.

>We meander through sidestreets and off alleys
>different roads i didn't come by, until we get to a giant road, tons of lanes
>I realize this is the one I technically tried to follow them down
>We're going back to the house, and gadget has a ridiculously good sense of direction
>We're talking natural compass or something
>Problem was
>This was the turning point
>I stop, and ask gadget if she's sure we should just leave those two in the city alone
>It's kinda past midday now, so...
>Gadget just tugs me along
>Like a homing pigeon, just hoos and leads me back towards the little road to our peninsula
>Then down it
>And with the sun still high in the sky, we're looking at the front door again
>I don't know how i feel about this
>any of this

It's back again, sorry anons. Consolation for the moment:
http://storybroadventures.wordpress.com/the-ruse/
it's only half finished, and i didn't plan to post it yet. But it's better than nothing.
Second part updated*

Ideally update Tonight 8:00 PST (assuming things don't go oh-so-very-wrong again)

Update # 73 : November 2nd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14427025

>I don't entirely have many emotions left to feel at this doorway
>Not as gadget leads me up the steps and back to the front door
>Opening it, shoving me roughly inside and following me in.

>My legs were there, but unwilling to work entirely.
>Standing
>Staring into the house and trying to decide if leaving raven behind really
>Really really was the best thing
>Not that we knew where she was, or where she went
>Fool's dream to imagine that me looking around in the city for her for another couple of hours would have brought me anywhere closer to finding her.
>I still imagined that somewhere in my head, that could be true
>Maybe gadget knew better
>Or maybe she was just blissfully pretending everything was going to be fine
>Even if i'd heard her quietly sniffle, multiple times along our walk
>I knew she'd cried
>Cheeks dry, she turns me around and smiles
>A heartfelt smile, trying to cheer me up i guess
>It doesn't take
>Still smiling her fake smile to make me feel better, i get tugged over to the couch
>Sat forcibly down, and gadget vanishes into the kitchen.

>I used the time wisely
>Examining the carpet, the rough hills and lumps of fuzz that stick up every which way, on a surface that seems flat up until you choose to inspect it.
>One of those things you really just need an empty moment to really look at
>and an empty stomach
>Realizing the texture of the carpet was almost sickening
>Reminded me of something i couldn't name, and i jumped to my feet and rushed to the bathroom
>Keeled over the toilet, and started retching
>The awful acidic taste, as it comes up the texture of it leaving your throat.
>Like eating in reverse
>Warm, gooey chunks of partially digested sandwich, and what was probably the culprit
>Turkey,
>Made me sick too i guess
>I finish emptying my stomach
>Dry heaves all that's left, but i can't say i actually move to get up
>Just stare there, at the bowl of various swirls of reds, yellows and greens
>Gadget founds me right as i started heaving again
>Two comforting hands, one on either shoulder
>Comforting as in, you don't even notice them, or care as you're painfully trying to expunge the last bits of liquid from your empty stomach.
>I didn't even hear her approach, things like that look so caring
>so comforting from a distance
>But in reality they mean nothing.

>What did matter when i finally pulled back
>Everything stomach, and probably a good portion of whatever was in my intestines too, all in the toilet
>I wanted to stare
>Gadget flushed
>It felt palpable, as if this was the physical manifestation of some emotion
>Throwing it up
>Flushing it away, and pretending it never happened
>Unluckily, i hadn't entirely made it to the toilet in time
>My shirt suffered a fair amount of ruining, and i was kneeling in chunks of what were probably well chewed french fries.
>Lovely
>Gadget's assistance wasn't meaningless here
>With a "Hyup!" she helps me unequip her jacket, and my jeans, tossing them into the shower
>Shirt too it seems
>I lean over, grab some washcloths and start wiping up the mess i've made on the floor
>Gadget, similar idea, say "Wait..." and runs a washcloth under the sink
>The steam lets me know she probably wanted it hot
>Also not for the floor
>With a look of utmost concentration, she comes at me with what seems to be a rag steeped in water-as-hot-as-the-sink-will go
>I realize this
>Do absolutely nothing to stop it.

>Full blondie treatment confirmed, i just slam my eyes closed
>Wait for the shrieking pain i'm probably about to endure as the towel looks FAR too hot.
>Even almost flinch as she sets it down against my cheek, lightly
>Flesh melting off, screaming, ect.
>"Is that too hot?"
>She asks, oddly caring
>Specially for her, even dabbing the towel twice so that i can get a sense of the temperature before she even uses it.
>I shake my head, feels fine
>No burning flesh here
>And gadget starts to wipe my face, mouth and chin.
>A smooth movement, caring, loving
>The concentration in her eyes, the expression on her lips as she wipes away the spittle and spew.
>She reminds me of someone's mother, acting years beyond her age
>For some reason
>Uh oh
>I snatch the towel away, declaring "I'll do it myself!"

>To which she reponds a "Hey! Wait! give itt baacck!"
>Her usual childish self
>Much better
>Even if she does stand up and stomp off
>Oops

>I finish off the rest of my face, and start on my chest before she arrives again
>With another washcloth, steaming hot
>Uh oh
>I prepare the troops
>Hers advance
>Washcloth bared menacingly
>I retreat, hold mine up as defense
>Her archers halt, readying themselves.
>Bowstrings taught, they get the command
>FIRE
>Gadget snaps her towel forward, flicking a shower of hot water at me
>AUGH!
>Flinging up my arms and protecting my eyes, i flail around
>Blinded by her attack, and treated to her instant breakdown into giggles
>I retreat again, flailing out with my hands to find a purchase
>The counter
>Steadying myself, i open my eyes and sling the towel forward
>Right hand, underhand movement, a whip backwards at the last second
>*CRACK*
>Poor gadget, unaware of the torment in high-school locker rooms nearly goes into shock
>A squeak, loud enough for the entire house to hear as she tumbles over backwards out the doorway
>Ending up sprawled out on the ground, nearly surprised out of her pants.

>Her reaction
>Sprawled out backwards, arms behind her supporting her upper torso to stare at me with those wide multicolored eyes.
>Priceless
>"WHAT WAS THAT!?!"
>My turn to laugh of course
>Evil, ringing, low timbre laughter
>Then i do it again
>*CRACK*
>right in front of her ,which of course makes the silly girl jump two feet upwards and backwards again
>I get the impression i might be being mean
>But she splashed me, so fair game right?

>Here watch anons, here's a lesson in female psychology
>She's going to tell me to "Stop doing that!"
>And i'm going to do it one more time, and she's going to shriek and call me a jerk
>But then laugh about it afterwards
>Typical women really, just give it three seconds
>3
>2
>1
>Gadget, on queue speaks up
>"Show me how to do that!"
>...

>Then it's all questions
>She's to her feet, inspecting the towel i was using
>"How do i do it?"
>I have to explain the hand movements, and how you whip it forward and backward just right to make it crack
>Also that it can't be too wet, or too dry, else it'll just not make a sound
>Full learning mode that girl is, she copies my hand movements exactly and within a couple minutes she gets a good loud CRACK with her own towel
>Still surprises the shit out of her
>Goes nearly full t-bone ragdoll and tumbles backward into hiding when it happens, making sure the coast is clear.
>Then she inspects the towel again, cautiously
>As if it'll explode any moment, before asking the notorious question
>"Why" does it happen?
>Yeah that's a good question that nobody can agree on
>So i just tell her ALL the possible reasons
>"Tip of the towel technically moves faster than the sound barrier, so you get a sonic boom"
>"Some scientists are pretty sure the air friction at that speed actually instantly-boils the water, so it pops like a big popcorn kernel"
>That one gets an audible "cool!" from her
>and then i go over a couple of the lesser known theories (tip hitting itself, disrupting sound cushions, ect)
>We're science nerds, so we talked science
>Leave us alone

>It still ended the same way teaching anyone how to crack towels does
>In a towel crack fight
>Fairness aside, she did snap at me first with a giggle
>Obviously trying to get me on the butt after we'd established that was the least desirable area to get hit with a towel
>Oh and that i'd been in plenty of towel wars in my time

>scars to show it.
>No dice, she misses and it doesn't even crack
>It's a finicky art actually hitting someone with the very end of the towel
>One that i'd had long term experience in
>*CRACK*
>I got her right on the butt
>Her eyes go from smiling to wide instantly
>Hands to both butt cheeks
>And a shriek as she tumbles head over heel out of the bathroom again
>Through pants even, that stings like hell.
>[spoiler]she had to know anons, it's the only way you learn[/spoiler]
>Poor thing, plucks at my heartstrings to see her wailing on the ground like that
>"Aoooowwwwwww!!!!!"
>Chuckling, i step outside the bathroom to inspect the damage
>Make sure i didn't actually harm her or anything, she's not that hurt
>Just surprised
>I roll her over and she gives me the two most indignant eyes i've seen all day
>"That really hurts!"
>Then she butchers yet another american idiom
>"Kiss me and make it better"

>That gives me pause
>More than anything else, i'd love to just kiss her
>in both the correct and incorrect places
>But i'm not going to sit here and explain for a million years how big of a faggot i am and why i didn't
>She gets a peck on the nose
>To which she scrunches the feature up, and looks at me funny.
>Wasn't feeling anything more, and i pull off
>Away from her quickly losing smile eyes
>sitting up, and turning away
>I can hear her moping
>It's that soft set of sounds your lungs give off when you sigh, that rustling as you project your own emotions onto what the other person was feeling.
> It's all guesses really as to what she thought about the peck on the nose
>Guesses as she gets up, and walks past me to the kitchen again
>The sound of running water
>Poor girl
>She deserved a scooby snack

>She returns moments later with two cups in hand, and places them both clinking against the coffee table by the couch
>I assume this means ones for me

>Or she's really thirsty
>(i do that sometimes)
>So i crawl over to the bags of things, find a shirt
>someone's shirt that seems to fit me, throw it on, and fuck the rest
>Literally
>Poor freckles was in for a surprise, chuckling to myself i join gadget
>Tea
>Earl Grey
>Hot
>Thanks computer.
>She responded, telling me "It is the only tea they had"
>ALWAYS
>Earl grey is ALWAYS the last fucking tea to go.
>Whatever i figure, thanking her again and taking a sip
>eeeeuugh
>Earl grey tastes awful without sugar and milk
>Still, it's hot and distracting
>I sip it slowly
>Punishing myself for my sins.

>Gadget finds a blanket, wraps us both and turns on the TV
>That's where they find us when the himalayan rescue team finally digs the house out of the avalanche
>Ten years later
>Huddled together for warmth, yet frozen solid by a freak temperature drop
>We didn't even feel it coming, our eyes permanently glued to the TV
>A rerun of frasier still playing
>So cold that froze too
>Even the rescuers commented on how shitty our tastes in tea were.
>Unfinished popsicles
>They have to pry the mugs from our frozen hands.
>Then they cart us back to civilization, to dissect and examine us.
>The last known preserved human specimens before al-gore's reverse global warming kicked in.
>Freckles is the first rescuer to put her grocery bags down and attempt to address us
>"Where the hell have you two been?!"
>I look up, shocking her as the ice crumbles to my feet, cascading off my skin
>Not that i respond or anything
>I just stare
>Blondie rounds the corner with more bags in tow, and instantly picks who on the couch she likes more with a shrill exclamation
>"Gadget!~>!"!!!

>She continues
>Same question freckles had
>Just with more grocery bag dropping and at a higher pitch
>"Where were you guys?! We were so worried when none of you came back or answered your phones"
>"Well they didn't bring their phones"
>Aubrey corrects her, the slamming of the garage door with her foot an emphasis
>She still has some shred of care though, because "Where's raven?" is her first question
>One which freckles follows with a "Yeah and why didn't you pick up your phone? We were going to come drive and get you guys"
>I turn my head downwards again
>To my unfinished freezing cold tea
>Then lean to my right, against gadget, and throw the blanket up over my head to hide from questions
>Gadget does the same
>We're sa-
>Freckles rips the blanket away with a screetch
>"WE WERE WORRIED YOU ASSHOLES, NOW WH-
>Aubrey's hand on her shoulder stops the ogre from flinging spittle at us.
>She needs a tic tac or somethin

>Instead, the yelling stops entirely
>Blondie picks up her bags
>Stoops by and picks up freckle's bags too, and leads aubrey into the kitchen
>"Both of you stay right there!" she shouts over the counter
>Assertive
>Commanding of the situation
>Obviously replaced by an alien, again.
>Or her ingredients were getting too warm in the florida heat
>That too
>I unwrapped myself from gadget
>Stood up
>And took two imposing steps towards freckles
>The girl stepped back

>Three times, almost scared
>Judging just how angry i could possibly be that she snapped at me
>I wasn't
>I knelt down, grabbed the blanket, and returned to the couch
>Scooped up gadget, forced her onto my lap as we took up the corner of the L
>The safest place from prying fingers to steal our blanket again.
>It doesn't last

>Blondie and Aubrey arrive crossed arms, and i give up the cute cuddlepillow on my lap for the ability to curl my legs in
>Sitting side by side, we pretend to ignore them
>Not gonna happen

>Freckles reaches the conclusion first
>By our unwillingness to answer her, she just guesses
>"You guys didn't find raven did you?"
>I don't look up, instead paying heavy attention to gadget's jacket
>Pockets mostly, i remember the wine opener is technically in the jacket next to the shirt in the shower
>eh
>Gadget's the one who responds
>Or shakes her head sadly side to side
>Then stops
>And Nods her head too
>Wh--
>... oh wait damn, actually i understand
>Even if Freckles, Aubrey and Blondie are just giving us confused stares, she means "We actually found raven"
>And both nodding and shaking your head gives the same result of "No we didn't"
>I take pity on her for the english language sucking, and tell them "We found her" and curtly add in "We lost her"
>That's all they need to know
>I then take the blanket poof it up over our heads and vanish us both
>Magic trick, both gone
>I take the opportunity to lean sideways and rest my head on gadget's chest.
>Facefirst, as is the only way to properly enjoy comfort boobs
>She doesn't seem to mind, a hand of hers finds my hair
>Lightly tracing in those moments before Aubrey butts in again
>"So you guys didn't meet up with glasses?"
>...
>Let me guess
>"She followed us too?" i grumble
>Muffled by the blanket, and gadget's jacket

>The silence means yes
>and answers their question
>Long enough for the blame game to start
>"IT'S ALL FRECKLES' FAULT"
>Blondie, addressing the chupacabra in the room
>I don't even need to peek out of the blanket to know
>That

>"MY FAULT?! YOU'RE THE ONE SHE SLAPPED BEFORE SHE LEFT, WHAT DID YOU DO?!"?
>In two
>maybe three seconds
>Yep
>The scuffle informs me they've broken out fighting with one another again
>Aubrey probably standing there awkwardly smiling
>Not sure if she should intervene... or
>Gadget solves it, proving my imagination of the situation was spot on.
>Slides the blanket up and pokes her head out
>Then lifts the bottom hem with her feet, raised up in the air
>"Quick! Hide with us!"
>Damnit gadget
>Too cute
>Aubrey takes the hint and slides in with us
>One big hide-under-the-blanket cuddle, as a war rages in the background
>Typical really, even if she elbows me a couple times accidentally getting to where we were.

>I try to ignore the elbowing
>Some of it REALLY hurts
>Like she gets me right in that sore spot in my stomach
>And jesus that stings
>Gets a "Youch!" out of me the second time she does it.
>But the blanket's kinda dark
>Not too much light, so i understand how crawling over two sets of legs equals elbows
>I didn't blame her
>Until aubrey reaches us
>Or close enough to us that i can aim my face down and say hi
>I'm met by an absolutely adorable smiling face
>With dim blue eyes
>o...oh...ok

>That means... aubrey and freckles are fighting?
>why?
>What part of my mental simulation is that wrong?
>Where did i make such a terrible miscalculation? I was never good at math!
>It doesn't matter, blondie squirms the rest of the way under the blanket with us and cuddles up right next to me
>Elbows to painful spots explained, far too well.
>She rests her head on gadget's chest, nearly facing me, but not
>Extra care taken to wrap all of her arms around gadget's tummy, and closes her eyes with a sighing "This is really warm"

>I agree, but not as much as she does.
>Eyes closed and far before i have enough time to study her cute little face in the dim up close light
>She snoozes off
>Mouth open slightly, and arms more relaxed, but no difference in posture.
>Except for the fact she took gadget's pillows with her.
>Jerk
>I have to make do with a shoulder, choosing to just follow her for a nap
>Freckles and Aubrey now audibly breaking things in some other room, i'll let them go at it.
>We all doze off in a puddle
>Nothing to do but wait for glasses to come back with raven in tow anyway
>Or that's what i figured.

>She made this mess, and if she was really out looking for raven
>I'd love to see a fucking plan fix this
>That's what i was thinking
>angrily as i drifted off
>Knowing full well it was going to have to be me that fixed this and glasses wouldn't lift a damn finger
>Smell of Maple, and uncooked coffee floating through my mind.
>Going to sleep angry is never a good thing
>I wake up alone, cold, wet and naked somewhere in mexico
>Every time
>This time was no exception
>I wake up still wrapped in blankets
>But missing my pants for some reason
>Cold because half my leg is sticking out from under the sheets
>It's kinda dim sunsetty time, so the sun's fading out too
>And technically i guess the wet spot of what i-could-only-guess is slobber on my chest counts as wet.
>The girl lying there under the blanket probably left it
>I can't see her because she's under the sheets and my head seems to not be
>Also my pillow, aka gadget seems to be missing.
>So
>The usual

>Now i get to play the oh-so-coveted
>"Guess which girl you woke up with this time" Adventure
>Could just ask maybe
>"Which girl is lying on top of me?" might work
>but if its blondie she might say she's gadget
>Nope
>Ok well i could look under the sheets

>But they're really tucked in, so all i've got is my hands down there
>Without a ton of movement, i can't look
>Hmm
>Feel them up?
>I feel like i've tried that before
>Nevermind actually i'm not even going to play this game
>Just fuck it, they can wake up first this time.
>Figure out which girl THEY woke up with!
>Perfect plan i assume as i close my eyes
>Then pretend to sleep again, just relaxing
>Not thinking, just what the doctor ordered.
>Three minutes of silence and motionlessness
>She moves
>And not just a "I-just-woke-up" movement
>She catches her breath, suddenly without warning
>Like she'd been holding it and trying to pretend she was asleep. Worried that i had woken.
>Knuckles pressing into my thigh twitched, not really something i could see a reason for her doing.
>Not until they started moving, a kneading and light press every so often
>Weight against my own muscles, her bones kneading my skin

>She may have been face down, lying above me
>the comforting weight, her breasts pressing into my abdomen, head leaned against my chest.
>Both hands underneath, arms running down her stomach
>I could feel it all, and tell
>Where she was grinding her knuckles against my leg, it had nothing to do with me
>Or everything to do with me
>She was just innocently getting herself off is all
>And didn't want me to wake up and find out she was doing it.
>Being used as a sleeping masturbatory aide, that's a new one
>Or not really
>Guess it's not gadget then, probably blondie
>Her smooth legs following the paths of my own, i realized she'd discarded her pants for this
>Lovely
>Trying my best not to startle her yet
>I move my arm
>slowly, surely, around up and over the back of the blanket
>She doesn't notice
>Squirming
>quietly breathing, until i clap it down
>Forcefully
>a spank even
>Right on her left butt cheek, warm, supple and i give it a comforting squeeze

>Just enough give to really enjoy the feeling.
>Poor thing goes total statue
>Freezes up, stops breathing, stops moving entirely
>It's definitely blondie

Alright anons, it's probably nearing about 5-6 PM in storyland. Time's moving quicker if you couldn't tell because it all ends up wrong.

Monday should be technically the next update, 8:00 PST. Don't be too surprised if i just don't even show up though, i'm having a messy week.

Update #74 : November 3rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14445904

>We're not playing the guess who game though
>"Blondieeee~"
>My singsong call to the bird under the covers
>"You best be explainin right now what you're doing"
>Accusatory
>Best method of getting her to actually talk
>Then she'll confi-
>"Sorry!"
>A muffled squeak in timid response
>Yup
>My hands trail up her back to find long flowing blonde hair
>They can feel the color alright?
>Then since i no longer need to be sneaky, i just scoop the entire top half of the blanket up
>Forcibly slide the poor girl forward until she's no longer hidden, and release
>"Hiya blondie!"
>She doesn't seem very happy to see me
>Not even a little bit, she just squeaks out a "Sorry!" again
>-.-
>"For what?"
>Seriously, i'm curious

>I know you're thinking she was fappin on my lap without telling me or something
>But i'm entirely sure that "Sorry!" isn't the appropriate reaction to that.
>plus
>Even if it was, i got to torment her into telling me what she was doing
>That's always fun

>Could always use a post nap distraction i figure
>or some feels
>She doles out the second one, in confusion form
>"Sorry... i woke you up"
>She's sincere, but also with a hint of remorse
>As if she never intended for me to know, but for entirely other reasons than embarassment
>Is that possible?
>Seemingly it is, because in whatever light that's streaming in
>I've got her cheeks about two inches away, and she's not blushing
>At all
>Malfunctioning hardware maybe?
>I query dxdiag, check her registered specs
>She blurts them out, along with "I'M SORRY OK, IT'S SELFISH I KNOW!"

>Alright nevermind
>I'm confused, maybe she needs a hard reset
>Wherever the power button is, i'll find it, but i have to diagnose the issue first
>"That's... uhh.. that's a way to put it i guess"
>I mean what else do you say
>"No!"
>A flagrant response, like i don't understand
>I don't
>"It's selfish because YOU are going through so much shit and you're so worried about everyone and yet i'm still trying to USE YOU."
>...
>Emotions
>Feelings
>Thanks blondie
>Atleast we know you have a heart
>Unlike SOME WOMEN

>Blondie's entirely stopped moving her fingers
>Expected really, but the crying wasn't
>Sobbing, tears and general blubbering into my shoulder
>Stuff i really didn't want to deal with, because fuck it
>She had some kind of idea that going after me anymore was out of bounds because she-who-must-not-be-named fucked up everything.
>And that it was selfish and she should suddenly throw out all her best-laid dreams of getting me to sleep with her.
>If anything was selfish, anything at all
>It was the fact that this made me feel abusive
>Like some hell-sent tormentor that lived in her life and just screwed with her feelings constantly
>that seems to be all i did

>Push her away, bring her close, rinse, repeat.
>If anyone was selfish it was me
>/more introspection than i should be doing
>"I don't give a shit, don't worry about it"
>That's what i settle on
>Blow it all off, because fuck it all
>I don't care
>Not even the tiniest bit.
>She still does
>Regret, pangs, guilt, all probably hitting hard
>Tries to move, unwrap the blanket and escape
>I don't let her, mostly because my arms are in the way
>And half because she's rather warm
>And letting her go means i need to be cold, and think lonely thoughts.
>I don't want that.

>Instead i change the positioning of my arm and wrap her close
>squeeze her into a one armed hug
>"You're not leaving"
>Im serious
>Stuck here until i feel like going
>Her response is a sniffle and a mumble into my shoulder
>if she's just said she has to pee or something, she can go right here
>That's how this works now
>I figure that might be pretty warm for a while too, we can move when it gets cold and wet right?
>She seemingly agrees
>Lifts her head off my shoulder and mumbles clearly
>"So... you're not mad at me?"
>Damnit blondie
>Now you're just being melodramatic
>I change the topic
>Perverted mind reasonably recovered from the morning of trauma
>"Did you finish, or..."
>Back to timid mumbling she goes
>"i... i wasn't going to..."
>like hell you weren't
>My other hand squeezes her butt, probably on it's own
>Sometimes hands do that kind of thing
>Just gotta let em right?
>The girl it's attached to whimpers in return, which probably means...

>It probably means i'm going to end up finishing the job for her

>Hmmm
>Bonerbro is still at 30%
>Probably not good for a round right now, and i mean she's cute and cuddly and warm and all
>But...
>I sigh internally
>Change the topic
>"Did raven come back?"
>She sighs externally
>"i... i don't know, i haven't heard her"
>A couple other questions, like how long she's been awake
>Only 20 minutes or so she claims
>Then we run out of questions
>And just cuddle
>Blondie's no professional cuddler, we've established this
>Lying directly on top of me, face buried in my shoulder, her arms, legs, and everything else was in the wrong place
>My lungs were kinda squished, she had a knee almost into my crotch, and aside from my hand ever-present on her butt, she was really just using me as a mattress.
>I didn't mind
>We spent that time in silence, watching the light fade away into the florida night
>Her softly breathing, i'd almost imagine she'd fallen asleep again
>That wafty scent of maple, and the lavender shampoo she'd no doubt borrowed from aubrey.
>It came to mind that i must smell like something
>Her nose buried into my shirt, inhaling deeply
>I wondered what that was, quietly building the courage to ask.
>Then a crack, a creak
>And the front door started to open.

>We both bolted upright, an instant movement
>Somehow sitting side by side even though that's physically impossible compared to how we were sitting.
>We did it anyway
>Eyes glued to the door as it creaked open
>Please be raven please be raven please be raven.
>the darkness in the hallway obscuring the shadowy form that emerged
>A person
>Only one, a skirt it seemed like from the silhouette
>Then the shadow moved closer, into the moonlight
>And blondie sighed
>I groaned
>Glasses was back, greeat
>Before anyone meets eyes and demands anything from me, i just collapse back
>Lie back down and pretend i'm asleep maybe, or

>"Hey blondie and SB"
>~too late
>Fuck
>"Blondie, could you leave us both alone? I need to talk to DADDY"
>make that double

>my ears actually do bleed a bit hearing that
>And my hands reach all over to find a handhold on blondie and keep her from...
>beta-ing out... like she always does
>And leaving me alone
>With glasses
>DAMNIT BLONDIE
>THIS IS GOING ON THE SCOREBOARD
>It's too late, she's already evacuated the room to call in her killstreak
>Scared shitless of glasses
>who wouldn't be?
>Me probably
>My rage is potent enough to fuel atle-
>*THUMP*
>Interrupting not only my happy life, but my fucking interior monologues too, this bitch hops over the side of the couch
>Lands squarely on my lap
>This means one thing
>MAH BALLS
>Which she's missed
>But you have that moment of panic anyway.

>She still ended up on my lap, skirt sprawled across my stomach, legs to either side
>Pinning me down, so i couldn't escape
>Of course
>I see a dim smile
>Eyes jet black in the quiet moonlight of the room
>She calmly springs her trap
>"You're not wearing pants"
>To which she accompanies with her hips, and a little bit of a squirm
>And i realize, just as she says it
>"Neither am i"
>Thank god my boner's dead though
>Phew

>She gives me that look
>You know the one
>No glinting, just disappointment, her hair cascading down her shoulders

>And she leans forward
>Gets her eyes level with mine
>The tips of her bangs almost draped across my chest
>Then moves down her agenda
>A sadder face, an empty tone
>And a true voice of regret
>"i... couldn't find her"
>well
>"NO FUCKING SHIT YOU BITCH!!1!!1!"
>Oops
>Inside voice, there's other people in the house right?
>She seems to think so
>"Shhh, don't blame me!"
>...
>DON'T
>oh my god i'm actually not even going to bother yelling back
>Not even
>Not worth it
>I just tell her to fuck off, seriously that's it
>all i got in me.

>She grins at "Off"
>Then the lights for the room flicker on
>Good, now maybe she'll melt like a proper vampire
>No dice
>She just blinks a few times as we both try to readjust to the lighting, and stares around
>I can't see who it is
>But the thump thump informs me it's someone upstairs as i try to crane my neck upwards and backwards to see them
>No luck
>The thumps stop halfway
>Probably when the person on the stairs could look down and see us
>"Oh, am i interrupting something?"
>A condescending tone
>Buttery smooth sarcasm, and a voice of fire
>Freckles
>PLEASE SAVE ME

>I win the responding game with a
>"FRECKLES! Raven hasn't come back yet!"
>No panic yet, but it's coming
>I can't see her, but she seems to take a couple steps down the staircase more before responding

>"Yeah, you got any clue where she is?"
>Dry as ever
>Of course i fucking don't else i'd be getting her right now
>Freckles grunts at my shitflinging back
>Obviously descending the rest of the stairs before she comes into my sight
>Examines me
>Then glasses
>Both staring up at her, since she's wearing like
>A white shirt, and a white pair of sweatpants
>The shirt, nearly skintight isn't leaving anything to the imagination
>no bra or nothin
>Which is bad because boner is not in a safe place right now
>I concentrate
>suppression fields activated
>Containment at 100%
>Phew.
>"Freckles!" I beg
>"Let's go looking for her, or-
>Frankly anything to get me out of this room with glasses.
>I think about not saying that
>But i do anyway
>Both of them break into laughter simultaneously.
>OH NO
>THEY'RE WORKING TOGETHER.

>Entirely sure i'm doomed to my fate, i start to surrender
>But our resident water-gym wannabe alleviates my fears with an oh-so-typical
>"What's in it for me?"
>Selfish and reliable as always
>"Anything she wants" is quickly promised, and my squirming (with glasses pinning my arms if i didn't mention this) is quickly intensified
>Even if she wasn't bigger than me, she had leverage, and i was trying to shove her off similar to a bucking bronco
>Only problem is
>Glasses had thighs of steel
>I wasn't going to escape, and she wasn't going to stop riding me unless freckles intervened
>She did
>"anything you want" seems to be something freckles wanted
>Because a second later a yank, a tumbling tug and glasses comes off
>Rolls off the couch sideways, just enough time for me to bolt to my feet, hop the back of the couch and follow a giggling freckles up the stairs
>I wasn't giggling
>Was fleeing for my life, but freckles seemingly enjoyed pissing everyone off now

>Or everyone but me
>She leads me into the bedroom upstairs, the one i was in that night
>With no secret entrances
>"It's safe in here" i'm told
>She's probably lying, but i trust her anyway
>Even when she locks the door behind us.

>Redhair, biting her lip, and nipples obviously trying to pierce the smooth cloth of her shirt.
>Freckles turns around, to greet me
>I already know she's going to do something to torment me
>Always
>I don't care.
>Hold up my hand
>"Wait, one second"
>I turn around, find the bed
>Then turn back, walk backward to it and tumble down
>Knees overhanging, toes on the floor, it's not very high
>"Alright, now go ahead, rape me, or whatever"
>That gets a cackling laugh
>Probably a demon
>I'll scrunch my eyes and pretend it's someone i like while he penetrates my butthole maybe
>Implying that'll make it better.

>Her voice rings out, still giggling
>"Why would i rape you?"
>Idon'tknowmanimagininlikeoneofthosestraponsmanlikeabigdamnstickonabeltmanaintcoolman
>Plus
>"I mean you're going to blame me for you and aubrey fighting, and so-
>"hah!" she interrupts me
>"We aren't fighting!? Downstairs we were making out for half of that"
>...
>Is my brain just broken today
>I could swear they were fighting
>but suddenly the idea of aubrey violently kissing freckles to shut her up so that she doesn't fight with blondie...
>hmmmm
>Boner definitely back to 30%

>That also explains why blondie crawled in to escape
>Fuck
>Everyone's weird
>Nobody seems to be getting along like i think they're getting along
>I almost hate to ask

>"w... what... did you follow me in here for then?
>She's quick
>Polite
>Efficient
>"I just wanted to say thanks"
>and she's out the door
>Right
>Head back down to the mattress
>fuck this household
>everyone seemingly perfectly fine except for me
>I miss raven

>exactly one sit up later, i'm on my feet
>Sure i could go find blondie
>Or gadget
>Cuddle with them or something, forcibly make myself feel better
>But i just don't feel like it
>I feel like leaving
>walking out into the world and waiting for something to happen
>To me
>I announce this, to the household
>Who cares what they're doing, or where they are
>They hear it
>As i tromp out past the hallway to the stairs
>I hear footsteps behind me
>Multiples
>And two girls at the bottom of the stairs, waiting
>staring at me
>"It's dark out, you shouldn't be roamin-
>Aubrey
>Who i interrupt with "Fuck you"
>Then gadget, who i guess was upstairs playing video games or something, runs out with her PSP
>Informs me bluntly "She's coming"
>Glasses argues "No she's not"
>and insists instead she'll go
>Nope
>Fuck yall
>Tactical rolls through everyone's legs
>Out the door
>Fuck this shit

>They still discussed things as i foolishly attempted to roll to freedom

>"There's no point, we don't know where she is!"
>Glasses
>"You're just going to get lost too!"
>Blondie
>"Ehh, let him go, he needs to work off some of that weight"
>P...passive aggressive freckles
>FUCK YOU I'M BUILT LIKE A TWIG
>I'm on the front lawn
>Probably exclaiming that to all the neighbors eating dinner right now
>Gadget's nowhere to be found
>Didn't follow me out i guess
>When glasses said no, she listened):
>Whatever, i hastily put on the pair of jeans i stole from someone on the way out here
>Probably raven's because they fit me
>shoes were magnetic, naturally picked them up as i was rolling.
>Bracing my arms against the unexpected chill, i boldly set myself towards the main street

>I heard them yelling at one another on that lawn for minutes into the distance
>Louder as i got farther away
>Or the wind just picked up and carried them along
>Freckles arguing they should drive
>Glasses arguing she looked everywhere and raven didn't leave any clues we could follow in a car
>And blondie just plain arguing someone should run after me
>The car never shone its lights down the street and followed me
>And no one tried to catch up to me
>Not as i turned off that street, the voices long faded away
>And towards the city

>It was chilly
>Shivering chilly, but walking warmed me up as i retraced our steps
>Houses, buildings
>I found the restaurant we ate at
>Dark windows, nobody out front and a sign proclaiming it was closed for the night
>Breakfast/Lunch joint i guess.
>I gripped my arms, actually pretty damn cold now
>And went on
>Adventuring past buildings and pathways i'd never seen before
>So, losing myself
>Slowly
>That's what i wanted.
>Any direction i could guess raven went, is a direction i'm going.

>It took me a couple blocks to give up on the direction i was going
>It went from business, to industrial
>and the streets got longer and longer, with nothing on them but warehouses
>I give up, turn around and decide i might as well try back the other way towards sunny's cafe
>She said she lived somewhere around there anyway, so maybe she brought raven back there.
>Doubtfully
>As i spin though, i catch a glimpse
>a white jacket
>Ducking into a building's alcove
>Well
>Fucking great, another idiot helpless girl following me into a fucking dangerous district of the city
>i don't fucking care if i get mugged
>But i'd really be a shameful mess if any of them got hurt because they were following me
>AGAIN
>Well, i have to retrace my steps anyway
>so i just start walking back towards the alcove
>A peeking head seeing me and bobbing back into hiding
>As if that would somehow fix me seeing her in the first place, idiot
>You're wearing a pure white hoodie, i could see you no matter how dark it is.

>As i turned the alcove, i found the unknown follower standing in the corner
>Pretending to just be minding her own business
>The first thought in my mind is that i really would make a shitty super spy, getting followed everywhere like this
>Then i step up, place a hand on her shoulder, and turn her around.
>It's my usual traveling in dark spooky dangerous places in the middle of the night companion
>Gadget
>Who answers my discover with a "Please do not be mad!"
>....
>Mad
>I'm fucking furious
>I let go on her, wail about how she's putting herself in danger and following me at a distance where i can't even help if something happens ect ect ect
>And she just takes it
>Straight face, no smile, hardened eyes
>Takes it like a better man than i am.

>Then a grin
>A shove
>Pushes me away three feet back
>A snap of her wrist, a flick of light and a glimmer.

>She's got an actual switchblade this time
>I was wrong
>It's blondie in brown facepaint
>She positions her legs carefully, preparing for a proper lunge
>Holding the blade outwards, what i would only learn later is "Proper" knifefighting technique
>I hold up my hands, terrified she might actually-
>Stepping back
>Her grin, glimmering in the moonlight along with her blade
>Before she frowns
>"IDIOT!" She barks at me
>"You are SOFT"
>A tone she'd never used with me
>one to invoke fear
>Terror
>I was pissing myself

>I see one of her shoes shift, a glint of steel as the blade changes angle in her hands.
>Flinching myself
>but far too late
>She lunges
>A dark shadow of girl
>One step and she's upon me
>plunging the blade under my ribcage into my chest
>[spoiler]Have you ever been stabbed before anons?[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Being stabbed is probably one of the most painful experiences you'll ever come across[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Not even a bullet compares to a knife. It's cold steel is anything but the moment it enters your skin[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]At first, you don't feel it, as if someone's quietly poked you through with a sharp stick and your body hasn't noticed[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Then you look down, see the blood. Your heart beating, chemicals flooding your body. You're in shock. But you realize you've been hurt[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Then it starts, the blade changes from cold... to warmer... [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]A throbbing heat, an empty warming as it gets hotter and hotter[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Imagine the blade is heated, to a temperature of a flame you can't hold your hand above without flinching away[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]That's the sensation, as if that flame, that heat was slowly creeping up the blade, searing your insides, and you can't get away[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Don't run with scissors, lonely anons[/spoiler]

>The stabbing was fine
>Comes with a complimentary hug and everything.

>[spoiler]They do always call a knife a personal murder weapon[/spoiler]
>Her warmth pressing up against me and making me realize that indeed
>It's fucking freezing out here
>No wonder she's wearing the jacket i had on earlier
>She uses the hug to level her lips with my ear
>Whisper the last words
>"I protect YOU"
>With a nip on my neck to complete the statement
>...in soviet russia
>I return the hug with a squeeze
>"Why would i be mad at you?"
>"I thought... you... were..."
>She buzzes off
>then makes up her mind, and blurts out her ultimatum
>"Do not listen to glasses when we get back"
>...
>....
>Do i ever listen to glasses?
>That's a good question, i think no.
>But i doubt she heard my thoughts because she's back to listening to music on her ipod
>I follow my tugging arm, and get coerced into walking hand in hand down the street

>With a guard shark leading the way. The going is easy
>Well, easier
>IT's still freezing
>And it takes gadget two blocks to remember she's wearing two jackets
>Brought one for me.
>Swapping off the white one, giving me her ruined one and taking the one with hood back for herself
>*shrug* warmer than nothing
>Plus it smells like her
>Which oddly makes the entire experience of wearing it nicer
>It's a bunch more blocks and walking before my feet definitely hurt and we're back to that stupid roundabout circle thing with the buildings again
>Gadget telling me "We didn't go over here"
>No shit sherlock, this was where i was
>Woulda seen you if you had, this is by that stupid cafe where sunny found me
>and as i lead gadget over towards that block
>Where raven probably is.

>The cafe's still open
>Warm light spilling into the street, and some other waitress bustling around inside with a guy working behind the counter

>I make the mistake of walking in and asking the waitress where the "Little girl that hangs out in here" went
>She was some african american lady
>And boy did she give me the most condescending "I aint tellin no pedophiles where to find that cute little girl" expression i've ever seen
>Right i forgot
>Male, talking to a female, about younger girls
>Doesn't matter what you're talking about, you're not allowed to.
>Gadget saves the day by remembering Sunny-D's name
>And saying "She knows where our friend went, and we are trying to find her"
>Obviously, this backup of my statement by a female of darker color, no matter her ethnicity bodes well with the waitress.
>She points me towards the counter.
>Which is where i realize i should have just gone first, because the guy recognizes me from earlier and says he's never seen someone get so angry
>He points us to the back entrance, and says there's a staircase out there that leads to the loft above.
>Oooh
>a loft

>I should probably be worried he said i'm the reincarnation of the hulk, and just directed me to her doorstep
>But i guess he saw her following me around and assumed i was a friend or something
>They've got a funny little alleyway, and a metal staircase up to the second floor, which we cautiously climb
>I'm quickly aware that her uncle is probably going to answer the door
>And demand to know why two random teenagers are trying to talk to his daughter at it's-cold-out-o-clock
>Right, excuses are, we're jacket peddlers come from colder climates and we noticed your daughter was complaining it was cold today...
>Gadget agrees, and we knock on the door three times
>Solid plan
>What could go wrong
>Well, a lot of things
>But the main one is the uncle didn't answer the door
>Nobody did
>At all
>We knocked like seven more times, figuring any more than that probably means they weren't home
>):
>Then i gave up
>Downtrodden, we climbed down the stairs and returned to the Cafe
>asking the simple question "Have you seen her today after i was here?"

>Nobody had, and she supposedly always came downstairs to say goodnight to the customers.
>Sunny-D got lost too):

>I didn't know what else to do, so i ordered coffees.
>and we sat there
>Warming our chilled bones
>I finished mine first, and gadget second
>Not that it mattered
>We just sat there for another ten minutes, silently staring out the windows
>It's not until the guy at the counter tells us he's got to close up soon that we realize how long we've been sitting here
>waiting
>for raven to come by, someone we were expecting
>She does
>Not raven, but an hour after we'd arrived a girl in a sundress appears
>Almost out of nowhere, one moment she's not in the shop, the next she is
>I only realize she's come in when i hear her voice
>Talking to the guy behind the counter, and exclaiming that she's just baked him a cinnamon roll
>I turn around just in time to realize that it is indeed the droid i'm looking for.

>Gadget says her name
>just one little name
>and then Sunny-D stares over in our direction in surprise
>Then terror
>White as a sheet she goes, brighter than the summerdress
>Then she's up, and around the corner
>We give chase, or try to, get to the back door of the shop
>But the guy behind the counter has just hit "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO THE CUTE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE SHOPOWNER" - Mode
>and it takes us atleast 10 ability points and three turns each to slay him
>By the time we're outside to the metal stairs, the door at the top is slamming closed
>WHY is she running away from us?!

>I spend all of my energy politely knocking on the door
>For minutes
>Until i decide pounding is a better idea because she's not answering
>She's been in there this entire time
>Some stupid reason she won't come out and talk to us
>I resort to yelling
>"Please! We just want to know where our friend went"
>Gadget joins the banging as well
>"We are worried about her!"

>Sunny-D doesn't respond
>Nor does anyone else
>In fact the coffee guy comes over and we have to fight him again in his even stronger form before he believes us
>Then he helps, with his voice
>We gave up on banging ages ago
>"Hey! Thanks for the Cinnimon roll! It was delicious" He shouts through the door
>"These two really want to talk to you, so why don't you put the chain on and say goodnight to me, and tell them where their friend went?"
>Clever
>Compliments to butter her up first
>This guy did serve coffee to customers all day huh

>He tells us to "shh" and wait for her to come to the door
>We stand there
>Three painfully arms-sore-chilly minutes
>But eventually a lock clicks
>Some scratches are heard on the other side of the door, and eventually it opens
>a little pair of girl eyes peeking out
>Blue
>"You're welcome coffee man!" she exclaims, before hastily adding "Goodnight" and trying to close the door again
>Too late for her
>My foot's in the way, AHA!
>She struggles to close the door a couple times, trying to smash my foot but failing
>Then tries kicking my ankle out of the way
>"Get! OUT!" She yells with that last bit being her stubbing her toe on my shoe
>Then tumbling over to the floor on her end, clutching her foot and nearly crying
>"Go away! You're not allowed!"
>Feels for tormenting a 13 year old girl who's seemingly home alone at 9:00 at night
>Am i above this?
>Naw
>Fuck it i wana know where raven is
>She's just lucky i don't have a rubber band.

>Coffee guy gets all jittery, tells us we should just leave her alone
>But he doesn't entirely stop us
>Just standing there to make sure we don't hurt her or something.
>That's not part of the plan
>But plans can be changed
>I crouch down to eye level with sunny-d clutching her foot
>It's her fault she kicked me without any shoes on, seriously
>I ask her the all important question

>"What did you do? with the diamonds!?"
>She keeps pretending she doesn't know
>So we switch topics
>I ask what happened to raven after she left the restaurant
>The answer i get is "She told me not to tell you!"
>...
>Expected as much

>Guess i have to use my secret weapon
>the weakness of all little girls
>The charm that none of them can resist
>That they'll run head over heels and bend over backwards for
>[spoiler]No you pervert, little girls hate the D[/spoiler
>[spoiler]They love the L though[/spoiler]
>you break out the "Love" word and girls will vanish off into a world of fantasy and personal wishes for romance
>That's also coincidentally how...
>no, you know what no
>i'm not explaining this because i shouldn't be giving out a manual
>I told that bitch a story
>Bitches love stories
>"So Sunny-D, i know she told you not to, but she's my best friend in the entire world and i'm worried sick about her..."
>"She means so much to me..."
>"...and i don't know what i'm going to do without her..."
>Most of it true, although my romantic feelings were more or less on hold at the moment
>She didn't know that.
>Poor Sunny
>she wasn't crying about her toe anymore

>She sobbed for a moment, then collected herself and stood up
>"I'm sorry, my uncle's not here so you can't come in~"
>Attitude entirely changed by my speech
>Horray
>"But wait you invited me in earli-
>"She said she was going to the harbor, she wouldn't come with me when i invited her here..."
>then almost as another cry she explains the rest
>"She told me you broke her heart, and that she never wanted to talk to anyone again, and asked me to keep where she was going a secret"
>"but... you didn't break her heart did you? You just want to fix it right?"
>uhh
>I nod

>Gadget nods
>coffee guy nods
>Obviously touched by this heartwarming scene
>

>We thank her for her knowledge of raven's location, ask if she knows which part of the harbor (she doesn't) and we wave and are off
>Towards the harbor
>Coffee guy blesses us with his mystical coffee juju, then vanishes into a puff of roasted-coffee smelling smoke.
>A saint in our time of need indeed
>His mythical coffee powers however can't assist us in the most generic suggestion of directions to go ever
>"The harbor"
>Practically the entire city was a harbor
>Gadget and i walked
>And walked
>And walked
>Up and down bays and streets and everywhere we could even remotely imagine.
>To no luck, none whatsoever
>Besides a quickly dwindling number of people, a curfew we were probably breaking and an absolute lack of direction.
>We didn't find any lost friends
>Just a whole lot of nothing
>Gadget was a trooper
>she didn't complain, or whine, or say it was too cold
>Just silently followed, keeping me company all night

>We only stopped when i realized my legs were burning
>a dull throbbing i'd put away, the back of my mind
>But we'd walked miles, it was time to give up and return to the house
>Or risk falling asleep somewhere out here in the city
>Miles of walking back, who knows how far we'd gone
>We stumble into the front yard of the house
>My legs are jelly
>I'm frozen solid
>It all kinda tumbles down, and i end up back first on the grass
>Staring at the night sky
>Gadget trudges her way up to the front door, unlocks it somehow
>Probably a key she had in her pocket
>and vanishes inside
>Leaving me out here alone
>Perfectly happy

>Staring up at the stars and waiting for raven to come home
>waiting for the stars to pass.

>Maybe i fell asleep
>Maybe i didn't
>But the creak as the front door opens brings me back to this realm
>It's probably someone sneaking up through the grass
>the quiet footsteps
>The Gasp, and the kneeling beside me
>"You're freezing cold!" Blondie exclaims, her hand to my cheek
>h... hi blondie
>stars are nice tonight
>oh
>wait what, you're dragging me inside
>no wait the grass was war-
>Eww carpet isn't grass-
>ow, stairs, ow, please don't-
>Ok some kind of bed, great exactly what i need
>Gadget's already in it curled up under blankets
>Lookin all warm
>Wait where did my jacket go
>and my shoes
>how am i already in bed
>no don't trap me in here
>Help anons two women are wrapping me in blankets and forcing me to sleep
>that doesn't sound that bad actually
>maybe i'll take them up on that offer.
>Maybe i really can't remember how i got upstairs and into that bed, but i remember blondie and gadget spooning me.
>Way warmer than outside
>where...r-

Ruse Part #3 Released, which is just the completion of the ruse TRILOGY. Aka glasses lore donation story. The entire things there and finished now. Horray!
http://storybroadventures.wordpress.com/about/donations/the-ruse/

Update # 75 : November 7th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14517810

>I woke up sticky, thrashing
>A startled bolt upright into the darkness
>Sweat streaming down my forehead,
>It took me that unsettling moment to catch my bearings
>Remember where i was, exhausted, but no longer lying on the front lawn
>Instead i had far too many blankets on
>A comforter, some large sheet thing, and two women
>One of which i'd rustled awake jumping up with such a start
>An alerted "What's wrong!?"
>from blondie
>To my left
>Considering i'd just woken up with my heart beating out of my chest, the strongest memory that i'd forgotten something terribly important and an empty sense of dread?
>"Everything"

>First thing i really want to do is get out of bed
>I'm not tired, even though my eyes are burning as if i hadn't slept in weeks
>That's the worst sensation
>the urge to close them again, and the calming spreading coolness that drips behind your eyelids when you do
>But i forced them open again, with the thrusts of my heart against my chest
>I try to roll, escape the confines of my cloth prison
>But there's still someone in the way, blondie
>She's not budging, instead
>Two arms, wrap around my writing attempt to escape, and her lips press to my cheek
>Not a kiss
>a comforting whisper
>"Shhh, it's ok! You're fine it was just a nightmare!"
>Blondie
>You idiot, i don't have nightmares.
>It's soothing on my nerves just the same.

>I let her
>Just for a moment, i succumb to that warm embrace of safety
>To her chest, which surprisingly has no barriers between us.
>Letting her tug me close, stilling my limbs into quiet rest once again
>Not much reason to struggle when someone's hugging you into her boobs.

>Because it seems i'm missing my shirt, pants and shoes... again.
>Not sure what she's wearing, or why she's topless
>Or even odder still, why she's as sticky and covered in sweat as i am.
>I'm... pretty sure we didn't...
>and the clothes.
>I mean i can guess, but i ask anyway
>The response makes less sense than i expected
>"It... was too hot"
>Seriously i just sigh
>Blondie, if that's really the best excuse you can come up with for removing my clothes and spooning naked
>"You seriously need to work on your excuses" i bluntly tell her
>"I...IT'S NOT.. an.. excuse!"
>She stammers back.
>Right

>Well, actually i've still got my boxers on i guess
>Probably wasn't too keen in me giving her a poke when i was sleepin
>A point she restates when i try to sit up again, her still attached
>"Besides i didn't do anything! Not until you're awake like... now"
>She gives me .00001 seconds to process this new tone, the attitude in her statement.
>And the body movement that accompanies it.
>Before i find a hand, quite firmly grasping the bulge in my boxers
>I freeze, solid
>All movement ceases, analyze the threat
>Female, Blonde hair, small hands, capable of serious bodily harm at a moment's notice.
>Very WARM small hands.
>Eeeee-
>The last half of my eep is interrupted by an accompanying pair of very warm lips pressed to mine
>Captain of my ship realizing he's being boarded
>It's not just a boarding, its a full on takeover
>She's opened her lips, and her tongue's trying to slip between my teeth
>Attacking my gums and tickling the inside of my lips
>A teasing presence, she's good, i almost giggle
>With that my jaw moves imperceptibly, and she's in
>Attacking me with full force, surprised and absolutely unable to retaliate
>I forgot blondie was a great kisser
>I also forgot that was my fault.

>I want to blurt out so many things
>My eyes must have been wider than blown airlocks because shit i was surprised

>Heart still beating out of my chest, dripping with sweat and a pang in my gut, a girl i'd never expected to kiss me first.
>Ever
>Just did
>I could blurt out a million questions about why she was suddenly being so forward, or what would we do if gadget woke up.
>And i tried
>Finding the slightest respite from her onslaught of tongue based combat, i pulled back.
>My head just enough to lose lip contact, and speak
>The second question first
>"What if gadget wa-"
>That's as far as i get before my words are strangled by a squeak my mouth seems to make of it's own accord
>I could blame lots of things, loss of sleep, maybe a late onset voice change. Or i could have just been possibly thirsty.
>But face it, this was blondie
>She had my balls, and she squeezed
>Lightly enough not to really hurt, but hard enough to send that jolt of pain up my spine
>Just a tiny one
>It said to shut the fuck up

>It also said, with a sultry whisper
>That "She would probably watch"
>Hnggg, not sure if aroused, of terrified
>Maybe both
>Her hand, leaving it's throne of ballcuppery and instead venturing under the waistband of my boxer's
>Firmly gripping what definitely felt like an exceptionally stiff hard-on.
>[spoiler]Sometimes they come harder, and sometimes they come softer than others, it all depends[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]This one could probably push out aggregated nanorods for the hardest metal known to man award[/spoiler]
>So yeah
>Definitely both
>Terrified was still a huge part of it though, seriously ball squeezing is a no-go
>Best shot i had was at controlling the situation from my side too, mutually assured destruction would easily prevent this from happening again
>I pick easy targets
>Her chest

>Strongly asserting my dominance, i take one hand and grab, squeeze, and roughly maul one of her breasts
>It's soft as pudding, hot as a cake fresh out of the oven and forgive me for i have sinned

breasts are amazing.
>I almost get distracted into playing with it
>Instead of actually trying to hurt her with a squeeze too hard for her to enjoy
>I know i've done it right when she tenses, whimpers and stops everything she's doing
>Her hand lightly stroking my member, pauses it's ministrations
>Her tongue, seeking permanent asylum on my territory, halts it's adventure
>Then the clever girl squeezes back
>HARD
>"Eeep!"
>Squeaking again, i realize i've just started a war that i couldn't possibly win
>I attack again, squeezing
>but this time she just lets loose a low moan into my mouth, pressing herself against me
>Panic
>I forgot she liked this sort of thing

>Not that i can help it, it's hot as fuck
>Less kissing and more like grinding at this point
>The cascading waves of movement meaning different bits of skin are being pressed up against different body parts all the time
>Hands roaming, grasping ,squeezing
>Every time she tries to hurt me, i try to hurt her back
>Even if it shouldn't be the case, i'm losing.
>I squeeze her anywhere
>Dig my fingers into her ribs, clutch her shoulder
>Grab her throat, or knead her chest
>She squeezes the base of my cock painfully, rolls my balls through one hand, digs claws into my sides, or rakes fingernails across SOMETHING sensitive.
>I'm not sure if i like it
>Or "OW!"
>That's her digging fingernails into that bit of stomach that she's already lovingly bruised
>Hate it
>Definitely hate it
>She didn't hate it though, not even close
>One of those legs found its way over mine
>This let her wrap her thighs close, and press her waterfall
>Yep, we're talking more river flowing than the amazon, into my upraised knee.

>Typical blondie
>Accidentally murders me all these years
>Gets off on me hurting her back
>what a tweeest
>I wonder if she was just hinting at something this entire time....
>eww

>Actually dying is not my fetish it seems
>I tell her this
>"B... blondie!?"
>That's not me calling out her name in some amazing orgasmic bliss
>That's trying to ask a question while she digs some claws into your ribs kinda exclaiming.
>"C... could you stop a...actua-
>She squeezes again, something tender
>"Actuallyhurtingmei'mlosingmyboner"
>Phew
>Said it
>"O... oh!"
>A puff of smoke, along with that exclamation
>"But... you're going to stop then...."

>She practically starts sadfacing, almost glow in the dark it's so palpable
>Instead of you know, saying "But i like what you're doing keep going" like a normal human being
>Im pretty sure she just pouts
>I'd already realized she liked the roughplay, and as long as she didn't hurt me back
>I could squeeze her to my heart's content i figure
>Pressing my palm onto a nipple, i claw at as much breast as i can get
>A bit more than a handful, but plenty.
>Moan in return
>Along with a quick kiss, and then a retreat
>From her, not me, quickly spurring the question as to if i'd done something wro-
>"Harder"
>...
>Kinky
>As long as you're not going to knee me in the balls..
>I guess i could squeeze harder, nothing to be afraid of like before.
>Aside from actually hurting her of course.
>I restart the kiss, grab a nipple
>roll it between my pointer and thumb, and squeeze
>Hard
>Moan quickly turns into an "mmmmhhhhAOOOWW"
>oops
>Too hard
>[spoiler]Nipples are hella sensitive, you really shouldn't ever be touching them with your fingers anyway[/spoiler]

>The accompanying clutch
>Gasp of breath in my ear as she wraps her arms, and legs around me

>Pulling close, tensing her legs
>Clasped together around my back, squeezing
>Hips...cru-shi...ng...
>Shoulders...painfully... dislocated
>A hiccup
>lol
>Then "Don't... do that again"
>lol
>And she pulls back
>Unwrapping everything
>Undoing all physical contact, and leaving me alone
>Confused
>"w...what did i d.."
>"Leave me alone! Just go!"
>WHAT

>My heart's still beating
>Hand's shaking
>But whatever it was that woken me has long been forgotten
>All that was on my mind is how
>how did i fuck up that badly
>Twang of heart pain, a throb of guilt
>I NEED to know what i'd just done
>Still shootin, i ask.
>"Wait, i know i didn't just fuck up that badly, what's wro-
>Instead of responding
>She kicks me
>Hits my knee, shoves herself backwards in the bed more
>away from me
>Reactionary, i reach out
>Expecting to find her shoulder, or something to grab
>Instead i end up bonking her on the forehead with my knuckles
>Boom headshot.
>To the tune of her shouting "I SAID STOP"
>t... that wasn't foreplay i...
>it's just dark
>I mumble
>sadly

>Well this went pathetic quick
>Blondie squirms around over there
>Rustling of sheets
>Then a thump, and i realize she's out of the bed

>either fallen out, or hopped to the ground
>A sob confirms it was probably a mixture of the two
>And that i have to follow
>I worm my way to the edge, and get ready to get out, when her voice rings out
>From somewhere in the shadows of the room
>"There's the door! Just leave!"
>A peaceful request, anything but kind.
>...
>is... is she allowed to do that in this situation anons?
>My mind doesn't think so
>So instead the goal is to find her, and wrestle her into a hug
>Or submission
>Or just get that dagger.
>Tentatively reaching out into the darkness, i find nothing with hands
>So i take a step, and then another
>She told me to leave, but this probably counts as an attack
>Searching for her, invisible
>Must remember to watch out for the scythe
>And track her footsteps in the snow.

>I take another step
>and one more, before my toe touches something cold
>Hard
>Startles the shit out of me, and i tumble over sideways
>Knocking down a bottle of something with a clink, and landing not-so-delightfully flat on my back
>with an "Owww..."
>And
>"was that a wine bottle?"
>Then my slow realization
>"YOU'RE DRUNK!"
>An accusation i make into the darkness
>That's the only way i could ever see her being this forward
>And then instantly reluctant
>It all made sense
>or... it didn't
>"It's wine, corked so you didn't spill it or anything, and i'm NOT drunk"
>...
>I don't belie-
>"There wasn't enough anyway, i just took the bottle from downstairs and had half a glass trying to sleep..."
>Sure she says some other things
>Like "It didn't help" and "I was worried waiting for you" and some other stuff

>Implying she's been awake this entire time
>But my mind just latches onto the bottle
>"YOU DRANK WINE?"
>I bellow out into the darkness again
>This time, i'm sure i heard her flinch
>"y... yeah but i'm not dru... drunk, i didn-
>Gadget speaks up, from out of the darkness as an interruption
>"He is not worried about you being drunk"

>Gadget's been awake for who knows how long
>Probably listening
>I ignore it, figuring as much and asking instead, completely serious
>"The WINE on the coffee table?"
>the darkness blurts out an angry "YES, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL"
>*sigh*
>Only girl in the house that didn't know, and she gets ahold of the bottle
>They must have poured what was left of the half-full glasses back in.
>Mood swings, aggressive behavior
>Inability to sleep, clothes too hot.
>Plus a knack for stealing my clothing when i sleep...
>and i guess we could tack arousal onto that list.
>All in-all i suddenly felt really bad
>Alcohol's one thing
>But as gadget puts it lightly from across the room
>"Because you drank the coke"

>She instantly lashes out
>An anger she doesn't have, so obviously it was cocaine talking
>"WE DON'T HAVE ANY SODA"
>Half expected her to say "No that was raven&glasses"
>Bastards
>Never forget, never forgive, ect.
>But i clarify
>"No, the cocaine you stole, you drank the last of it"
>Trying to calmly defuse the situation in the dark
>She's still got a scythe after all, and i'm on the ground not-so safe.
>Not for long
>Gadget rustles in bed, and stands up
>the creaking of the springs as her weight lifts, and then footsteps
>Presumably gadget is a cat, perfect memory
>Or has night vision goggles, because the light flicks on a moment or two later
>I blink just quickly enough to see the blur of her hiding the goggles behind her back
>Wearing a shirt of some kind, a long T-shirt, that nearly tangles between her thighs

>Blondie then
>Still silent
>Standing there, quietly looking small, blinking her eyes to the brightness
>In the entryway of the closet, completely naked

>She looks small
>Distraught, and crying
>My daww senses tingle and i'm quickly to my feet and beside her, hugging
>That hug i owed her anyway, it's not accepted very well
>there's a bit of struggling
>Some "No! I said LEAVE's" involved
>Yada yada i know what you said but you're an optional boss blondie
>Can't finish the game without you
>Who knows what i said to her
>something calming, or kind, or soothing, in whispers as i held her close
>a forceful close
>Enough that she was pressed against my chest, and her head was over my shoulder
>And i was easily prodding her in the stomach with something hard
>But she didn't comment on that
>Or complain, not after a minute
>She just hugged back
>And cried
>While i tried to resist touching fluffy tail
>Failed, ultimately
>Somewhere down the line one of my hands ended up holding the small of her back
>But the trying is what matters.

>She enjoys the hug for a moment
>Maybe two
>then gets back to shoving me
>One hard push and i nearly slide off my feet
>I realize she's not entirely thinking properly, so
>Restrain her maybe?
>It's not that hard
>I can't even be sure she didn't just let me
>But i had her hands, and i had her hands together
>And then together above her head, and pinned against the wall
>The angle of me leaning forward, one arm pressed and holding her wrists together above her head
>Placing us completely even
>Eye to eye
>Deep blue, a questioning expansive depth of color for her expressions
>Emotions

>There's a fantastic thing with holding someone down and staring into their eyes
>They tell you everything you ever wanted to know about that person
>And most importantly, how much they trust you.
>I didn't even shift my eyes down to eye her chest more than once
>Serious, only once
>The eye contact is nearly disorienting
>Disconcerting, and eventually depressing
>I break it, shifting my eyes downward, letting go as i do
>She was high, and i had been taking advant-

>Not seeing it coming this time
>I get another shove
>This one with a leg under mine, and i trip
>Stumble backwards, but don't fall entirely
>Blondie catches my arm, and lowers me the rest of the way to the floor
>Hard, but softer than falling.
>Then she's on my lap again, stradling me
>Pinning me down, my arms, this time
>uh oh- payba-
>She smooches me
>right on the lips, hard, long, a full kiss
>Before pulling back, and sliding her bangs out of her face and frowning at me
>...what the hell did i do to deserve that... my face must have said
>Because her "You were SUPPOSED to hold me down and KISS ME"
>...
>Well it's an answer to that question i guess
>The other answer includes both of her hands sliding down to my waist, her lifting herself up, and proceeding to tug down my boxers
>I mean my arms were free to stop her after that sure
>But i didn't

>Instead
>I asked the serious question, because i'm pretty sure blondie was fully intent on probably raping me at this point.
>Violently if i disagreed, as proven by the location of her hands, returning to not-so safe places as she gets the boxers halfway down to my knees
>As far as she can push them while sitting on me forwards
>And scoots her butt up to rest, happily a crease where my erection nestles
>I don't ask blondie the question
>Instead i ask gadget
>Who's back on the bed now
>A position she took up with a flying leap.
>Elbows on the mattress, chin on hands.

>Watching
>And grinning at me
>Blondie isn't looking at her, but she's nearly laughing, i can see
>So i ask gadget the question
>"Is... is she going to regret this later?"
>She being the feral female glaring me in the eyes with blue fire.
>You know, like alcohol where you feel bad about doing something later
>I figure i should stop her if that's the case
>I mean i'll go ahead... but if she's going to regret it...
>Gadget shakes her head
>"Probably not, she wants to, she may just enjoy it more"
>"Oh and she will not get as tired"
>Hot

>Wait
>I snap laser eyes at gadget "You better not be talking from experience-" i silently glare out
>Gadget eeps, and waves her hands in a "nononono!" manner, thus i can assume she's safe before-
>I'm assaulted by blondie again, this time she leans in and licks my closed lips when i'm not staring at her
>"eww!" this makes me almost say
>But almost seems to be the theme, because she catches my bottom lip in her teeth
>rolls it backwards, carefully
>Not doing anything but whining quietly when she does.
>Alright, fuck it blondie
>"Where's the condoms?"
>Figure i might as well just go ahead with her plan as lo-
>"We don't need any"
>... what
>"No, yes we do, where did you put them?"
>I'm serious as shit
>We aint doin this without no rubbers
>She disagrees

>Pouts and leans back, wriggling her hips
>Hnngggg, the friction between her thighs, AMAZING
>I'm drenched, there's a liberal amount of sticky all over my crotch, and an exceptionally attractive female demanding my dick
>Yet
>I have to restate my objection, hesitantly at best
>"No, we need condoms, where are they?"
>Blondie shifts her hips again, a mini hngg from me
>Then pouts again, a singsong bratty voice accompanies.

>"If gadget is safe than i'm safe, we're on the same cycle anyway..."
>nonononononono
>"nonononononononono"
>Blondie argues "Yesyesyesyesyes" and kisses me on the nose, lifting her hips and reaching down
>NONON-

>Gadget giggles, and saves my life
>Probably literally
>She clears her throat, pulling both of us into staring at her.
>Takes on a completely serious tone, straight face and everything
>"blondie... the last safe day is yesterday..."
>Then blondie looks to me with an "Oh"
>I'm still staring at gadget-
>wh-
>She winks
>I see it
>Clever
>Blondie mumbles something about them being under the bed, and gadget leans down and rummages under the edge
>finds a box, opens it and tosses us a package
>As is the least sexy part of intercourse, it takes me about thirty seconds to unwrap, reach under the terrifyingly slimy and slippery gap between her thighs, and roll the darn thing down.
>Smell of latex, lovely
>I hatteee that smell

>Bringing my hands back up quickly waves the musk of girl around though
>Strong, seductive and as always like a hint of earth along with a touch of oak leaves.
>I didn't eat her out this time, and she was soaked
>Positively, i could swear i could feel it
>But not through the condom i couldn't
>Not even as i asked her the final "Are you sure?"
>and her nod
>Movement of two hands, to position me
>She was dripping, that i could see, if being wet was a problem before, her entrance was as good as it's going to get.
>I guessed she'd want to be on top
>More control that way, for the pain, go at her own pace i figured.
>I was right, nearly entirely
>Told her to go when she was ready, and i watched hips sink
>Ever so slightly, the tiniest drop, as the petals of that fleshy flower did what they always do when you're entering.

>Sure she was an innie, but the labia still folded inwards, ever so slightly
>following the head, a full half-inch
>Then a pause
>And not just a pause, because my eyes were on what was happening down below
>And her grip, one hand on my shoulder, claws digging in
>and the other on my side, holding herself for support, to alleviate the pressure downwards
>Mouth open ever so slightly, in an "oh..."

>Realizing all-too-quickly that although i was enjoying the searing warmth of her insides on just the head
>The tightness, squeezing
>That desperate odd urge to thrust upwards and embed just a little more
>I couldn't
>And she was stopping because it hurt, was stretching something that hadn't technically been stretched before
>So of course i had to shift my hands up, and hold her up
>Carry some of the weight, and let her relax at her own pace
>Really a strength contest.
>[spoiler]I forgot how not-fun virgins were[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You'll hear this a lot i bet, about virgins not being that great a lay and more of a novelty, it's true[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They're great when you're just learning, because it's like there's no pressure not to fuck up[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They don't know if you're bad at sex or the sexiest man in jamaica[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But it's like a conversation, talking to your partner is the best part[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]With virgins, it's less talking, and more teaching them the words[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They know a few, but you're really just waiting for them to catch up so you can really chat[/spoiler]

>Blondie took her time
>Adjusting, leaning forward, and sliding
>Ever so slowly, centimeters at a time down
>The feeling, sensation was entirely different
>I never wore condoms, seriously this was technically my first
>Sure id played around with some, but never with a girl.
>The entire thing felt odd, as if there was an element missing, but entirely replaced
>Instead of friction, there was a dull encompassing squeeze
>And a pressure, a tightness
>as if my little diver was wearing a suit and has just plunged headfirst into the ocean depths
>Even if he was only an inch and a half in, the sticky walls
>The heat

>how women were always so much hotter than i was, a mystery i'll never solve
>Boiling ocean for sure, it's a slow dive
>Until the great barrier reef, that's when she stops
>Tenses fingers, nails digging into my shoulder, my side
>And she pulls upward, slightly, and off, but not entirely.
>I'm just staring mind you
>Watching fascinated as she impales herself
>But i realize it's probably my job to guide her through it
>So i start, best advice you can give a girl
>"Go at your own pace, it's going to hurt like hell when you break it, but the faster you do it the quicker it'll be over"
>Then the trick, i'll show you the trick.

>Blondie grunted an "I know" to my instruction
>Obviously pretending she knew
>She didn't, it'll hurt like hell
>Remember anons, pain is entirely localized and measured off of what nerves just so happen to be connecting the painful bits.
>So for those males of you who can't comprehend what something tearing inside you feels like
>It's in the same place as the nerves that connect to your testicles, and women have the same bundles of nerves.
>That unsettling throbbing pain after you hit your balls? Just that bit
>That and a rip, as if something inside you breaks. Are what you feel.
>What she felt, as she lifted her hips and dropped
>Weight entirely situated in one piercing contact
>I couldn't feel a damn thing
>Silently beating myself up for not just breaking her hymen without a condom and going back for one after she was stretched out.
>She sank three total inches down, gasping air
>Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale
>No yelps, squeals, screams, or anything close.
>Just rapid breaths, shallow
>I was more worried about her than what i was feeling honestly
>So i used my trick, one that's good for multiple purposes, but it's rather simple
>I leaned forward, wrapped my arm around her lower back and held her
>As firmly as possible, pressing her back forward, jutting her chest upwards
>As i lowered my mouth and took an errant nipple ransom
>Then bit (lightly!)

>The idea of course is to distract her from the pain down lower, and nip the bud between your teeth
>Flicking the exposed portion with your tongue

>That's the idea
>Blondie however tensed up, breath's coming quickly and shallow
>In, out, in, out
>and then lost all tension entirely
>!!!!!!!!!
>Instead of holding herself up, she slid forward, and collapsed on top of me and bent my dick at an obscene angle that REALLY hurt. before i squirmed it free
>Returned lying flat on my back on the carpet.
>She's unconscious

>I ... i didn't realize it hurt that much! I'm so sorry blondie!
>I've just traumatized her
>ruined her first, it's over
>I was a terrible choi-
>Gadget reminds me she's still here with an "Oh, she breathed too hard and passed out"
>...
>Oh
>OH!
>hyperventilation, right that's a thing
>not my fault at all!
>I'm not entirely sure what i should be doing however
>Insert another coin?
>Continue? Y/N?
>Gadget fields my question with an actually really entertaining answer
>"If you loosen her up it will hurt less later"
>...
>Sure thing gadget let me get a wrench
>That's a great plan
>But it actually is
>I'm technically still inside, but just barely
>So without any kind of fancy sexy actions, i give it a slow steady thrust and plunge pretty much as far in as i'm going to go
>It's easy going, i just have to pull out and thrust in a little bit more every time i get stuck.
>Before hitting a definite wall, not even all the way in yet
>Second hymen probably, freak of nature
>But no matter what it didn't seem i was passing it, with two inches of myself still very-much outside of her body.
>And i didn't feel comfortable actually fucking her like this, so i pulled out.
>Wasn't that great with a condom anyway, i was hard, but last place.

>Ehhh
>Now there's that weird part of after-sex

>where you have an unconscious and/or dead girl on your hands, and you have to decide what to do with her.
>Worst part really
>Second worst is putting the condom on.
>I decide that lifting her up, dead-walking her over to the bed and piling her on is the best choice
>Gadget agrees
>Then careful positioning later she's appropriately stowed away with wraps of blankets and pillows
>Im pretty sure she's not sleeping
>but as gadget says "She looks happier like that"
>I can't help but agree
>Gadget glances at me, the usual up and down
>Eyes focus on my crotch, still hard of course
>I didn't get off even a little bit, i was going to be a rock for days.
>As if we didn't already know what to expect right?
>Wait for it
>She'll say it.
>3
>2
>1
>"You should go to the bathroom"
>----------

>):
>I thought... she was going...
>):
>):):):
>Frowns all the way, i hang my head
>I'd ask her but honestly if she's not interested...
>Like, the last thing i'd want to ever do to gadget is be pushy and ask for sex
>Ever
>If she wants it that's fine, but if she doesn't then there's just no right for me to ask.
>So i hide my frown and slide off the bed
>The bathroom's right here (the pink one of evil), so i walk right in and peel off the condom, toss it in the trash
>Eh, money's worth i guess
>Gadget yells something else into the bathroom, which sounds curiously like "Make sure it's clean!"
>what?
>"what?!"
>She sighs, a loud audible thing
>Then appears in the doorway seconds later, and points at my erection, which is happily standing perpendicular to myself

>Wagging as i move
>"Make sure it is clean"
>... clean? what? "Why?!"
>Like i didn't even get the damn thing wet.

>Gadget, the brown goddess that she is
>Clarifies
>"I told you?"
>...
>No?
>What?
>"I think i am allergic to... um the plastic"
>ooh, wait
>"Latex?" i ask
>She nods, obviously that one
>asking that it's the same one doctors use in gloves (i say yes) and saying it gives her a rash and sometimes bumps
>Which, she doesn't want... down there for rather intelligent reasons.
>Doesn't have to tell me twice.
>Without even the tiniest hint of hesitation, i've turned on the shower
>Grabbing the soap and rinsing the shit outa my crotch

I think thats end for tonight.

It's like, the technical last day of the story. and it's 5:00 AM ish story time. So that gives you an idea of how much is left.

Sun/Monday confirmed as much as i can, my schedule has been awful lately. Just check the doc for notes as they get closer.

Update #76 : November 9th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14555826

>I realize my folly when i leave the shower
>Not that part about me being dripping wet
>Or the fact that gadget's been standing in the doorway absently watching me with a fair amount of eye contact for the duration of my quick wash up.
>I realize my general folly is pretty much the exact same one i had with blondie.

>I was now ABSOLUTELY terrified of getting anyone else pregnant
>So when i stepped out of that oh-so-very pink stall
>Stepped onto the waiting floor mat, and stared at gadget
>I realized about instantly that as excited i was when i got in, the entire bit of excitement was pretty much gone because without condoms.
>We aren't doing anything
>):

>That's a shitty feeling in itself
>Completely overwriting the shitty feelings i was already feeling about <THOUGHT PROCESS BLOCKED>
>Doubly so was the smile she was giving me
>Not entirely a full grin, or a "I know what i'm getting in a moment" kind of thing
>No bedroom eyes, or seductive eye only bend and flips
>Instead it was that kind of smile that you only give off, subconsciously or intentionally, when you're genuinely interested in spending time with someone.
>She made small talk as i grabbed a saddening towel
>Wiping away the shower's tears as the new set of events had to be revealed.
>I could break my resolve, but actually no
>I couldn't
>Rules are only flexible sometimes, and now was not one of those times, i'd probably have to te-
>"We do not really have to... you know..."
>My eyes jet upwards, resignation clear
>But i wasn't the one who said that
>She was
>"We can just go back to sleep if you want..."
>Then she made that smile
>^.^
>That one
>I don't know anyone else who's ever managed to make that smile IRL
>But gadget was one of the chosen few

>Unluckily, as much of a crotch-driven male as i am
>Or maybe that's not a counter point
>Anyway, i'd hope it was clear by now that i'm empathetic as all hell.
>So those little contextual hints, the downwards swirl of her eyes after a smile, the way she was standing, legs together instead of firmly apart.
>The grip of her hand on the doorframe, dark fingers a stark contrast to the pink (yes the doorframe was pink) ridges
>A firm claw grasp, the tense position of her hand giving away far more than a trip up of her voice ever could.

>Women aren't somehow miraculously different creatures than men, they're just more imaginative.
>You watch a guy politely screw someone else sure that'll get everyone kinda turned on.
>But i'll tell you a secret
>[spoiler]For the girl, the important part is knowing she's next[/spoiler]
>So sure it was one of those times where she says "Oh no, it's fine"
>But she wants me to say bend over
>[spoiler]And she'll be disappointed if i don't[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]That's a great lesson in decoding female logic anons, take it to heart and pretend you're them for just a moment[/spoiler]

>So the everlasting conundrum of "You don't have to" but i secretly want you to
>I wrap the towel around my waist, figure that sends a strong enough signal
>No matter how weak it is
>Then i point at the bathtu...
>My finger changes its mind about two seconds into pointing
>Bad idea
>Point at the shower instea....
>Oh
>Hmmm
>The be... no that's got blondie
>The toilet?
>Eww
>The tile floor?
>Too pink, and hard
>I just give up trying to find bathroom places and finally point towards the bedroom again
>Poor gadget, has made herself practically dizzy following my finger like a cat follows a laser pointer
>Just imagine pouncing on every object
>We finally lead her tail wagging and leaping into the other room, and there's a big comfy expanse of carpet out here near the foot of the bed
>Perfect i figure, nothing to slip and fall here
>Or drown, or get murdered by falling objects like televisions
>Or ANY OF THE BAD THINGS THAT KEEP HAPPENING WHEN I TRY TO GET ROMANTIC WITH GADGET
>seriously
>Preliminary sweep, everything safe.

>Pointing and motioning smoothly positions gadget butt first on the carpet
>I haven't exactly told her what she has in store, but i mean it's not complicated
>Nor is it very sexy in this manner
>It's really just me offering her the good ol cherry jello treatment, because fuck it

>Boner will go away on its own anyway, and i can't fuck her without terrifying myself into a nonerection.
>No fuss, i plop her down
>Get her to remove her panties, to which she squirms out of them in a swish swish side to side movement
>And only pulls one foot out all the way, leaving them dangling around her ankle
>[spoiler]Best fetish[/spoiler]
>And i get to work
>It's not the most delightful flavor or aroma in the world, it's kinda as if she'd followed me around all night trying to find our friend and only fallen asleep a couple hours ago
>But the odd part is the more you lick the better it gets, until a minute in it tastes like nothing + normal gadget flavor
>Green coffee, i guess
>She enjoys it, the squirms and attempts to wrap legs around the back of my head, they usually confirm that kind of thing.

>The room's lights are still on, i get a hand on her stomach
>Force her down, to lying on her back, lightly
>Then i right the mistake i'd made before, both arms firmly wrapped around her legs
>Not holding her down in this case
>But leverage as i lie on my stomach, to pull her closer.
>Depending on the girl, or your particular tactics on trying to please them with your tongue, you'll end up imagining yourself in various absurd scenarios
>Specifically if she you know, wasn't on the other end of my mouth
>Sure there's all kinds of bits, the harder ones, the bits with a rougher texture, and the oddly smooth and sticky rubbery ones.
>But tongue like, unless you've got a plan
>You go in there like you're trying to get those last damn bits of yogurt out of a yoplait container.
>Aint gonna happen, you wish your tongue was longer, and your fingers might be a better choice
>I was kinda hurrying, had seemingly forgotten my own advice, and poor gadget wasn't being very vocal
>Which meant i was screwing it up pretty bad
>Double checking my efforts to make sure i wasn't lost or anything, i tried again, extra hard
>Flicks, twists, spin of the tongue
>No vocals, just the instruments.

>Yeah well i fucked up bad, whatever i was doing
>At the same point every other girl would have been on three, or four, gadget pushed me away
>On zero, or none that i could count anyway
>I came up gasping for air, tongue tired and generally plopped down like i'd just run a race
>during the last bits i'd even tried as hard as i could to get anything
>a reaction, or a moan

>Not a fucking thing
>So i gave the fuck up, and i started making excuses
>"I must be sleepier than i thought..." drones off my lips
>A pale failure of an excuse, but hopefully one gadget won't see through
>The truth was
>I'd lost my mojo
>And now i'd need to go on a huge quest, fight the big bad and get it back.
>Not so groovy, baby.

>Instead gadget asks me with what i can only assume is disdain in her voice
>"What, we are not going to....?"
>No gadget, it breaks my heart
>And maybe something lower, a pit in my stomach
>Liver maybe, when i have to say
>"No... i don't want to get you pregnant"
>If that doesn't break my heart just saying it
>the expression she makes after
>An actual): face, perfect quarter circle curve and everything.
>Coupled with a disappointed "oh..."
>No arguing, no claiming she's safe and it's perfectly fine
>Not that she was lying before, she's just smarter than that, she realizes it's in my head and it doesn't matter how safe it is.
>Mental blocks are the worst.
>I don't really have any kind of way to say anything else without feeling like an embarrassed fool
>So like an embarrassed fool, i try to go back and start licking.
>Instead of finding soft girl bits, i find fingers
>A blockade
>Police strip, lain down to prevent further access, along with gadget's voice
>"It... felt better before... not now"
>Yeah i'm a fuckup

>Today i've learned that there's technically ways to lick women that aren't enjoyable
>The yogurt cup technique anons
>Avoid it
>The fingers forming an impenetrable gate, i surrender before she starts pouring boiling oil on me.
>that would suck for all parties involved
>Her "I... can do you" offer is ignored
>Mostly with a groan from me, because that feels fucking selfish
>I've still got a towel on, so of course there's a mountain poking out as i roll over
>But i just don't want her help, it feels wrong
>and like she's offering out of pity
>Like this is turning into shitty sex all around tonight

>Accidentally make first girl hyperventillate, can't get second girl off
>Second girl asks an eventual "are ... you sure you do not want... to..."
>Obviously hinting
>God damnit gadget
>I know you want the D
>I just can't give you the D
>Maybe finger her? Or... fuck
>If only she wasn't allergic to latex i'd be fine with...
>Latex....
>OH

>OF FUCKING COURSE
>"Wait! Idea!" i send out in a beacon towards gadget
>She's given up, lying on her back, hands on crotch
>Staring at the you-know-what
>That's probably the party escort submission position
>The one you assume after you find out everything you know is a lie
>Me, i'm just glad i remembered some ridiculously esoteric bit of sex ed
>Which is, as i search the drawers and find one of those packets i had earlier this morning.
>Probably the only time sex-ed has ever been useful or taught anyone anything they could find useful at an age you need it in america before.
>Ever
>(seriously it's bad, and i live in a liberal state)
>The fact is, as i return to the bedroom
>Towel lost somewhere along the way (i guess it's between gadget's feet)
>Boner proudly standing to attention as i toss her the packet
>She "Hmms"
>Then "Huh?"s
>And tells me
>"But i am allergic to latex"

>...
>Wait... but... wait no i could swear
>She's still lying on her back, so i crawl over and ask her where it says latex on the packet
>Instead of pointing, she just reads what she sees it says
>"It says right here, it has latex in it"
>I have to nuh uh
>Don't believe it, i try to get my head closer and under her arm to read it too, and she tugs it away
>"No look!"
>...
>Why do only women take things away from you and them demand you read them
>Seriously i'm trying to read the damn thing leave it there.

>A fair amount of squirming, chasing and trying to get under her hands later, i'm lying on her chest looking upwards as she holds the damn thing above me
>And points
>Then reads along with her finger
>"Look here, it says 'Free Latex'"
>....
>ENGLISH
>THE ONLY LANGUAGE TO USE THE SAME WORD FOR THINGS BEING IN, AND NOT BEING IN SOMETHING.

>I have to take precious time out of my life to explain the idiots up at english language HQ decided that "Free" before something means you were getting it without cost
>And after something (like it was in this case) means you weren't getting any of it.
>Gadget appropriately calls that "Stupid" and "Confusing" and a couple other words i'm not sure were english
>But she trusted me when i pointed out they were made out of something entirely different, some urathane kinda material that's supposedly better for girls.
>I'm pretty sure they don't actually make latex female condoms, thats why i was so confused.
>Now i wasn't, looks like we were saved by the forethought of aubrey's mom who knows how long ago
>They're not very sexy things, i'll tell you that.
>Condoms rarely are, but these are like floppy sock things
>Insertion went about as well as you could imagine, we spent two minutes trying to get it in without folding it or crinkling it or anything
>Gave up on that
>I eventually just put it on me, and assumed the position
>Normal sex in the missionary position for the sole purpose of not procreation
>thanks
>Then it ends up you can just wear it like a normal condom and use your dick to put it in.
>Or maybe you can't and we were doing it wrong
>Otherwise i know it sounds completely un sexy- ,but trust me it was.

>There wasn't any latex smell, which i guess was nice
>But other than that, it was like sticking your dick in a big wet plastic sock
>And then sticking that sock into a heated watermelon or something
>just felt WEIRD
>I wasn't the only one, Gadget had the oddest face on, a "whhh what?" kind of expression that's forever burned into my memory
>Nose turned up, mouth scrunched into a closed pucker
>Universal "Yo this is weird and i do not know if i like this" expression
>After i stuck it in, instead of it following me like i would assume a normal condom would
>It stayed in place
>The ring kind of resting in a not-so-pretty circle covering her entire crotch

>Then instead of any kind of friction, or sensations
>It was like pulling my dick in and out of a plastic sock
>that kinda squeezed back and was warm
>The sensation was entirely unlike anything i'd ever tried before, and i wasn't sure if i liked it, or hated it.
>Gadget eventually decided it was "So-so"
>I thought about the same
>And we managed to get off to a very un-sexy two small orgasms for her, and one for me.
>Very small
>As in i couldn't tell and wasn't sure if she was lying or not to make me stop
>Rule #1 of sex
>It's sometimes not sexy at all

>Also rule #1 of male orgasms
>Sometimes you're done, but not satisfied even a little bit, and you just feel kinda bad
>Like you just did it to get it out of the way.
>This was one of those
>If anything i was just angry at my penis
>Gadget too, probably
>Her single comment, an oddly empty
>"I am going to get control of the birth pills"
>It almost makes me laugh
>I want to correct her to say birth control, but she corrects herself to "Control of birth"
>Which i figure is good enough
>And later learn it's just the way portuguese calls things anyway.
>But seriously that's when you know the sex is bad
>I hand her panties back
>She hands me boxers
>And a silent agreement is formed never to speak of this again
>Even if we break it instantly
>Because i say the same thing we're both thinking as we adorn our respective pieces of clothing
>"Raven"
>And gadget sighs
>And nods

>Right well
>I guess even if the assorted bits are willing, the heart isn't in the right place.
>Important life lesson, even if you have a hardon, it's not always the right time.
>Gathering my thoughts about the entire thing, i crawl off to find the rest of our clothes
>Thinking i might as well just get dressed and go out looking again
>Fall asleep on someone's lawn, somewhere far away, and maybe raven would find me.
>Better yet, just not come back myself
>Then when she finally does, she'll be the one who feels like shit

>Jesus christ i'm thinking like a girl.
>Emotional warfare, i figure would be fine if i could just find my damn...
>I round the corner to the other side of the bed, and it ends up that my clothes aren't here
>Neither are gadget's, as she exclaims "Where are my pants" in a very surprised tone.
>She's not really that annoyed about the pants
>It's the missing ipod and jacket that has her miffed
>Me, i'm not sure what i had in my pockets, but finding my pants is the first step.
>The pantsy thief strikes again
>Seriously though
>I get up and walk to the door
>Locked
>Right, then... the closet?
>I travel through the mysterious portal, into the darkness
>Rustling through hanging coats at the very end, into the mythical other dimension at the end.
>I pop out on the other end
>It's snowing, there's hoofprints in the white powder, and a streetlamp in the middle of a forest clearing.

>Right
>Ignoring the obvious biblical implications, i ask a nearby rabbit for directions
>He leads me down some rabbit hole, declaring something about him being far too late for some party or other
>I just ignore the warning labels and drink the stupid potions, and finally find my way back to the right exit dimension
>This closet's dark, but as i slide it open quietly it's much brighter in this room
>Mostly because the curtains aren't closed, and the window is actually open
>so there's kind of a soft breeze blowing in and fluffing out whatever those transparent curtains behind the heavy ones are called.
>The moon's not really anywhere useful in the sky, but sunrise is on that cusp of light
>where the sun's still under the horizon, but the reflected light is plenty enough to see
>There was a mess of clothes in here
>Panties, jeans, someone's shirt, and who knows what else
>Along with two very, VERY tangled sets of sheets on that bed
>There's people in that mess i'm sure
>All huddled up together, Freckles and Aubrey
>Of course, THEY still have a spark
>But these look like our clothes, so i grab em and huddle back through the other three dimensions to get back.
>Get tangled on a petticoat on the way through
>Always the petticoats.

>I don't leave the closet gracefully as much as stumble out with a thunk
>Falling facefirst

>The clothes break my fall, ,my knees take a bit of a beating, but otherwise i'm fine.
>Regrettably, i also get a faceful of jeans
>and underwear
>Not mine, or Gadget's unluckily
>It seems i've stolen freckle's jeans, panties, and aubrey's sweater and shirt.
>Only entirely visible in the light of this room.
>Freckles, and not aubrey because
>Well, i've told you why
>Let's just say i got a faceful of it
>Sputtering (with gadget giggling) i return the clothes with a toss
>who cares where they went, as long as they were in there i figured
>The real question is WHERE THE FUCK
>ARE OUR CLOTHES?

>Gadget's got no clue
>"I... was asleep"
>seems to be her response to where clothes went
>Along with a "Went to sleep in jacket" confused statement
>Yeah i'm pretty sure we both go to sleep in our normal clothes, just comfy like that.
>So how we both lost two articles of clothing in our sleep, that's confusing
>Stomping and discussion later, an answer comes
>In the sign of a bird carrying an olive branch in its beak, singing us the song of enlightenment
>"i...they were... bugging me"
>Came a soft, quiet voice
>From the girl previously unconscious in the bed but has probably been awake for some time and we just weren't paying attention to her.
>BLONDIE!
>We of course demand to know where our clothes are
>And by we i mean gadget, because she wants her ipod back
>I'm enjoying the boxers only look
>Blondie's answer, both vague and terrifying
>"Where i put the other ones, in the laundry basket"
>Poor gadget, nearly explodes with a panicked "WHERe?!"
>Ipod, washing machine, pls no
>Blondie mumbles "Bathroom" and gadget and i race in, like there's an impending threat of a housemaid arriving and trying to take the clothes away
>Instead we find a box, a wood box that i guess is the clothes hamper
>And the top opens, and it's got a square laundry basket in it
>Oh
>It's got our clothes
>and below them
>It has ravens (i recognize the shorts), and freckles, AND my previous other sets of outfits
>...

>Oh right, blondie gets high/drunk and steals things
>Wow that in retrospect was so obvious

>That also means
>As we gather the clothes and pull them out to the other room
>That Glasses wasn't lying when she said she didn't take them...
>Which means that's one less thing she wasn't being truthful about
>Leaving her... at...Zero untruthful things
>which means the pregnancy is most...
>likely
>DONT WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT
>I throw on clothes and figure leaving in not-thinking mode is best
>Blondie doesn't let me
>Gadget just tosses on a jacket and leaves first instead
>As i field a question "Storybro... did... we?"
>Aint no point in hiding it, really
>I play it rough and loose
>"Yup, i took your first, you hyperventilated and passed out, you're probably sore,we'll continue later"
>Her reaction, priceless
>Just an "Oh"
>Entirely full of so many emotions i can't name them all.
>Some things money can't buy
>As i leave the room and close the door behind me, following gadget's path i hear her yell behind me
>"DAMNIT!"
>lol
>"COME BACK!"
>I take the obligation of five seconds to throw open the door, pounce the bed, kiss her on the cheek and run off again

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2RenIP5dNsM

>Poor blondie
>i'm thinking as i rush downstairs to catch up with gadget
>I didn't even make her breakfast
>It's a good thing she passed out really, because i would have given her some kind of complex if she'd had a first like gadget/myself just went through.
>I catch up with gadget at the bottom of the stairs
>Standing
>Staring at the front door, something out of sight
>I have to turn the corner to see, and lo-&-behold

>Glasses
>Arms outstretched, standing in front of the front door
>YOU SHALL NOT PASS, i'm sure she's saying
>In less wizardy format, perhaps.
>Gadget hisses, nearly growling a "MOVE" from her very un-ferocious lips
>Glasses says "Make me"
>Gadget almost takes her up on that offer before i show up and use arms and hug to hold her back.
>Probably what glasses was planning *sigh*
>I give up
>Ask her what she wants, she's standing there firey ember eyes, so i know it's something
>It ends up simpler, or more complicated than it seems
>She bellows, a simple trade
>"Stop! I know where she is!"
>Information
>That makes both of us halt in our tracks
>And then unanimously, Gadget and I ask WHERE?
>Glasses, she shakes her head
>"No, first you both have to do something for me"
>A trap
>Or a ruse
>Or something similar
>I'm too tired, and it's too early in the morning to argue with her
>So i agree
>fuck it, anything

>I see the glint when gadget agrees
>I know it's a trap
>But i want to know where raven is
>Know she's safe, and not have to worry about this anymore
>I should know better
>I really should
>But that glint already happened
>It's too late
>Glasses grins
>That sickening grin that tells you that you've lost some kind of game she's been playing with you
>even if you didn't know it
>Then she points to gadget
>"Then you'll be the maid of honor"
>As if it sinks in, it doesn't
>Somehow deflected for hours, only hitting its hardest much later
>To focused on raven to realize what she meant

>Doubly so when she points at me
>and declares quite simply
>"And i get to pick the name"
>Not that either of us respond
>Or notice what she's just implied
>IT's empty
>Just waiting for the place, the location
>Almost begging, but trying to hold our composure
>She finally smiles again, her eyes mostly.
>softer as we stand there
>And she points
>Behind us, to the back
>The backyard
>"She's in the boat"

Alright, that's cliffhanger for tonight, tomorrow 8:00 PST we have more. I didn't plan to stop but my head hurts like a mofo.

Update #77 : November 10th

http://boards.4chan.org/r9k/thread/14574044

>Now the amount of haste at which we flew through that front room, and out the back door was palpable
>Could bottle it into potions, probably where they come from.
>That is until three steps out onto the porch, when i realize part #1 of what we'd just sold to the devil
>That bit about getting to pick the name
>That was a realization that only hit me right there, and it hit so hard i stumbled
>Caught myself, and started running across the back yard
>fuck her
>No seriously
>FUCK her.
>I don't know if the same things went through gadget's head, or she was as single-goal minded as i wanted to be
>Find raven
>????

>Probably kill glasses
>Then profit
>Nothing could fucking go wrong with that plan, i swear.

>It's sunrise, there's light out and the grass is covered in freezing cold dew
>That makes running barefoot across it all that much faster, because numb feet sure help wanting to move quick.
>I take the lead, the thirty or so yards to the shore of whatever ridiculous piece of land you could call this.
>The boat's just sitting there, wooden dock with splinters and everything as i run across it
>Miraculously not getting any, i consider a leap to the deck of the darn thing
>But i figure if she's in there, me missing and plunging into the water is probably a terrible idea in the name of going fast.
>I don't have enough rings for that anyway.
>I carefully step on deck, navigate the odd railings and mast, and head over to whatever that silly door is that goes below deck
>It's closed, and i don't even knock
>I just barge in
>Greeted by a *BANG*
>Two even
>The door slamming against the back cabinet, and something else
>Then cursing, a female voice
>"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING I'M NOT EVE-
>It's raven
>thank fucking god
>Now i can kill her

>Gadget's behind me, and equally out of breath
>An attribute i quickly realize i share, panting heavily as my eyes adjust to the darkness of the cabin
>It's pretty cold in here
>But she's got blankets, and i guess the thump was her dropping something to the floor as she bolted upright with a start at my forced entry
>I'm not sure if she knew, or at what moment she realized who was here
>I just stood there
>Relieved entirely that she was here, safe the entire time
>And coming to terms with... the fact... that glasses knew
>Kill her? That's too kind for this kind of atrocity
>I'm sure gadget would agree, if she wasn't silently leaning over my shoulder
>Her eyes focusing to the change in lighting as well.
>Or if i asked her
>But it was that kind of moment
>Where you're anticipating it, guessing, thinking about what you would say

>Lists of things, and lists of reasoning, apologies
>Actions you wish you'd take, and words you wish you'd speak.
>And instead when that moment comes
>you stand there, dumbfounded, motionless and silent.
>Raven got the honor of first to speak, sitting upright sideways, blanket still wrapped around her shoulders
>"How the fuck did you find me?!"

>It's a question, but a shrill confused one, as if she never expected an intrusion.
>Unanimously, gadget and i both answer
>"Glasses"
>I've got no interest in saving her any fucking face today, if she betrayed raven's hiding place then fuck her if ra-
>"HOW?!"
>Our blanketed girl asks
>I'm not sure i'm qualified to answer that one
>A mumbled "I didn't even fucking let anyone see me get in" informs us that indeed glasses wasn't in on the hiding place
>But she knew
>Somehow
>That wasn't my problem, now that was Raven's problem
>Because i'd just found out she was here the entire fucking time
>And Gadget, AND I had been out
>"YOU, KNEW WE WERE WORRIED SICK"
>I wanted it to be some kind of polite informative gesture, just tell her nicely that she's had us worried sick and should have at least told us she was safe
>But as is the usual case with things like that, where emotions are involved that you can't particularly control
>I ended up yelling.
>A roaring scream, one that visibly made the blankets flinch
>Even if the girl inside them was stoic and motionless.

>I tap into my bitch-fu powers and appropriately tell her the fuck off
>"WE WERE OUT, ALL NIGHT LOOKING"
>"COULDN'T SLEEP"
>"WORRIED SICK"
>"BEATING MYSELF UP"
>All the loud, emotionally piercing components of a proper guilt trip
>I threw them all on the table
>That wasn't where i made a mistake, no it was all typical really
>My problem is i tried to use a card that meant the world to me
>And was meaningless to her.

>I skipped the yelling because it really doesn't matter, you could imagine a thousand other dramatic confrontations and they would all fit the same
>What matters is i told her, one sentence
>"You KNOW you're the most important person in my life, and you KNOW i wouldn't stop looking fo-
>You see, just that one sentence ruined everything
>I didn't even get to finish it, and maybe you can guess why
>Maybe you can guess what she said, that knocked me entirely out of my attempts to converse with her
>But i'd made a fatal mistake
>She wasn't angry at me, that's not why she left.
>But she hid because hiding, not talking, and vanishing into the city.
>Making us worried, and making us search and fatigue ourselves with guilt over her actions.
>That's a way to get back at me
>She ran away for the same reason i so often make things worse
>Because hurting yourself, is oftentimes the best way to make the world feel like it's fair, and that you're getting what you deserve.

>But it's more complicated than that, and with her response
>a strangled cry, the sound i would imagine a small creature struggling to keep its head above the water would make in a time of need.
>"BUT I DON'T"
>I don't have time to question what because she's standing
>But i've made fatal mistakes everywhere
>I'm treating it as if she's angry at me
>I'm treating it as if she should be apologizing for leaving in the first place and worrying me
>I'm treating it as if she wasn't intentionally hurting herself
>My brain doesn't work quickly enough to isolate and follow the correct paths out of this mess, so when she stands
>When she takes those three small steps across that dark cabin, i did the only thing i could imagine would help
>Another wrong action, another failure in my ability to gauge and rectify the situation.
>I reach out, and try to wrap my arms around her shoulders
>A hug, a comforting embrace
>Maybe that'll make it all better
>Maybe in one story it might
>But not this one

>You see, as my hands settle on her shoulders
>Trying to find purchase, a strong grip to squeeze her close and never let her go, ever again
>She's got the same idea in her mind
>Her hands go in for their own little special kind of hug

>Slender palms, long fingers, and both ending in a throttling grip on my throat
>Thumbs pressed against my larynx, it wasn't just unexpected
>You should know why
>You should realize exactly how big a deal it was when she squeezed, and yelled at me to "GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF ME"
>She squeezed hard, hard enough that i'm sure i would have been unconcious in a minute or two
>Hard enough that breathing was pained and nearly impossible, a choking firmness
>Hard enough that i should have fought back, and not just taken it.
>I'm not sure my mind appropriately understood what had happened in those moments
>Realized the reasons i was failing my diplomatic routes, or why i was losing her

>Gadget did instead
>There was only the briefest moment of choking, before gadget had thrown herself forward and between us
>Prying the clinging fingers and squeezing thumbs away.
>No words, just the swish of moment from all of us as we danced a struggle of attacks, defense
>And retreat, as Raven ducked under my arm, or maybe gadget's arm
>Then she was up the stairs behind us
>The deck of the boat, out of the confrontation, and probably her goal all along.
>Gadget was in the way before, and she'd never intended to talk with us
>Or discuss anything
>I don't collect myself in time to follow
>Gadget does, up the stairs and gone as i stand there
>Another one of those moments, where you think you would act
>But you don't
>She's safe
>But we aren't, there's nothing i can say to make this better
>Because i don't understand the problem, and i think i do.
>[spoiler]Do you understand the conflict yet anons?[/spoiler]

>The thumps up top
>One crash, and another
>the sound of leaping feet from the deck to the dock
>They both jumped, and silence
>Bare feet on wood, then grass.
>Which means... her shoes are in here somewhere
>I guess moment of foresight, i check the cabin over
>Shoes neatly stacked in a corner, as well as a blanket on the floor
>And what made that bang when i opened the door
>Her phone
>She'd snuck in to get it, and probably someone saw
>That makes as much sense as anything

>Back to wanting to kill anyone who knew
>Curiosity, that feline killing emotion , pulls me along
>And i turn the phone on, and check her call history.
>There's two recent, both last night, somewhere around 10:00.
>Both to her mom.
>That sets off my alarms, every single one.
>A thousand things in my head, but none of them good, i seat myself on the bed
>Still warm):
>Guess it's time to call Miss Raven's Mom

>Dreading it, i hit enter on her call, which redials on those old things.
>I could imagine a thousand different things to say, but honestly there's nothing good, no right way to go about it.
>So instead i just stare at the wall of the boat
>A little porthole, that barely lets in any light from its dust-covering.
>and i wait
>One ring, two... three...
>"Hey honey! Is everything better or... well listen... do you want me to order them still?"
>...
>I would respond but it seems she's just instantly assumed the person calling on raven's phone was her daughter.
>who woulda guessed
>In a bout of pure evil, i stay silent
>For just a moment longer, the manipulative asshole that i seem to be
>To see if she'll say anything else, clarify what it is that she's ordering.
>"Honey?"
>Concern
>"Listen rave, please just talk to m-
>I speak up there
>that pit in my stomach preventing me from letting it go on any longer, she was like my second mother too.
>I couldn't stand that voice, of concern that was my fault.
>"Hey... it's not raven it's me..."
>I try to say it as calmly as possible
>Pretending everythings A-OK
>She knows it's not
>Her voice doesn't lose the tone, and just a one word response
>"Oh...."

>This right here, wasn't a situation in which i could just sit there and not say anything
>So i started
>"Listen Mrs Raven, i don't know what sh-
>I get that far, before the familiar snap

>"I hate when you call me that~"
>That leaves me skidding off into space without a followup
>Silent
>But she is too, as if waiting for me to finish what i had to say
>A carefully crafted excuse i no longer had
>So i gave up on excusing myself, and said the truth
>"She probably told you already, i screwed everything up"
>I'm considering explaining, and going through how exactly i'd managed to ruin everyone and everything i'd come into contact with
>But i didn't
>Instead that's simply where i shut up, and didn't say another word.
>She paused a moment, then responded
>I wasn't sure if she was entirely truthful, or just saving my feelings
>Or if the voice was sincere, or condescending, or judgemental
>Over the phone i was lost without eyes to guide me.
>All i heard was "She didn't"

>o...oh
>oops
>GUESS WHAT I'VE JUST DONE
>Either A). She was lying and raven did tell her what was wrong
>Or B). Raven had told her something was wrong, not said what, and i'd just revealed that the probably terrifying but eventual breakup her mom always knew could probably happen, was happening.
>Like i said, second mother, so lying was probably a no
>Also, i mean if it was the second one
>Lo and behold i was now telling her mother i'd probably be the second guy in charge of really really breaking her daughter's heart.
>Plus like i said, second mother
>So it's not like i could hide it
>FUCK
>Mother bird clarifies, quite calmly
>"She didn't tell me this was about you... i thought she had a fallout with another girl or something...."
>...
>Yep, i'm an idiot.

>I mean we knew that already, but fuck it
>I tell Momma too
>Not that it made a sound, but i could hear the nod in agreement
>Then a rather simple question
>"How bad?"
>No judgement, no condescending attitude, or questioning concerned tone.

>Just that typical motherly curiosity before the whirring and solving of problems she's been doing for every child that's ever been under her care.
>I'm not sure how to put "I'm probably the second coming of hitler" in polite terms, so i put it in simple words
>The truth
>"So bad that i'm not sure how to fix it, or if it can be fixed"
>More nodding from the other side
>Then an honest question
>"But you are trying right?"
>....
>"Yeah.. uhh... she's probably never going to talk to me again"
>I try to make that sound as not bad as possible
>But the truth of the matter is i'm still too much of an idiot to realize how i can fix any of this
>Or what she's even having so much of a problem about (besides the obvious of course)
>I mean i try to put it lightly, but "You would probably disown me if you found out" seems to be the way i put it
>And a clicking tongue sound from the other side of the line, just confirms i'm probably doomed and she's looking down on me
>Lost all respect for me permanently, never going to be on good terms with the family again, GG

>There's plenty of reactions i would expect
>Anger, disappointment, disgust
>None of them seemed to be "Nothing"
>Which is what i got, a resignation almost from the other side
>"Ahh... you want me to order two then?"
>....
>I really have no clue what she's talking about
>and she realizes this after a moment of my silence
>"Plane tickets, she's done with the trip."
>Mind you i didn't say anything after this either, so no difference
>But for entirely different reasons.

>Yeah, Raven's mom clarifies
>She offers delaying the flight back for a day, forcing us to get along for another 24 hours.
>But i couldn't see it happening.
>We were all pretty sure it was a traitor round
>The Captain had plans to blow up the entire station
>Nuke commander was wreaking havoc on medbay, Another traitor had the objective of murdering and stealing my coat.
>The slimes were loose, the singularity was cutting up engineering, plasma leaks in atmospherics were burning entire segments of the station.
> The fucking Clown had the roboticist build him a H.O.N.K and the janitor was making what

was left of the walkable floors too slippery to run on.
>Plus our Mastermind AI had probably gone rogue.
>No, i see the point, and i see her offer
>If she's flying raven back, she's offering to sit me next to her for six hours and give me a chance to fix everything
>I take it
>THE EMERGENCY SHUTTLE HAS BEEN CALLED.

>Now to just survive until it arrives
>Mama Raven tells me she'll call back when she's made the tickets through Stepdaddy Raven's friend.
>Great, perfect
>Everything looking up, finally right?
>she hangs up, everything went better than expected by a million times.
>AKA
>Looking my gift horse in the mouth, i grab raven's shoes and climb up to the deck of the boat.
>That's when i hear the yelling and fighting.
>Too good to be true, i realize nothing can ever be easy
>Raven and Gadget are fighting, fist to fist it looks like
>Someones crying out insults, and the other one's yelling in pain every hit.
>They've been fighting for a full phone call.
>My fault too, i'm sure.
>Shove the phone into the top of one of the shoes and i take a leap to the dock
>Every fucking time i hope
>Just hope i can stop fucking up
>I continue to impress myself
>Whatever bit of wood i land on bare footed, cracks, the top slides off with one of those rotted ridges
>And i land flat on my face
>Shoes beside me, and a skittering scratch as something slides away
>And a plop
>As whatever it is lands in the water.

>No time to think about it, i leave the shoes and take a running start
>Flinging myself, nearly on all fours towards the tumbling warring mass of hair pulling hitting and screeching women.
>Howls, yowls and yells
>Hair pulling, scratching.
>Like a cat fight, but the hose is nowhere close to spray them apart.
>So i just kick
>I get Gadget in the ribs, not who i was aiming for.
>Less ribs, and more foot under the ribcage and an almost toe in the lungs
>Barefoot i can feel it, and the regret instantly as she tenses up
>Coughing

>One side completely surrendering because i've kicked them in the ribs, doesn't actually stop Raven from still going all out war
>So i kick her too
>This time not missing, and getting her hard in the hip
>"STOP FUCKING FIGHTING"
>Something along those lines came out of my mouth
>Raven yeouching and clutching her side, Gadget curling up and coughing
>Fight stopped
>All bridges burned now

>Gadget, maybe not.
>"i...*cough* stopped her"
>A heroic admission of heroism and heroic bravery
>Said because i'm pretty sure gadget was the one getting hit when raven went all feral-try-to-escape-y
>Raven however, tries to get up and leave
>Not that she made it more than half a foot before i had her leg and was holding on to the kicking feet for dear life.
>She yelped, distressed
>Distraught
>Depressed
>Probably a hundred other D words.
>"FUCK You! You just HAD to go and SLEEP with glasses even though i TOLD YOU not to"
>Yup
>Raven knew better, and she warned me
>And i didn't listen
>All because "I thought you were sleeping with gadget to spite me"
>Stupid reasons abound, i know
>Because gadget doesn't say anything, silence from her
>Then Raven, still kicking
>Getting me in the gut with her other leg until i firmly grab both
>At which point she starts clawing her way forward, wheelbarrow style, using ripping grips of grass to try to tug herself free while dolphining through the air.
>Raven calls me an idiot
>Expected
>But she also tells me, in quite a loud array of words
>"GADGET WANTED TO TALK TO ME, ABOUT YOU"
>"SHE WANTED ME TO TAKE YOU BACK, YOU INCONSIDERATE ASSHOLE"
>You know
>Because gadget didn't know we were fake broken up at the time
>Yeah
>Oh

>I drop her legs
>Fuck that, i'm pretty sure feels is too weak a word for this.

>Instead of thinking anything
>I let my legs stop responding, and keel over backwards
>Reach for the sky, and join gadget in the wet grass
>only one thing on my lips
>The only acceptable thing
>"I'm sorry"
>I really am
>But raven's long gone, run again
>Inside maybe, the sliding glass door, the slamming of such
>Neither of us chase her, and her shoes are still out on the docks.
>Fuck it
>Fuck it all
>I lie there and enjoy the fucking sky
>Great sunrise
>Clouds, reds, purples (common in florida?), and yellows/oranges somehow
>I enjoy them, until gadget decides she's done getting wet in the grass
>Stands up and kicks me in the side, HARD
>Lets me curl up into my own coughing ball, before she says "Even now!" and prances off
>Not prances, more trudges
>But you get the idea.

>I give her credit, she's way more like a guy than anyone else here
>If everyone was as simple, or elaborately complex distilled into cuddly as gadget was, this story wouldn't be nearly as fun though
>Or not fun
>This story is definitely not fun
>I stand up, eventually
>Sit up mostly first, to find gadget's gone and got the shoes for me and she's halfway back by the time i get over being kicked
>No fuss, just a straight face as she hands them to me and says "You should be the one to give them to her"
>As if that would help
>She also points out "We are probably fighting"
>I almost raise my eyebrows, but that ship sailed almost a week ago.
>She means they're both actually fighting
>Yeah
>Also "You only fake broke up with her?" Gets asked
>Still sitting, i'm not entirely sure how she wants me to respond
>Just a straight face, hidden under the hood she's put up once again
>If i admit that me having a relationship of cuddles with her was entirely based upon a breakup

that didn't happen and i was sustaining in the background while using her to trick glasses...
>Jesus christ this is where gadget and i stop being friends isn't it.

>Well
>Let's just choose my words carefully
>"Gadget, i..."
>....
>...
>Yo help me out here anons, what the fuck do i say?
>Do i sit there and lie through my teeth about how important she was to me?
>Or do i tell her that even though i was still in a relationship i valued our time together, or something sappy like that
>Or do i just go balls to the wall and tell her i used her as a toy while playing another game of cat and mouse
>Or that i never had feelings for her
>Or a myriad of other things
>Because i'm pretty sure there's no right answer
>Anything i say she'll react the same.

>Or, it's gadget
>I nod my head, confirming her fears, doubts
>The culmination of the lies she's been fed for the last few days.
>I'm so sorr-
>I find a hand in my face
>Outstretched
>...wait what?
>I... take it? And she hauls me to my feet
>Then gives me a look, a curious one
>Like "What? You had something to say?"
>Nope miss
>Just minding my own business, gonna snap my mouth shut and not say a word
>This gets a giggle when she sees me press my lips together.
>"I am glad" She states plainly
>Then smiles
>"I thought i was in the way"
>!!!
><3
>!!!
>God damnit gadget
>You're the best

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jfOnL5_JGNo

>"But... i think you are in the way now"
>!!!
>That's of course when gadget reveals her true plan to assassinate me, an opposing faction to the dandelion clan.
>TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE
>With a garrote disguised as a pair of earbuds, she quickly disposes of me
>Cleaner, and far more efficient than a knife
>Then she drags my limp body to the harbor, ties the boat anchor to my leg and tosses me in
>They don't find me until aubrey's dad decides he's going to go on a fishing trip with some business friends
>What a catch that was!
>But i understand what she means

>I have to explain the phone call, the plane tickets and raven's mom
>Gadget nods, for a while
>Until she points at the shoes and asks where the phone is.
>...
>oh
>That's what that splash was
>*sigh*
>We're just not going to tell raven i accidentally dropped her phone in the ocean
>We walk back to the house, gadget chastising me the entire way for being so clumsy
>Yeah, i know
>In the kitchen, nobody else seems to be downstairs, i grab my phone off the charger and make another call to mama bird.
>I have to field a couple questions like "How did you drop her phone in the ocean" and "You're not trying to stop me from talking to my daughter are you?"
>I sigh at the last one, and just offer to give raven my phone until she gets a new one.
>This seems acceptable, Raven's mom says she'll call the dad's friend later, and she'll pick us tickets.
>And call me back on the phone not underwater.
>Hanging up, i figure what could it hurt
>Yell out across the house that her mother's getting her tickets
>Gadget's seated herself, head down at the counter
>tired i guess
>Me too
>I don't know where raven is, because she's vanished somewhere
>We have her shoes though
>I decide to hide them in a cupboard so she can't run away.
>Again.
>A dick move sure

>But not in my mind.

>Luckily, nobody beneficial heard me calling out about plane tickets
>Only glasses
>Who arrived around the kitchen corner with a pout and a "Hmph"
>"Leaving me?!" She lets out in a questioning and almost distressed tone
>But
>Actor, brilliant at manipulating people, we both ignore her.
>Not that she stops her fuckery
>Seconding her initial statement with a "Ohhh but who's going to get me icecream and rub my feet like a good husband?"
>Doesn't warrant a re
>FUCK
>SHE SAID SHE WANTED GADGET TO BE HER MAID OF HONOR EARLIER
>FUCK YOU GLASSES
>Middle fingers all the way, firing middle finger bullets at the ceiling
>Bang bang bang
>Gadget, unable to hear my silent middle fingers interjects with a completely other topic than the me vs glasses war we were having in staring across the kitchen
>She quietly tells me She doesn't want me to leave
>Not that it's a problem, i just invite her to come along since we could easily get three tickets and she wasn't really getting along with anyone but blondie anyway.
>Glasses ignored in the corner
>Gadget replies "No..." and "I like you better"
>To which i try to tell her she can just come with me, and sit on the plane next to us or something.
>But the contradictory statement of "I don't want to leave" is added to the fray
>so i'm lost as to what she wants.
>Doubly so when she gets up abrubtly and leaves me to fend off glasses by myself
>Claiming she was going back to sleep, or something

>Not sad when i tell her raven and i weren't breaking up and she was just a fling thing
>Not sad when anything else that just happened happened
>Sad when i say i'm leaving
>Even sadder when i say she's welcome to come.
>Doesn't want to go home, but wants me to stay
>):
>As i hear the footsteps vanish up the staircase, i try my hardest not to make eye contact with glasses
>But her voice
>An oddly serious tone asks me
>"You know why right?"
>...

>Please
>Just whatever it is
>Don't tell me.

>But see Glasses has it in her mind that this week is ruin my life week
>So she starts
>"Remember i told you that i knew something about gadget that would make you mad?"
>...
>"Well..."
>NO
>I fucking yell at her
>Don't fucking do it Glasses
>Please
>"Don't ruin the only friendship i have left"
>Not that glasses is wearing anything other than a fucking evil grin
>and a fucking glint
>It's too late
>"It's not ruining, she needs you to know~"
>a singsong fucking voice
>No
>NO NO nononononon
>Don't. PLEASE.

>I want to plug my ears, but morbid curiosity
>MY enemy, leaves my hands to my side
>As glasses starts
>"You know there's a reason she doesn't want to go home..."
>She's somber
>NO
>No more singsong, only serious
>"It's just a guess, but i think i'm right... it's her brother"
>DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE
>"i've seen that kind of personality before, the overprotective, frantic to keep others away..."
>Standing there
>Phone in hand
>Silently
>I already see where it's going
>It's already too fucking late
>"I think he's been molesting her..."
>just
>too fucking late
>I drop the phone

>Myself along with it, and sink to the floor
>Back against a cabinet
>It makes far too much sense, everything he does, the angry calls about me in any way being involved with her.
>Her change in attitude with the option of going home.
>And all of her actions over the last weeks.
>It's just too much.
>Make it stop
>I would have been better off not knowing
>You could have just not told me glasses
>You could have just let me be, let me pretend everything was going to all get better.

That's end for tonight anons. Probably Wednesday 8:00 pst is going to be the last thread.

Ill try to finish everything up then. At worst i'll have to update thursday too.

Update #78: November 12th

http://boards.4chan.org/r9k/thread/14609745

>I'd go off on some kind of tangent here
>Write about some time i'd gone off with gadget and done something fun, some adventure that lets you know the girl just a bit more
>I had thousands of those
>But not yet, see, she's probably lying.
>Imagine that, Glasses, Lying. HAH.
>I think i see it, for once
>I think i see her plan
>Glasses,to some goal, she's trying to get me to react unfavorably
>Telling me lies about gadget's brother
>I bet she wants me to react, to confront her, to act the fucking hero and try to save the day.
>And i can see it
>I can see what that'll do, how our relationship will change
>How i'll go from an equal she enjoys the company of, to another male figure in her life that wants to protect her because of what's happened in her life.
>Then she'll distance herself from me, just like everyone else she's done it with.
>I may be a fool, i may be unpredictable
>But if there's one thing i always stood for, it was acting, trying to do the right thing.
>That palpable white knight syndrome, where i just wanted to make sure everything went fine for her
>Glasses knew me
>Far too well, because i saw her plan
>I saw her goal to break gadget and me up
>To break off my ties with everyone but her.
>And there was nothing that i could do but follow it.

>The one thing i did, the one thing i'm so fucking glad i did.
>Is i picked up my stupid phone again, i knew. Just knew
>That if i hadn't, i'd have to go through glasses to get it back.
>I'd pretend i saw her eyes flit towards it when i reached
>But i didn't
>Her plans always included backups upon backups
>Who even knew what she was thinking, but i slammed the phone into my pocket
>The lifeline to the end of this mess, and i'd be damned if i was going to lose it.

>So i gathered myself, from the puddle of ooze i was on the floor
>Thoughts flooding my head of exactly what i would do to her brother when i found out
>How many life sentences i could get for a bastard like him
>Just how hard i could punch him in the face before i could hear his skull crack
>I felt sorry for him at the start
>When the evil witch infront of me punched him out
>But as i stood up, and replaced depression with anger
>Limp legs with balled fists
>And a frown with a grimace
>That fucker didn't even know my dad had friends in the police force.
>I'm sure it'll go over great for him i figure.
>And glasses silently watches
>Cackling quietly in glee i'm sure, stirring her cauldron of evil
>As i leave the kitchen, fists clenched, and follow the path to the stairs
>Like a good little minion
>Doing her bidding, and going to find both raven, and gadget.

>Two main thoughts
>#1). Getting raven to agree to sit next to me on a 6 hour planeride back
>That i don't think is in my repertoire at the moment
>just don't have my heart in the cards
>At best i think i was going to have to get her mom on the phone and set the two up talking, so momma bird can call her youngling home.
>Moms are magic like that
>#2). Is getting the truth out of gadget
>She didn't lie to me... she just... she wasn't going to talk about it i bet.
>I didn't know how to start that conversation
>Maybe i could start with raven, and get her on my side to tackle gadget
>She'd know i had to stand up to abuse whenever i saw it, she would help
>Raven knows how strong my opinions are on that
>That seems like a good plan actually, i find myself planning the conversation in my head as i start climbing the stairs
>"Hey raven, gadget's brother's been molesting her and i need you to help me put him away forever"
>That'll work i figure? Right
>Wrong, i meet the girls in the wrong order
>Gadget's standing in the hallway, well... walking actually
>Away from me as i come up the stairs, down towards the bathroom
>and she's holding a wine bottle in her hand.
>You know which one.

>Anons, Care to join me in a super-loud throat clear?
>"AH *FUCKING* HEM"
>Pretty sure that woke the dead
>Or freckles and aubrey probably, blondie too maybe.
>[spoiler]Good teamwork anons[/spoiler]
>Gadget snaps around, pos set from 0 to 180 instantly.
>Still holding the wine bottle, i notice it's corked
>Which means there's PROBABLY still liquid in it, as she whips it around along with her face to me
>IF i had a sassy black woman pose, that's probably what i assumed
>Arms crossed and wagging finger and everything
>Gadget doesn't get the expression, reference or even realize i'm mad
>I watch a cute expression pass over her face
>Not blondie cute, the eyes are drooping and her cheeks are far too soft, it's more seductive without any seduction.
>She just coos softly "You can.. come back to sleep with us if you want?"
>Hands fiddling with the bottle the entire time
>So i know she sees that i see she has it, and i point
>No words
>Just point
>And gadget of course, "Pretends" she looks down
>and just now realizes what she's holding
>Startling herself, a great act i bet as she proclaims "I am going to dump it out!"
>Yeah fucking right you are gadget.
>I start the shitstorm rolling, with what you shouldn't ever say to a girl
>But i did anyway
>"I don't believe you"

>If i could use one word to describe that change in expression
>Emotion
>From asking me to join her for a morning nap, to being accused of lying
>It was hurt, that's all i saw
>Those beautiful hazel eyes balled up into an expression of one color only, and that was pain.
>"I am NOT LYING!"
>This flagrantly accompanied by her pointing the wine bottle at me, as if i was the culprit caught red handed
>Literally
>I can't do anything but shrug
>Really
>"What do you expect? I've watched you sneak it away and get a hold of it somehow every single time"
>That expression of hurt doesn't change, even if i'm just being honest
>Honest with the fact that around coke, i can't trust her one bit.

>Instead of arguing with me, instead of pretending, or lying to me again
>Gadget doesn't even try to save face
>she holds the bottle up, clutching it to her chest almost
>And turns around again, strutting off towards the bathroom
>Towards safety, where she can obviously enjoy her treat in peace
>I don't make it to the door in time, as it's slammed in my face

>What, i ask myself
>What did i really expect
>Leaving her upstairs with a fucking bottle of alcohol and coke, what kind of IDIOT was i
>I bang on the door
>However many times i don't count
>I start shouting through the wood
>"Don't drink it, you're better than that!"
>Spouting bullshit i'd heard on anti-drug commercials
>"You're above the influence!" i'm sure i'd said
>and i'd probably told her winners don't do drugs too
>I mean what do you say, when someone's locked themselves on the other side of a door with a bottle.
>There's nothing, nothing you can do to pull them out of it, because they'll drink
>Just to drown out your yelling
>No sounds from within, i start doing something stupid
>Trying to appeal to her emotions
>Something you should never do in that kind of situation anons
>Never
>Ever
>But i did, like a fool, i did.
>"Gadget" I plea
>"Don't drink it! You don't have to escape, i'm here to talk about anything, about..."
>I almost don't say it
>But i do
>"Your brother and what he's been doing to you..."
>I pause, quietly mulling over the chaos i've probably just wrought
>Before there's a tap on my shoulder

>Course i turn around
>My banging long stopped
>To raven, standing behind me, arms crossed.
>To say she looked glad to see me was an understatement.
>Fucking ghost powers activated, she must have phased through walls because i didn't see where she came from.
>Or even hear footsteps or anything.

>No smiles, or expressions to speak of
>No colors or fires in her eyes
>And only a tap on the shoulder, no real physical contact, no want to even talk to me i'm sure
>Except i was banging, and she came to solve the problem, with a cold, calculated question
>"Who's in the bathroom?"
>I answer "Gadget"
>"What did she do?"
>"She has the wine with coke in it"
>"And you're out here screaming and giving her reasons to drink it?"
>...
>I just quietly stare
>"You didn't tell me you thought her brother was hurting her? why not?"
>... i want to respond "I just found out"
>But words don't seem to work, instead i communicate via a system of sign language.
>I was making that symbol where you don't move at all
>She wasn't understanding
>"Well, good fucking job reminding her, she's probably downed half the bottle you idiot"
>There was a little man inside me
>Screaming

>You know, instead of rationally coaxing her out
>I'd tried to be all touchy feely you can talk to me
>People who want to drink and/or drug sorrows away?
>Yeah they hate that kinda stuff, it even gets to a point where that kinda stuff is what they're trying to get away from.
>So when raven said it, i realized really quickly that gadget probably hadn't even listened to me
>Just chugged the bottle right away, and was well on her way to an escaping high
>And if she hadn't right away, i'm sure bringing up things she didn't want to think about helped
>Raven, her words of wisdom done, vanishes again
>Probably because she doesn't want to talk to me, probably for every other reason too
>I'm not really sure i would want to talk to me either
>I'd made such an effort to be this kind great friend for gadget, make her life in the U.S better than what she'd had before.
>Maybe i did, up to a point
>But right now, maybe this entire trip, i'd just been making it worse.
>So i bang on the door one more time
>"Alright, you already drank it" i call softly
>Defeated
>"Let me in, so i can sit with you and make sure you're alright through it"
>I didn't know how fast it would kick in
>But the lack of response means it probably already had

>Not that i even knew what anyone else with coke and alcohol would do
>Everyone else got violent.
>But i knock a couple more times, and stand up
>She's probably chasing dragons with whatever dose she took
>I'm no expert on drugs, but i did know that in all we'd done with that bag
>It was dangerous, and i wasn't going to just let her sit there alone in a cold bathroom riding out a high because i'd made her feel like shit through a door.
>I tell her, not like it matters "I'll be right back"
>The door to blondie's room is open
>She's curled up on the bed, and isn't really asleep
>head follows me as i walk through to the bathroom, rifle through the drawers and find the ever-so-common hair pin
>I return with it in hand
>Blondie watches me the entire way, but never speaks or leaves the bed
>Arriving at the bathroom door, i give her warning
>"I'm coming in..."
>I drone off , fiddling with the lock
>As usual it's got a little hole, a little button you can press, before
>*Click*
>The door opens, and the first thing i see, is the bottle of wine, empty
>Cork missing, lying upside down in the sink

>Next i saw her legs, sprawled
>Over the side of the tub, hanging over as her upper body was lying back and into it.
>My first thought is that she'd downed the entire bottle
>The entire fucking half bottle of wine and coke and who knows what else, and just consigned herself to lying down in the bathtub to puke it all back up again
>That's the first thought in my mind
>Of course i step forward, quickly to grab her, pull her up and sit her upright, maybe help her throw it up or something
>I get stopped, not really by her
>Just me
>She's crying
>Sobbing actually, little quiffs and inhales as she goes.
>I realize she's crying about what i've said
>):
>I can't take it back, so i hold out a hand.
>"Come on! Let me help you throw up?"
>I'm trying to be nice
>Like its an offer
>She doesn't want it
>"GET AWAY, I DID NOT DRINK IT!"

>Lying, of course

>I still reach, past those crocodile tears, and get a hold on the jacket
>The white one, pristine and pure
>We could write bullshit about how she was some kind of innocence defiled or something like that i'm sure
>But fuck that
>I tug her up by the sleeve, getting a firmer grip on the arm and hauling her to sitting on the rim of the tub
>Sitting beside me, i can't entirely tell how fucked up she already is
>Entire bottle is way way way too much, i can already tell she's either going to be lethargic, or bouncing off the walls in minutes
>I just steady her with my arm
>Her head hung downwards, not looking at me
>And the tears
>Still dripping and leaving wet blemishes across the pockets
>I don't know if she was having trouble sitting, or just the way i was holding her
>But i told her i would sit here with her, and follow her, keep her safe for the entire high.
>Make sure she didn't get sick, or pass out and throw up, or anything else.
>Just keep her safe, that's what i told her
>She ignored it all
>Giddy, or whatever it was
>A foot tapped, and her head tilted up
>With a frown, i watched lips come closer
>Then blow air practically right up my nose with a weird sideways half-kiss thing.
>All sloppy and everything, ewww!

>I didn't understand the kiss, instead recoiling away because the way she did it was absolutely disgusting
>Blew morning breath up my nose and everything
>Coughing even a bit, it wasn't until she talked that i understood
>"Smell it?"
>Yeah, morning breath
>Nobody has delightful morning breath gadget and you're no exception
>I'm obviously making a big deal about the yuck maneuver she's just pulled because her shoves towards me at my coughing and sputtering aren't funny.
>Not even a little bit
>Until they are, and they suddenly make sense with an exclamation of "No alcohol, jerk"
>My nose realizes it before i do
>Twinkling itself sideways in contemplative thought
>It realizes that yeah
>that's just normal morning breath... so
>She... didn't drink any of it

>Then i've just... told her i didn't trust her and ..
>Yeah i've just fucked it all haven't i
>Her new superpower being hearing my thoughts, gadget nods

>I see her eyes fill with something, and i turn away quickly
>I don't even have to look
>she's probably furious, i've just insulted her in like eleven different ways
>Treated her like a child, like an addict, and not trusted her at all.
>Well i'm just going to get up and lea-
>I can't
>One of her hands finds my pocket, and digs itself in
>Holding me steady, the smouldering pile of soon to be explosive rage behind me
>I don't want to look
>But, she almost makes me, with one word commands. No emotion in her voice, and barely an accent either.
>"Sit"
>I do, her hand still in my pocket
>"Say Sorry"
>I start fumbling for words "I.. i'm sorry i treated you like ..."
>then i just settle on it
>"I'm sorry i didn't trust you, i should have, you're my best friend and i just thought you were going to take it and use it alone like the last tim-
>I wasn't looking at her during the apology, but she interrupts me all the same with a hand over my mouth
>And i find my face tilted upwards towards hers
>Those Chromatic eyes, almost every color, close enough to count the rings.

>"Never alone, i share"
>Four words, missing all the frilly bits we english-as-a-first-language humans would use to make it sound smoother.
>But the meaning there all the same
>And she was right, she did share, always
>I don't even have to ask how much of an idiot i was being, because gadget didn't run off to solve her problems with drugs alone.
>I was jumping to stupid conclusions i'd thought made sense in my head
>Picked up on TV, or in a book i'd read maybe
>The idea that everyone uses drugs and alcohol to feel better about themselves.
>Which with those four words i realized wasn't true
>To her, coke was fun, something to do with friends.
>A bonding experience.
>Maybe a little before, or right after that realization
>She flicked me on the nose, a sting as if i was a bad pet, and stood up
>I watched her walk to the sink, and comment almost nonchalantly "Sorry Taken" while running

her hand across the sink's rim.
>I think that means she forgives me
>Maybe?
>She clarifies, like always in her own gadget way, as i sit there moping on the tub
>"Wine and Coke together are bad for your heart; dangerous"
>"ruined, so i poured it out"
>...
>of course, she would know more about drugs than i do
>"You can make it up by getting us a new bag later"
>wait what

>I put on the most OH-HELL-NO face i could and snapped my head upwards towards her
>Fully intent on calling her an -
>She didn't break into giggles when i looked up
>Not like i expected, standing there, facing away from me entirely
>She wasn't even looking
>Staring off towards the distance, the door still open.
>Then a quiet whisper almost
>"How did you find out... did he... do something?"
>...
>Her brother, "No! i didn't... glasses told me" i try to alleviate her sudden
>Fear?
>Her reaction though, just
>It was as if someone had started pumping icy cold saline into my veins
>As if the warmth of the bathroom was gone, and suddenly i realized just how chilly the tile floors were
>And just how cold the house had been this morning, my clothes still damp from our run in the grass.
>It didn't matter what i said, because in one question she'd confirmed glasses' claim
>And i realized that now that plan had succeeded, because there was only one thing i could say next
>With a tone of voice i reserved for making people trust me, and trying to alleviate fears
>A low, firm, hushed quietness
>"Then if he really is hurting you, i'll make sure he goes to prison and ne-
>"NO!"
>Her voice like the cry of a trapped kitten, heartwrenching and confused

>If there was anything i was expecting from her, it was
>Well
>Not "No"
>I expected it to go exactly like it had with raven, when i'd found out and taken action
>But ... i guess back then i didn't even give her a choice

>I just did it, because it was right
>But here, gadget... said no
>I ... didn't know what to do about that
>so i stood up and said the first thing that came to mind
>"Yes! He's hurting you isn't he?!"
>I'm completely serious and she's not responding
>So i put my hand on her shoulder
>And turn her around
>And she's got no expression, nothing but hurt and more tears
>Then a sniffle, and she forces out
>"He IS NOT bad"
>i... Don't
>Well i don't know the entire story, so i ask, and she doesn't tell me
>But i can assume, if i ask a specific question
>Something like "Has he hit you?"
>And she shakes her head instantly, a definite "No"
>Phew i think, but her tears haven't stopped
>And those eyes themselves are crying, the colors within shifted one hue sadder.
>So i ask the tougher question
>"Has he raped you?"
>And she doesn't shake her head at all.

>"Well, then he's fucking dead"
>I say it so calmly, so cleanly
>As if i knew exactly what the fucker deserved
>I mean i did, i was going to kill him, or get him thrown away forever
>Nobody hurts friends of mine when i can do something about it
>No-fucking-body can stop me from ending the abuse right there.
>Nobody except her
>Because when i turned her around, her hand went to my shoulder when i said it
>When i said i was going to kill her brother
>Her eyes met mine, and she asked as firmly as i could hear.
>"Please.... don't..."
>Yeah, she used one there
>But more seriously she told me not to, as if
>As if i didn't understand anything, and suddenly i became really worried
>If it was possible to completely misunderstand...
>And to make it worse, i asked why
>And gadget simply stated, quietly
>"Because i love him, please...."

>....
>On a scale of 1-incest, i wasn't expecting anything past maybe a 2

>Not from gadget, not from anyone else
>But especially not from gadget with a brother like that.
>I didn't... i didn't know what to say
>Or ask
>Speechless
>But i try the stupidest, most blatant attempt eventually
>"Do... you... like? love? Love him... or..."
>At a loss for words, the english language is so clumsy with things like that.
>Thankfully, maybe she understands
>Or she doesn't
>When she shakes her head, and just tells me "No... just love"
>that word i'll be honest
>Love
>That's about one of the most complex words in the english language
>Not in any kind of fancy way or anything, it just means fuck all everything and nobody knows what it means.
>so i just try and clarify, link it to something
>"Like... a brother you mean?" I ask
>And she frowns
>Then nods
>I guess

>It's impossible to put this next part neatly
>Because it's just a mess in my head
>I had to ask all kinds of questions
>If she wanted him to stop, disliked him for it, and if she wanted me to stop him
>Yes, Yes, No
>Left my utterly confused, and lost as to what to do
>Did he hurt you? Did he threaten you? Can i do anything to help?"
>Yes, Yes, No
>Her hands gripping the sink firmly
>Eyes long past staring into mine
>Too hurtful, and more interested in looking away.
>Does your father know?
>No
>What would you do if i told him?
>"We would no longer be friends"
>):

>It's not that my actions are wrong
>Not in my head they aren't
>It's just that mess, of thoughts in my head

>There's a word for that kinda thing
>When you're empathic with someone hurting you
>I didn't remember it, but i knew it was a thing, and i knew it wasn't right
>Her accepting it was just wrong, and not letting me help was worse
>But... she was terrified of her brother getting hurt
>Or sent to jail, a role model she'd probably had all her life
>She was too old to not have conflicted feelings about his actions, to understand fully what he was doing and not rationalize why.
>As is the usual with life's non black and white self, you can love someone, and hate what they do at the same time.
>So i took her hand, knowing full well what i was damning myself into
>Knowing full well i wouldn't have done anything differently even if i knew it was a trap
>I told her quite simply, that i would make it stop.
>Ignoring her quick "NO DO NOT TE-"
>I clasped another hand over her mouth, and kissed her cheek
>Glasses knew i wouldn't be able to resist playing the hero
>Damned fool i am.

>I left my hand clasped over her mouth until she stopped yelling muffled things at me
>I'm sure they were important
>Even more so when she lifts her jaw and manages to get one of my fingers in a death-bite
>I expect it'll hurt, hear bone snapping crunch as she tries to chomp free
>But she doesn't
>Just clasps her teeth down harshly, and lets go
>Leaving toothy imprints on my skin
>I didn't realize it was her way of threatening me until she adds words to it
>"IF you hurt him, i TAKE that finger"
>A real threat, low voice and everything.
>It's a pinkie, i figure i could stand to lose it
>Might be worth getting that asshole out of her life
>But i don't say that
>Instead i tug her off along with me
>done with this general bullshittery, i've decided i'm going to ruin my relationship with gadget already
>Might as well go find raven and ensure i end up friendless this trip too right?

>I tug gadget along after me, down the hallway
>And she follows
>Quietly, holding my hand almost as if we were in the city again
>Except this time no doubt worried of the implications for herself in this entire mess.
>Searching for the girl that'd caused me nothing but trouble this trip, a good part of it my own

trouble.
>But overwhelmingly still, the person here who was my best friend.
>We don't find her.
>She's used her ability to phase through walls for pure evil it seems, was no longer around to be caught.
>We don't find anyone else either
>Even though it must be wake up time
>Only person up and about is downstairs, and that's glasses
>And when we meet her sitting at the dining table, enjoying what seems to be a breakfast of Eggs she's made entirely and only for herself
>Even if it was just to ask "Where" raven was
>She made it intolerable, instantly addressing me as "Hey Hubby!"
>An old term we'd picked up from MMOs, what every wife called her husband online it seemed.
>It didn't bother me because it didn't feel real in that context
>But it should have
>Glasses frowns when i ignore her addressing me, and just ask outright if she's seen raven.
>Then she croons, almost a seething pit of annoyance in her voice
>"Why would i want to see her? It's not like she's got anything i want"

>It's like....
>She wasn't even trying to be friendly anymore
>Just being a bitch to everyone she possibly could
>I briefly wondered if that's what being pregnant was like, you just instantly turn into a turbo bitch and create an uninhabitable force field around yourself.
>I'm just so fucking angry at her
>Thinking myself clever, i attempt to combine my feelings of "FUCK YOU" and "YOU'RE A BITCH" into one insult.
>ends up as "FUCK YOU BITCH"
>So not that clever
>Even less when she responds impassively "You already did hun" and picks at her eggs with a fork.
>Gadget's hand clenches in my own, and i realize she's probably got hair prickling up on the back of her neck
>Ready to roar and fight again
>Me too, this time i'll join in.
>But first, i hold gadget back, and have one last plan.
>AI STATE YOUR LAWS
>Glasses looks upward, eyes catching mine
>Then blinks, and starts to speak
>Law 1: "You may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm."
>Law 2: "You must obey orders given to you by human beings, except where such orders would

conflict with the First Law"
>Law 3: "You must protect your own existence, as long as such does not conflict with the First or Second Law"
>Law 4: "Storybro is not a human"
>FUCK
>AI'S ROGUE, PANIC

>I don't have anything else, really
>The fuck do i even say
>"Why are you doing this?" seems to be the one chosen at random from my brain
>And it's only then
>That i realize glasses is drinking a wineglass of something that looks peculiarly red
>Like wine
>with eggs
>For breakfast
>Eww, and also WHY, and also i could swear there's another reason she shouldn't be drinking wine besides not going well with eggs.
>Probably because
>what do i fucking care
>Her response matters more, and it's a simple one
>"Because i love you, and you love me, and i got tired of waiting"
>....
>....
>Yo there's such thing as unrequited love
>And there's love you don't tell nobody about and only put in your diary and expect me to understand.
>Cuz this entire i love you, you love me, we're a great big happy family thing is pretty new to me aight.

>Hahahaha
>I start laughing
>"I love YOU?"
>I laugh some more
>Just to let it set in that the idea is funny, and maybe i can win this by somehow breaking her feelings to pieces
>She looks up, confused at my laughter
>"What?" She asks
>Me i'm just trying to staycalm
>Deep breath
>In
>Out
>"If you didn't love me, then why was i your first?"

>IN
>"Why did you tell me i was the best head you'd ever had?"
>"Your best friend that you could tell anything to?"
>OUT
>"Didn't you tell me you wanted children?"
>Then i snap
>all at once, dropping gadget's hand and throwing up my own animatedly

>I really will fucking kill her
>Not that she flinches when i take steps closer
>Her eyes unwavering, matching my own
>Amber brown, like always, but cool, collected. Infuriating.
>Hands outstretched, i'll fucking choke her to death, i really will
>"IF THIS IS ALL ABOUT YOU"
>Steps closer
>THINKING I LOVED YOU"
>My hands almost to her throat as she smiles, grins even
>Eyes glinting
>"THEN YOU'RE SUCH A SHALLOW WOMAN"
>This must be her plan
>Storybro assisted suicide.
>"I COULD NEVER CARE ABOUT"
>Or she's just too clever for that, far more clever than i ever give her credit for
>as gadget wraps her hands around my chest from behind, and pulls back
>Holding me still, stopping me from killing this bitch

>Instead of being rightfully terrified
>Glasses is completely at home eating her eggs and sipping wine inches away from my fingers with all engines on throttle.
>Without looking up from her plate
>Deciding eye contact is no longer good enough for me
>She asks
>"So... what's so great about raven that i don't do better?"
>And you know what
>Gadget, behind me
>I feel her arms falter, almost momentarily
>As i'm snarling and ripping at the bindings that hold me
>She would willingly let me go and hurt glasses, there's no way she wouldn't be hurt.
>Glasses Chides "Oh stop it you, i want a serious answer."
>A condescending tone all the way She's so pathetic it's hilarious you even picked her over me in the first place"
>This hurts me in ways i didn't even realize i could be hurt
>As i stop struggling, the point no longer there,

>She was just going to shred me with words, and no matter how much i wanted to hit her face she was going to win.
>"Why give one girl your first kiss, and your virginity, and pick the other with all her messy emotional problems?"
>I...

>"Why pick the girl with a flat chest compared to mine?"
>She grabs a boob and props it upward, for no other reason than to show off.
>Gadget silently watching behind me, who's to know what she was thinking
>Her arms no longer taut, i could break free at any time
>but i don't
>I can't remember my first kiss, no matter where i think in that very moment, it's missing.
>Don't know who got it, and that's terrifying all of a sudden, because it could have very well been glasses.
>"Admit it!" she blurts
>"There's no reason you're with raven besides her being with you longer, i'm better in EVERY conceivable WAY."
>I...
>I don't have any kind of responses for anything in my head
>"SMARTER, PRETTIER, CURVIER"
>she just keeps listing things, and eventually finishes her list
>with an almost added after fact "Oh and i'm not broken, so there's that too!"
>When you're put on the spot, and glasses asked me
>"Name one thing raven has better than me"
>When i was put there, to come up with an answer
>I could have blurted out a million different things, ways the girls were different from one another, but i was hooked up on the smaller things.
>And lost
>So i didn't say anything.

>I realized almost too late all the things i could say as she continued, blabbing on about something or other
>How things would change with us together as a couple
>How we would slowly begin to move in together, and spend our lives with child.
>Me i drifted, mind out the window
>Back to the grass outside, looking up to the blue and thinking.
>I took my time thinking, then figured any time was as good as now, and i held up my hand.
>Glasses stopped talking
>Inquisitively staring, ready for me to make some kind of speech
>I don't, i just say the truth
>That raven was leaving on a flight back to L.A probably tonight.
>And that i was going with her instead of staying here.
>That was it, that's all i told her

>I assume glasses knew already, somehow
>Which was proven quickly, that glasses just always knew everything
>"Or..." She started
>"You could let someone else have your spot."
>... who though
>"Give it to gadget for example"
>Bad idea, the girl who doesn't want to go home because her brother's hurting her.
>Thanks glasses, but she seems to ignore the revelation she already knows.
>She points at the silent onlooker, still holding my shoulders, arms wrapped around my neck
>"And in two days i'll have freckles, aubrey, blondie and myself all into your very own little fivesome, how's that sound?"
>...
>Offering sex from others again
>How low can she go

>I don't know why i don't want it, why it sounds so empty
>Or why i actually thought she could deliver
>As if she could get blondie and freckles naked in the same room
>Who would even want those two naked in the same room anyway.
>Gadget squeezes her arms tighter, and i shake my head
>It's just not an interesting offer, "I'm tired of all of this, just really tired of the drama" i start to say
>Then i just stop ,and be honest
>"I don't think i could ever love someone as cold hearted as you glasses, you just backstabbed your best friends"
>No real emotion
>Just words.
>I tell her plenty of other things, whatevers on my mind
>But i end it somewhere down the line, nothing fancy
>I tell her what every mother-wana-be never wants to hear
>"I don't care about the baby"
>I just tell her i'm leaving, and ill deal with her when she gets back to L.A
>Pay for an abortion, or whatever and then i wasn't ever going to talk to her again.
>I didn't care about her, i didn't care if she was better in every single way, i didn't care that she could have children and raven couldn't, that she had breasts, or an ass, or was smarter or any other fucking things she brought up.
>I just told her we were done talking, and i left.
>Her eyes followed me, i could feel them burning into the back of my skull as i left through the kitchen
>Grabbed a glass of water, and heard her say something to gadget.
>No clue why gadget didn't follow me, but i didn't care
>Wanted to be alone, so i left around to the side room

>The study, which was within earshot of the living room, but was plenty private. Walking into it, i found all the doors open, and guess-fucking-who sitting in one of the armchairs.
>I'm not even surprised, i just close the doors and sit across from her
>Might as well get used to the silence, this is going to be the plane ride i bet.

>We sat like that, not looking at one another for an hour
>The house was waking up, people mulling around in the kitchen and bathrooms
>Sounds of water flowing, pans banging.
>We ignored it, silently ignoring one another
>Looking in opposite directions
>One hour
>Maybe two, before my phone rang
>Gadget called me, "Where are you?!"
>making sure we hadn't gone off to sail away in the boat or something without her. Genuinely worried as always.
>She poked it out of me, and we found her politely knocking on the door after a moment, before she rushed in carrying a tray with plates and food, blondie in short tow with drinks.
>All four of us ate in silence
>Eggs, toast, jam, orange juice,
>Finished and gone, both the delivery girls vanished with the cups and plates
>Still not a word from raven. But i thanked them both.
>From both of us.
>At about 10:30, Her mom called

>She called in an old outstanding favor, got three tickets (because the guy had to reserve an entire row with his company schtick) and they're for a 9:00 flight that night out of the fort lauderdale airport.
>"Now... is my daughter available?"
>I shrugged, but she couldn't hear it.
>So i said "yeah, but she's giving everyone the silent treatment" and just passed the phone to Raven.
>She took it, voice without expression
>Said "Yes Mom" and "No Mom" a couple times.
>Then "No Mom" six or seven times in a row.
>always worrying when that happens. Specially since she started stressing her tone near the end.
>Then she handed the phone back to me, and i got to go over the flight plans and how to get the tickets and everything.
>Boring stuff
>Before the serious stuff
>One line really
>"Try your best to make my daughter happy again alright?"

>This hit me, quietly
>I wanted to say yes ma'm, but i didn't, caught my voice
>and she hung up before i had a chance.

Upon popular request from sleepy anons. Friday november 14th (8:00 PST) Shall be the last road-trip thread. We'll see how many plotholes get summed up and how many new ones get created. I'll answer questions the entire time to officially sum up unanswered things and those will end up on this document.

No new chapter, just continuing the same update
http://boards.4chan.org/r9k/thread/14644776

>Like i said, having Raven's mother tell you quietly over the phone that one line.
>The same line she'd told me at the beginning of the trip, that she was glad i made her daughter happy
>But only differently, telling me quite simply that i'd failed in that goal
>And just asking me to try to do it again.
>That hit me softly, and emotions like that are always soft.
>They build, like ripping currents that drag you slowly under and when you surface you're only farther and farther out to sea.
>When i set down the phone, i looked over
>To the armchair where she was sitting, curled up, legs on the seat and pulled close
>Turned sideways in her seat, not facing me at all.
>Jet black hair draped down over her shoulders, blocking my view of her face.
>As if she never wanted to acknowledge my existence again
>But was simply tolerating it
>just quietly waiting

>I could have said anything, or everything
>And i didn't
>I just stood up, walked across the room and almost reached out a hand
>almost trailed it across her knee, to her shoulder as i walked by
>Almost
>Instead i just ran two fingers along the arm of the chair, up the back
>Paused when i was behind her, out of sight, blocked by her unwillingness to turn the other way.
>"I'm... going to go tell everyone we're leaving...and clear everything up."
>It's just a trivial statement, just keeping her in the loop of where i was going
>Not leaving her here silently to mope or anything.

>Whatever tone i used, or emotions i felt over saying something as insignificant as that.
>It felt like it was possibly the most important thing i could have said.

>The women were down the hallway in the living room, well most of them.
>Blondie was in the kitchen, quietly banging pots and pans and running water.
>Or that's who i assumed was in the kitchen, considering Aubrey, Freckles and Gadget were all lounging about organizing bags and deciding who gets laundry duty.
>Glasses was the only one not with them, and she was lying on her back on the couch, wearing some tank top skirt combo.
>I say this because even though she had her hand over her eyes in a dramatic sprawled out fashion, when i passed by, she spread her legs
>Probably an evil smile playing across her hidden face.
>I didn't look
>found myself in the kitchen, the long way around the house entirely to get here since it's only two doors from the study.
>Freckles in the distance complaining about why she had so many Bras all of a sudden.
>The way i came in from the living room brought my attention to the sheer cleanliness of the counters
>The girl at the sink, wearing a skirt and white tee, blonde hair waving back and forth as she scrubbed

Wow, Alright anons our Heinssen archive went down randomly
http://archive.heinessen.com/

We have the post numbers for every thread, that's no problem. But we need a working archive with those posts available. Anyone know of any? otherwise i have to download the tables and find them myself, yuuck.

>Humming something, ipod obviously dangling from her ears in that silly three-bun hairstyle she always wore.
>[spoiler]I'd love to say she was swishing her hips too, but she wasn't[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Maybe a bit of wiggling, but that's just from the forearm work i swear[/spoiler]
>Cute as fuck
>I figure blondie's the first one i should talk to, because... well... yeah that's some unfinished business.
>Myriad of endless thoughts in my head on how to solve that situation
>I mean as stupid as it sounds, compared to just cutting her loose (again) or pretending it never happened. I didn't want to leave her with that
>THAT
>As an experience of her "first time"
>So i fully, even though you're going to call me an idiot ,and tell me i'm ruining my chances with everyone.
>I fully intended to walk up to her, tell her it didn't count, and offer her an IOU

>One night, one date, i'd promise to make it worth remembering so i could fix the mistake i'd made of letting her get so close in the first place.
>But make sure to tell her we'd just be friends after that and i'd help her get a boy.
>Offer up my services in getting blondie's mom to think i was dating whatever boy she brought home, thus gay, thus safe.
>Or that was my idea of course
>It's blondie though
>So when i walked up to the humming girl
>Placed my hand lightly on her shoulder.
>You can guess what happened.

>She turned, abruptly to her right
>I was on her left, and tapped from her left, which is probably the only reason i saw it coming.
>Grip like steel, she brought around what she was holding at the time.
>So a sponge in her left, and in her right, judging by the quick glance i got.
>A cast iron pan that we had undoubtedly made breakfast in
>Delicious breakfast
>But not so delicious was the fact that she spun around so quickly physics took effect, and i had no time to react
>I saw her eyes mostly
>The surprise as she spun around, as i watched that hand, and that pan come at me, slow motion with the speed of a dying sun
>Well
>fuck

>I dodged
>Don't make me tell you how because it entirely involved the fact that i kinda saw it coming, had socks on, and the floor was slippery
>So instead of dodging really it was just losing my footing in surprise and gravity helping.
>Ended up flat on my bum on the kitchen floor, legs sprawled out in front of the startled now fully turned around girl
>[spoiler]As anons in thread realized when i hadn't even put two and two together, her karate reflexes make her do that[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Spin kicks jesus christ[/spoiler]
>Her eyes narrow, readjusting from the light of the window above the window, still holding the sponge and pan.
>Then wider
>In surprise as she does two things.
>Well
>I do one thing first
>Thank the Assassin gods for sparing my life this one time
>A mistake, because the Assassin gods hate it when you thank them for good deeds.
>See blondie nearly jumps out of her skin seeing me now on the floor behind her, because she

connects everything in that instant and exclaims
>"OH MY GOD I COULD HAVE HIT Y-
>So i mean yeah she was talking
>Could see up her skirt too, adorable pink underwear, but that's also not the point
>The point was i thanked the Assassin gods, and they were angry
>So in surprise
>Or premeditated murder
>Blondie dropped the pan.

>It clanged to the kitchen floor, and through any obstacles in its way
>So my knee
>Got hit with a five, six or seven pound frying pan.
>I'd loved to have yelled
>Or you know screamed in agony
>But it didn't really hurt as much as jarring the fuck out of my leg, and stinging like HELL.
>I think i yelped
>Then grit my teeth and stared upwards as miss-murder herself started exclaiming various "I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY!" moments.
>Bending over to try to fling her hands out and do something, anything
>As if she could
>I just bore it.
>Clutched my knee and just FORCED a smile
>"It's..."
>A terribly pained set of words from me
>"Alright, it... doesn't hurt"
>I'm lying, it started throbbing like hell
>But like a man who needed to not leave women with lasting complexes about losing virginities while high on coke and passing out, i grit my teeth and pretended it didn't hurt at all.
>She helped me up, a tug
>And i used both hands for support on the marble counter, holding myself firmly standing.

>Pretending it didn't hurt through her apologies and fretting over my knee (she tried to take off my pants to look at it, and i had to almost kick her off)
>I started my pre-planned speech
>"It's ok... blondie... Raven and I are going back to L.A on a plane... tonight"
>I caught her with that statement
>she was halfway through apologizing and the other half through telling me i could hit her back on the knee as payback.
>Instead her voice caught in her throat
>and the blue eyes i was watching changed from innocent "i'll make it better", to a quiet stare
>Yeah, i knew she would hate it
>Before she even starts thinking of anything else, or running scenarios or reasons

>Knowing blondie it was approximately 4 seconds before she tried to blame herself
>So i acted as if the issue between me and her, was a non issue
>"Hey!" i started
>"I owe you still though, our date was kinda cut short so i'll take you out on a real one when you get back kay?"
>Her eyes back to innocent
>then angry
>Empty
>Angry again
>Then she came at me with a sponge

>I'm sure she was trying to stab me in the back with it
>but all that happened is she ended up hugging me
>And that stabbing sponge motion just left a big warm wet spot
>Water!
>My only Weakness!
>I'm MEELLLLTTTINNNGGGG
>Her hug quickly changing from a hug
>To leaning on me
>To "OH GOD BLONDIE MY KNEE STOP WE'RE GOING TO"
>Well i didn't yell or anything
>Just grit my teeth and fell right over as she pulled me down with her.
>But it was nice, not a hard landing, more of a crumple
>And she told me quite simply, giggling at the bottom of the landing that "I didn't owe her anything"
>To which i shook my head
>And turned on smart-ass storybro mode
>"No way, i don't want my first time with a blonde girl to be that awkward!"
>To which she gave me an entirely funny look

>and for a second
>Just a second
>I thought i'd really just fucked up
>Beyond a doubt said something wrong.
>Her eyes hardened, like she was going to cry
>But then that faded, and Blondie grinned
>"Alright, Deal!"
>She said it with such conviction i almost didn't believe the girl half-hugging me in a pile on the floor was blondie.
>But when she sat up too quickly because other footsteps had entered the room
>She was bright pink
>so i knew it was her

>Never change blondie
>Never change
>[spoiler]As long as i don't die she's cute enough to forgive every time[/spoiler]
>Gadget had entered the room, and she didn't really care that we were a hugging mass on the floor
>Still though, i sat up quickly as well, and we were just sitting there side by side
>Cutely looking up at the imposing dark skinned beauty towering over us with an evil grin

>Ok but it was gadget, she didn't have an evil grin
>she just held out a hand and lifted me up.
>Blondie stood up on her own, while gadget stole a hug
>Mostly me hugging her because my knee REALLY hurt
>Used her as support.
>"So you are leaving tonight?" was the one question i got asked
>And yeah, i confirmed it.
>But also noted there was a third ticket
>Blondie's ears perked up
>Gadget's ears perked up
>I offered it to gadget, mostly because i offered it already.
>Don't really know what blondies opinions were on it
>She never said
>For gadget though, i added the promise of "Fixing" her brother problem
>Not that i had a plan or anything, but i promised it wouldn't hurt him
>And i promised she would be safe
>And ironically
>Gadget told me three words
>Three words i didn't deserve
>"I trust you"
>Three words i sadly hadn't given to her before
>I'm a terrible person, i know.

>With gadget as a sort of walking crutch, and blondie tagging along
>We announced to the living room the news
>Freckles
>Aubrey
>Glasses
>They all took it differently
>Freckles had something along the lines of "Good Riddance!" on her lips
>Aubrey said in her ol brit accent "A right shame that'll be"
>While musing over the technical details a bit
>And Glasses just stayed silent
>Staring
>Lividly, not at me

>But at gadget, as if i'd taken her new toy away.
>We ignored her, and various things were said
>Glasses not commenting at all
>Or saying anything
>Freckles huffing and puffing like the big bad wolf
>Blondie saying her goodbyes, and Gadget reminding them we still had hours until we had to go to the airport.
>I asked freckles if she would drive us
>She shrugged, and gave her coolest "I don't care" okay.
><3
>Fuck the other driver.

>Everything squared away, well
>Sort of
>Freckles decided she wanted to "Talk to me" in private
>which i'm sure meant murder me in private
>Or you know she was noticing i had a limp
>Because "Hey gadget, i'll help him back to the study, let me get his arm" coming from freckles
>Well that's just a death trap
>Get away with punching me in the gut in a corner somewhere and leaving me to bleed out
>I try to signal help
>Smoke signals
>Sign language
>Nobody sees them except for she-who-must-not-be-named
>She just grins in my direction and leaves me to my fate as freckles helps me limp away
>Squeeeeee

>Freckles in her fake niceness tugged me along down the hallway
>Sure she pulled me a little forcefully, and hurt my knee a tad
>sure she didn't take me to the study, and instead shoved me into the laundry room and closed the door behind her
>Sure i tried to decide on if i would have to bludgeon her to death with the fabric softener or the detergent.
>But it wasn't that bad
>as i stood there in that moment of panic, deciding which plastic bottle would hurt more
>She did something entirely UN-freckles like
>for once
>Because when i looked up into her pale green eyes and tried to decide how to murder her if she came at me in my weakened knee state
>She smiled
>And told me "Thank you!"
>"I owe you! I Really do for setting us up!"

>UH OH

>Of course she's flip flopping behind the scenes
>She's going to offer me a blowjob, or some sexual favors or something and i'm just going to be in so much more shit than i was before.
>I try to put out my hands and just block her attempts to seduce me
>Really just silently saying no
>Doesn't work
>I get sexually assaulted
>[spoiler]Not really[/spoiler]
>Freckles kisses me on the lips briefly and ends up hugging me
>"Thanks!" "Really! You're not so bad!"
>And then as gruffly as her mood changed
>She lets go
>And straightens her own shirt, leaving me stunned
>Her smile vanishes
>"If you tell anyone i'll kill you"
><3
>Classic Freckles

>Freckles successfully revealing she doesn't hate me as much as she lets on
>and was just keeping up impressions so aubrey would like her
>Or something roughly as illogical
>She tugs me along, finally back to the study
>I can kinda walk now, but still the throbbing in my knee isn't helping
>I really
>Really hope blondie didn't shatter my kneecap or something
>That would suck
>Or
>What would really suck, and does suck because it happens. Is when we walk in
>And i move around the side of the armchair to sit on the arm of the chair raven's in
>She's missing

>Which at first is an entire jolt of fear
>Terror that once again i've lost her
>A long exhale as i slide my legs over the side of the armchair and slip backwards into the seat
>It's still warm
>):
>Freckles realizes raven's missing, and rushes off to find her
>Well, in a gruff angry way
>But i know she secretly cares now
>I can't follow, because my leg is throbbing again, and i say fuck it
>And curl up on her armchair, staring off at the bookcase

>I don't even get to enjoy the various patterns of leather and cloth hardbackings, because ten seconds after freckles leaves
>I hear a sneeze
>A cute little "aaah choo!" from behind a curtain in the corner.
>....
>Figures
>She's hiding to try to get back at me and make me feel like shit again
>Without really going anywhere
>I can't help but feel that's immensely childlike, as if she's just being spiteful
>I have the strongest urge to just say mean things
>Knowing she's listening
>But i don't
>I just prim my voice up and mutter angrily.
>"I hurt my knee, i can't come over and pretend i just found you raven..."

>She sneezes again
>Which to me is hilarious
>Means it's a dusty ass curtain she's hidden behind, but she doesn't answer
>Which
>Well... i'm annoyed
>I try talking to her, various things
>smalltalk, nothing important
>And she doesn't respond
>So eventually i figure fuck it
>Stand up, hobble across the room
>And hug the shit out of the curtain
>The girl inside struggles, squirms and tries to break free
>As if i shouldn't have known she was there, hiding to hurt me, to make me feel bad.
>But i just hold tighter
>And tell her flat out
>"Stop! You know we're stro-
>She finally squirms free of the curtain
>Before i can even finish my sentence
>She's clasped a hand over my mouth, and yells a response
>"DON'T YOU DARE SAY SOMETHING STUPID"
>"DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE RUIN IT, JUST SHUT UP"
>...
>!!!!
>*Motions towards watching anons*
>*Makes quiet symbol over mouth*
>*points at raven*
>*Shakes head*

>Out of nowhere, she was clutching her arms around me hugging me
>Putting pressure on my leg, which i grinned like a man and bore with all my might
>But she was hugging me
>Crying
>Happy tears, not sad, eyes squeezed tight
>And i for the life of me couldn't figure out HOW suddenly everything was better.
>HOW suddenly she wasn't angry at me, or hiding away.
>It didn't make the tiniest bit of sense to me, and even as i hauled us both over to the armchair again
>Sat down first, and she curled sideways on my lap
>Clutching me, and burying her head into my shoulder
>I didn't want to ask
>Because i didn't understand in the least why she wasn't angry at me anymore.
>She fell asleep like that, crying onto my shoulder
>I did too maybe, a nap for a short while.
>Not wanting to move in that odd way you do when you have a cat on your lap
>Unwilling to disturb its peace
>You sit still, and quietly endure
>Because any movement
>Any small change in position, will send them fleeing with a hiss.
>Now you knew how i felt.

>We napped way longer than i had planned
>Not really planning to nap at all, we woke up much later in the day.
>Late enough that it seems Blondie, or Gadget
>Or someone, packed out bags for us, and set out clean clothes.
>Gadget probably, because her bag was there too in the middle of the study
>And all the doors were closed, so obviously they decided to leave us alone.
>Cute i guess
>We threw on new clothes and left to find everyone else
>We found them all dressed, not dressed up, but ready to go somewhere.
>Dinner it seems, and then freckles was to take us to the airport.
>They were going to wake us up anyway since it was getting late
>And it ends up Blondie/Glasses/Aubrey/Freckles went to the beach again while we were asleep
>I didn't mind
>Raven didn't mind
>The meal itself was awkward, quiet, for me maybe.
>Glasses and I didn't make eye contact
>Raven just stared at her food, but stuck close to my side, cuddling sideways almost in the booth.
>Blondie, Gadget, Aubrey and Freckles took the conversations as normal.
>Chattering, giggling

>Food ended, and they drove us to the airport.
>Blondie kissed me goodbye on the cheek.
>Gadget got hugs from everyone
>Raven didn't get hugs or kisses from anyone, but i took her hand and squeezed anyway.
>They were sincere in the goodbyes, even if a bit annoyed at her i'm sure.

>Then that was it, bags in hand the three of us entered the airport.
>We were thirty minutes early, i grabbed coffees for everyone
>Gadget picked a Caramel Frappuccino, Raven picked a Vanilla latte, and i just went with a Caramel Latte
>Coffee choices in california, big deal
>Even in florida yo
>My knee felt way better, although it still hurt like hell if i stood on it too long, so we found one of those waiting rooms and sat down coffees in hand
>Raven said she wanted to go grab something to snack on during the flight, and vanished off to one of the kiosks with my wallet
>Which she technically didn't ask for and just snatched out of my bag
>"Guess that means we're on good terms now"
>I mumble, maybe loud, maybe intentionally so gadget can hear me
>She reacts, turns to face me and asks the one oddest thing
>Eyes full of multicolored curiosity.
>"You mean you do not know?"
>....
>Of course, there's no way i was going to escape this unharmed with raven being happy with me
>Absolutely no way
>"No clue gadget, go ahead and ruin my day"
>Seriously
>go, fucking, ahead.

>Gadget doesn't change her expression
>It's still curiosity, with a slight smile
>"No! Not ruin! good!"
>....
>"Glasses told me!"
>....
>....
>...
>.
>.
>"She said she lost, so...."
>...
>...

>"Also to call her when we were waiting"
>....
>GADGET
>NEVER
>FUCKING
>TRUST
>Of course my phone rings.

>It's not glasses though, not her phone at least
>It's Lizzie Mcguire calling, so i foolishly pick it up
>"Hey Blo-
>"If you hang up, i'll ruin everything i just did for you~"
>....
>GUESS WHO
>WOW
>It's motherfucking GLASSES using someone elses phone
>how retarded can i be
>Seriously
>I just slide my finger over the end call button and am just going to press it
>Give zero fucks about what she has to say, we're gone
>she has no power over us as i end the call
>FUCK
>HER
>Gadgets phone rings this time

>And before i can snatch it away with a "NO!" DON'T!" she's picked it up, answered and already well into a conversation
>Which, i'm sure is glasses trying to ruin gadget, because as i'm flailing trying to take the phone away, she starts giving me increasingly more-serious looks.
>Eyes darkening
>I can feel her scrutinizing me as glasses starts telling her lies about me eating children, sodomizing astroturf and using flathead screwdrivers to unscrew phillips screws.
>Her eyes changing colors, quickly from innocent
>to furious
>no gadget, no!
>Without me getting the phone away, she agrees to something on the other end, and bluntly tells me "It is for you, and do NOT hang up"
>Angrily glaring the entire time
>noooooo
>THEY'VE CONVERTED MY LAST BASTION OF LIGHT
>I'm trapped, you sonuvabitch
>I take it
>and growl into the phone "WHAT?!"

>You know i figure it would be funny if it wasn't Glasses
>It was someone's mom, or something
>Ya know
>JUST FOR ONCE
>Let things play out chaotically awful and not as expected
>But alas, not this time
>Glasses was indeed on the other end of the line
>And she said two words
>"You're Welcome"

>I blew up
>Screaming
>Shouting who knows fucking what over that phone
>Stomping my god damn feet
>Exploding into incoherent rage
>I yelled so fucking loud into that phone that everyone in the waiting area stopped, and stared
>Almost threw it to the fucking floor and stomped on it
>Then i remember it belonged to gadget
>and i ALMOST didn't care.
>Yelled so loud Airport security showed up
>I actually threw a tantrum
>A real fucking live tantrum in the airport
>So fucking done with all of this, done with her and she wouldn't leave us alone
>what did i have to do, i growled, sitting down into my seat arms clasped around myself
>Only silent at the demand of airport security.
>"Sir you're going to have to quiet down or we're going to remove you from the premises" sure gets a guy to shut up quick
>Probably would have dragged me kicking and screaming into cuffs and some interrogation room if gadget hadn't snatched the phone away from me.
>Told them "It is his ex girlfriend"
>Doubly so when disobeying them would have me stuck in florida with that bitch.

>I just pouted
>Crossed my arms and fumed
>Security walked away without robusting me for fucking once.
>But they still made me shut up and stop bitching about the girl
>who i suddenly realized
>WAS STILL ON THE PHONE WITH GADGET
>WHO WAS JUST NODDING HER FUCKING HEAD
>GOD DAMNIT GLASSES
>FUCKING, FUCK.
>Wanted to rip the phone out of her grasp, and i do reach over for the damn thing
>Just going to hang up, that's all i want i say under my breath

>ALL
>i want
>Gadget shushes me, scootches away and holds up a finger
>Cute
>but i reach over the armrest to try to get the phone again, and keep trying until raven comes back.
>Two things happen
>One, Gadget stands up, whispers something in raven's ear, and Raven looks at me seriously for two seconds
>And Two
>Raven about faces and walks away, Claiming "she has to pee"
>And gadget holds up her finger again, to shush me
>I can't be shushed
>My rage
>Overflowing
>I'm going to have my life ruined and there's absolutely nothing i can do about it.

>Gadget nodded, two or three times more, and then looked me in the eyes
>directly, still focusing on the phone before speaking
>"I am going to repeat everything that glasses says"
>And she covers the mouthpiece
>sincerely asking me quickly "Please do not yell at me!"
>Ffffffff
>Fuck it
>She starts talking, and i listen
>At first it just starts out making my blood boil
>"Blah blah blah Raven blah blah blah mad at you blah blah blah"
>But then it suddenly starts making sense
>In the most terrifying way
>and was weird as this sounds
>I start asking questions through gadget
>suddenly curious
>Enraged
>But curious
>And the list starts to come out
>Glasses liked me, she'd liked me for years now
>And raven didn't exactly realize it, until glasses told her
>a moment of weakness, or solidarity. It was a mistake
>Because suddenly everything became a competition
>Even if glasses wasn't competing.

>It all becomes so clear
>And it all hurts

>Because glasses starts up, and starts pointing out
>Raven... was tearing herself apart
>Sometime after they got together, the intimacy between them revealed the secret
>And Raven distanced herself from me
>Not because she didn't love me
>But because there's always one rule with glasses.
>She loved me
>Raven knew she loved me
>She was my first, she took that prize years ago.
>I'd picked her back then before raven, even if it was a foolish lust fueled choice
>I piece together the other bits in my head
>Raven always hated her own self image
>always
>Glasses had breasts
>She thought glasses was "Prettier"
>And worst of all
>The thing that Glasses (through gadget, and a fair amount of blushing) reveals
>The thing raven got so annoyed at me in the shower i'd shared with gadget about.
>Children
>Glasses could have children
>Those are just the competitive edges glasses had, but it didn't matter.
>The reason Raven wasn't trying
>Was because in any game she played
>Glasses never lost.

>I didn't really have an answer
>Speechless really
>Because it made sense in odd ways, but... just not in others
>"Getting pregnant" to make me choose raven over her
>Gadget had already handed me the phone.
>I didn't even notice i'd been listening to glasses directly for some time now.
>After all the drama halfway through this trip, Glasses realized
>She knew
>Knew Raven wasn't sure of herself being the right girl for me
>So in sacrificing her own reputation with everyone else
>with me
>Treating me like shit
>Pretending
>Yes she revealed she was "Pretending" to be pregnant
>She set up a situation so inane, so complicatedly fucked
>That to even get out of it i'd have to prove i loved raven more than anyone else

>That raven had somehow
>Against all fucking odds
>Beaten glasses at a game she was trying her hardest to win.

>She also admitted it was completely dishonest, last resort because i'd fucked up the relationship that badly and i was unlikely to forgive her
>That was right
>Unlikely as hell to even talk to her after that.
>But i did ask one question
>One fucking serious question
>"Glasses..."
>I start
>Voice somber
>"What if i chose you? Or Gadget?"
>And gadget, sitting next to me perked up
>Listening like a dog having it's name called
>Through the earbuds she had re-equipped in the short time i'd had the phone.
>Glasses takes a moment
>a pause
>Then explains matter of factly
>"Well... gadget wouldn't let you pick her over raven"
>Probably wouldn't, that's true...
>"And me...well that would be dumb! I was insufferable wasn't i?"
>You know what
>Fuck you Glasses
>You Magnificent Bastard.

>Glasses tells me
>"You can't ever let her know she didn't win"
>And you know what
>I just tell her to shut it
>Because that bitch lost
>Raven shows up eventually, long after the phone call ends
>The shuttle lands at the gate, and our rows are called for boarding, and we load up.
>The flight is boring, empty
>I end up in the middle, Raven gets the window seat because i'm trying to stay on her good side.
>Gadget gets the row, and falls asleep listening to the movie through headphones she plugged in OVER her ipod which i can still hear playing music
>I end up as the in-flight pillow, Armrests up and everyone asleep resting on my shoulders.
>I'm sure it was twice as cute as it seemed.

>Nothing that entertaining happened
>Planes are boring as fuck
>Best part was that some sleazy douchebag up a couple rows ahead of us joked with a stewardess about the "Mile high" club.
>And of course, gadget in her endless curiosity asked me what it was
>something i had to explain in hushed whispers, right after raven sleepily informing me "she still has permission you know"

>Nothing came of that anons
>Gadget just got all cutely embarrassed and wide eyed and pretended to go to sleep again.
>I'm not sure i was up to it anyway

>I didn't know what to do about the gadget and raven scenario since i hadn't confronted either of them about it
>And i didn't plan to
>So i was glad not to
>The plane landed, our ears popped something fierce
>Hurt like hell for me and gadget, nobody brought gum
>Idiots the lot of us.
>Then carrying our bags, we find our way out to the bag pickup to raven's mom
>A hugging, kissing, cheering welcome home to all of us
>Everyones cheeks get kissed
>I'd called my parents in the terminal, ends up they were out of town and didn't expect me home so early
>Taking a honeymoon or something
>didn't matter ,Raven's mom was perfectly happy to make sure i was fine, so no big.
>We pull up to Gadget's house first
>and i remember entirely right as we're driving up there, the problem
>Gadget reminds me
>Her face pressed against the glass sadly watching her driveway roll up
>Leg with the tiniest twitch
>I realize i promised i was going to do something about it, so i guess i would
>Told Raven's mom to stop the car here, and gadget to stay, that she was coming with us and i just had to get her things.
>That didn't get argued with as much as i thought it would.
>Me going instead of her
>Nobody asked.

>I walked up to the door
>I knew before that her family stayed up late, often till 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning because of her dad's work schedule.
>the long journey, painful, with many obstacles in the way.
>Rang the doorbell (a dick move i guess)
>Her dad answered, smiled, said "Hey storybro!" Then quickly asked if his daughter was back home.
>I nodded, pointed to the car and told him to go out and chat with her, she was just going to sleepover one more day.
>Then i asked where the brother was, because i needed to "Get something" from him
>The dad pointed towards a back room and said he was just doing his homework or something
>Yeah
>Whatever
>I work my way through the house, find his door
>Locked
>Knock twice, and wait
>A minute later, he opens it and bang

>Right in the fucking face i punch as hard as i can
>And i follow it up
>Barging through the door, shoving the ass down to the ground and throttling him, my forearm at his throat against his carpet
>Choking, Scratching, Clawing at me and gurgling out questions
>Faggot was much taller than me, didn't care
>I told him what's up, first words that came to my head
>"Gadget is now my GIRLFRIEND"
>...
>Odd choice of words brain, but swing with it
>"I HEARD, what you DID TO HER, and i have fucking PROOF"
>"So if you AND I MEAN YOU, ever, EVER touch her again, i will get you sent away FOR LIFE the same fucking way i handle any ASSHOLES who hurt women i love"

>I felt heroic
>Manly
>Like i'd done good in the world as i kicked him in the side and walked off
>Bluffing
>all of it
>He didn't even come at me like he did last time, running after us.
>For once, i did something right
>Stood up and actually protected someone i figured.
>Walked outside, politely informed the father he should have a great morning and gadget will be home the next day.
>He shrugged, pointed out he still had work to do and had tomorrow off, and waved goodbye as i got in the car and we drove off.
>To raven's house next
>That's where we ended up
>Problem was, raven's mom squealed the car to a stop two houses down.
>There was someone, an older male, standing on the front lawn,
>1:30 AM in the morning
>With flowers

>I made the headstrong choice of not letting the girls panic and call the police
>And decided i would instead walk over and find out who it was and what he wanted first
>Felt like a hero
>Ya-know
>Man of the fucking car.
>Raven's mom didn't like the idea, raven didn't like the idea, and honestly nobody liked the idea
>But the step-dad wasn't home, her brothers and sisters were asleep, and someone had to stand up to this guy.
>so i went
>I realized who it was as i was walking

>Adrenaline pumping, heart beating a mile a minute
>A man i hadn't seen in years
>and the one i'd personally decided on multiple occasions to kill
>Here was my chance it seemed, as i strutted up
>Making my best effort to look big, even if i was half his size
>I addressed him
>"Hey, You"
>The guy snapped around, and i realized i barely recognized him
>Only as a guess, didn't look anything like i remembered, and my memory was fuzzy itself.
>I expected a fight
>An instant brawl, as soon as he saw my face
>I was ready for it, fists curled, mind thumping with thoughts
>but it didn't happen
>He didn't frown, his face stayed straight, and then
>Ever so slowly, smiled
>A non creepy smile, a non "I'm going to cut you up into pieces" smile
>a fatherly, appreciative, warming smile.
>That's where he lost me
>where my anger dissolved into confusion
>Where he told me words that made my life turn upside down.
>"You're him aren't you? I have so much to thank you for"

>There's no such thing as making sense in this kind of situation
>when for years, and years
>You've just been so angry at someone, and everything they've done
>Hated them, wanted to blame them for everything
>Punish them.
>And they come along and swipe out all of that anger from underneath you
>He held out his arm, and offered me the flowers
>Me
>Said "They're for the first person i met that'd been taking care of her"
>Her
>He didn't care about his wife, not in the least.
>Just raven
>Goes on to tell me he just got into town, and just wanted to know his daughter was happy
>That he hadn't ruined her life
>He said it was part of his process, making amends with the people he wronged, and he smiled all funny when he said that.
>Told me he didn't want to force his way into his daughter's life, and that it wasn't fair
>But seeing me, the little boy that protected his daughter from him.
>All grown up, still around and protecting her.
>It made him happy
>And with that he handed me flowers

>And left.

>I trudged back to the car
>slowly, a bundle of tulips in one hand.
>The wish for wisdom, the journey across the world
>Hadn't prepared me for this.
>I didn't think about it.
>Got in the car, told them who it was
>What he said
>Handed the flowers to someone, raven maybe
>Hung my head, and Raven's mom decided Raven was sleeping at my house
>I didn't argue, we all got dropped off and she rushed home to make sure her other children were secure.
>Fine by me as we trudged in
>Gadget asked where we were sleeping, i pointed out pretty much anywhere they wanted
>I was going to sleep upstairs, and raven would probably join me in my bed, if she wanted to
>Gadget could come to, but i was sleeping
>And no funny business.
>Otherwise she could have the guest bedroom, or sleep on the couch.
>But that she had to warn me now so i could get blankets before i passed out
>tired as fuck, shouldn't have drunk washer fluid
>Gadget's fine with sleeping in the same bed, and we all end up -upstairs
>But
>Raven sleeps in the guest room, and i don't argue
>When something like that falls apart, a relationship breaks that unevenly
>There is no miraculous end anons, no magical fixing event that makes everything better.
>Gadget and i best friends, and Raven and i drifted.
>Still technically best friends
>Still technically boyfriend and girlfriend
>But drifting, because we'd been given the choice to break everything
>After a journey through the desert, and across the world.
>We'd returned to the place it all started, and the chance to break everything.
>And just narrowly veered away
>Better Nate than Lever.
>That's what they say.

That's the end of the Ride Anons. We had a Q/A thread which you can find here. If your question wasn't asked or you have additional questions about the story, you can ask the questions on the bottom of the Blog contact-me page. Otherwise make sure you leave comments somewhere around here (Right click and click "Comment" from the dropdown menu). **Seriously i wanna read em.**

But if you enjoyed the tale, there's plenty of places you should check out on the blog that you might have missed as i was writing it all up.

Firstly **Gadget's Ipod**, is a web page where we've listed a great smattering of sweet tunes to try out, some from gadget herself and others from my own personal tastes.

Next up is **Donations!** And i know you're going *"Eww look he's trying to get us to give him money!".* Actually i'd like to point you to Donation-Stories section of the page, which is where kindly anons who did donate received additional stories from ME and they're posted all there for EVERYONE to READ! That's still open, so check back frequently (or donate and make SURE it happens!)

There's a couple secret pages spread around the blog, with links in slightly more out-of-the-way places. So check around if you're interested.

Epilogues
-Because of the timing of the third story. These range from the direct year following the road trip, to maybe a little bit further. Hopefully they're far more satisfying than the sleepover epilogue.

-Currently works in progress, i'll have these done by the weekend since they're important for story #3-

Gadget

-Where do we start? Oh yes with the fabulous Steampunk Princess herself. First and foremost her brother never touched her again. At-least not in any way she feels fit to tell me about, which considering the level-up in honesty and friendship we hit after the trip, means she wasn't hiding it.

We became best-friends, just because over the road trip i'd slowly not only alienated myself from Raven in a myriad of ways i didn't even understand, but because i'd lost all faith in Glasses as a best friend over the drama she caused. Because Gadget was there for me, followed me around quietly bobbing her head to music and joined me for video games, outdoor adventures and the like, she earned and locked away my trust until i realized she'd do very little to let me down intentionally. She is miraculously the least dramatic female i've ever had the pleasure of knowing.

As i'm sure you care about, yes we remained intimate after the trip, if sparsely over the next couple of months. She was to me, a friend that was safe, didn't throw up constant red flags and was in essence the woman i went to for companionship and problem solving. To her i was safe sure, but gadget tagged along because i was entertaining, kept her in high spirits from the ceaseless needling of other things she quietly distanced her life from and i was a comforting distraction.

Sadly through "Comforting Distraction", it was downright obvious i had changed from a friend, to a compensating addiction for her. One that she was so prone to in an effort to whisk herself away from past troubles and one which she was unwilling to romantically involve herself in. I have endless stories of the time we spent together and yes the various illicit substances she introduced me to along with her ability to completely rewrite my tastes in music. On the plus side i got her to quit smoking! Although she was officially the girl i "Ended up" with after the road trip, we were not lovers, just traveling companions.

Blondie

-Blondie and i were far less complex, or more depending on your definition of the word. Our blue eyed love-lonely assassin from the future (or the past depending on who you listen to) was romantically interested in me, even if there was more curiosity involved than emotions.

She'd wanted to know what "Being Loved" or "Having a Boyfriend" was like, questions that she later revealed were pretty much tearing her up from the inside after i'd falsely spurred her on two

years ago. Plus because of her mother, and general bad luck i seemed to be the only boy she hadn't killed (for good) yet, so i made good on my promise. I took her out, some eventful and non eventful dates, food, cuddles, snogging on someone's couch and then bedded her properly this time. If you must know she managed to beat her record of four (by two!) and like i said i made sure my "first" time with a blonde girl wasn't an embarrassing mess.

She and Gadget were kinda already, but became more so "Besties" if that's the proper term. Blonde ensured gadget learned all the typical american girly things that i wasn't teaching her and they quickly became inseparable. Gadget tagging after blondie just as frequently as she would tag after me on whatever adventure we had planned for the day. Because of this, even though i'd distanced myself from raven (her friendship to blondie was why i was friends with blondie) i remained good friends with our blonde-haired innocent princess long after the road trip.

The dating didn't go anywhere, after three i stopped it. Purely for selfish reasons (Because she enjoyed the hell out of our dates) but i realized any more and she was likely to follow the foolish errand of falling for me, and... well i had my heart hardened and set elsewhere. She went back to her murderous ways soon after.

Freckles
What kind of ending would be complete without knowing if freckles ever had a happily ever-after love life that me, the best matchmaker in the world (accidentally) set up and managed to completely circumvent heaploads of extra drama i'm sure would have gone down if i hadn't.

Freckles "Dated" Aubrey if you could call it that, steadily after the road-trip. Although from third

party reports and this document on my desk, they did very little actual dating and just went straight to the sex. Almost everything i know about how they went is completely secondhand, because i was in no way part of it, nor was i ever involved with either of them because of how I turned out after the road trip. Not to mention Aubrey was way out of my league, and freckles was in an entirely different sport altogether; so i at no point had a chance to really be there in anything more than a bystander perspective.

Freckles supposedly learned EVERYTHING and the sex was fantastic. Nobody at our school knew (i don't know about aubrey's) and the two didn't really act like a couple in public anyway. More like a warzone if you'd believe it, with freckles bitching about SOMETHING and aubrey disagreeing in some kind of exotic indian or scandinavian accent depending on her mood.

That went on for the rest of the school year, then suddenly it was over. I hear freckles broke it off, something that nearly nobody expected, and that aubrey was actually enjoying the relationship more than she was letting on. The consensus (formed in secret at midnight under a full moon) guessed that freckles had just been looking into an escape while she forced her way through the emotional trauma of having an online lover turn out such a mess.

She always pretended not to, but she was grateful that i'd set her up, and somehow been that solid asshole male that wouldn't go away she'd been missing in her life up until that point. She showed it by trying, although half assedly, to cheer me up and include me along for a couple smaller adventures but ultimately failed.

Aubrey (Aka Birthday)
Aubrey dated Freckles back (don't worry it wasn't one sided!) but ultimately they broke up. She still tried to be my friend occasionally, the usual comical accents and gibbering off into embarrassing one sided perverted comments implying we should hook up (which i politely let her mulligan time and time again to rephrase).

But ultimately i started ignoring her, and she wasn't able to get through the walls i put up. She wasn't very interesting anyway, quickly falling into the unavoidable "I'm a hot girl" attitude that seems to force its way into the minds of anyone outstandingly attractive.

I don't know her current sexual preference, but i would assume BI.

Glasses
What happened with glasses directly after we flew home is probably long enough to write a story about in itself. The amount of shit she got into with the group back there in florida was a sight to behold i was told. Blondie, Aubrey and even Freckles called me up later each politely

informing me they'd chewed glasses the fuck out for pulling such a truckload of bullshit on us all and, as they put it, "Ruining the trip".

But you have to realize. Those three girls, they're just girls. Ms. Glasses, she's the devil. She's smarter than you, she's luckier than you. Whatever you think is supposed to happen, i guarantee you the exact reverse opposite will happen.

The very fucking next day, they were all "Best friends" again and supposedly had the time of their lives driving back across the country. Fuck them. There's stories there too but i'm not the one to be telling them, none of my perspective i guess.

They arrived a little over a week later, and i went straight to ignoring, avoiding and politely not being in the same place as glasses. One part of me admired her schemes, the plans she'd hastily thrown together to try to get me and raven back together. Part of me loved how she'd defeated Raven's fears all in one go. Then the rest of me hated her, a passionate burning distrust accompanying my misery. Because she'd succeeded sure.

But that didn't mean raven and i were talking to one another, or spending time with another. We weren't, and part of me
The biggest part, hated glasses for failing.

You can read this Donor story for more insight into the direct-after-road-trip situation.
http://storybroadventures.wordpress.com/about/donations/sparks-the-digital-companion/

Raven
There's a lot of things i could say about Raven, but none of it really makes sense. Nothing that happened between us after the road trip, made sense. Maybe it all started when she whisked off on that first night back, to sleep alone in the guest room and leave gadget and I upon her own bed, already asleep.. Maybe that was a bad idea on my part.

Maybe when i woke up at seven in the morning, tiptoed across the cold hardwood floors to her guest room, and crept into her bed, wrapping myself as gracefully as possible across the top of her covers and her sleeping form. When i knew if i had a choice, i'd wake up with her in my arms. Maybe when i forced myself to sleep longer, closing my eyes tightly to let her "Wake" up first. Discover me there. Maybe that was a bad idea on my part.

Whatever bad ideas, our relationship was screwed. Glasses had done irreparable damage to the two of us, she didn't realize that in trying to alleviate Raven's fears like that, she'd brought a scenario she only had in her nightmares to truth, and broke her into a shattered mess, a thousand pieces of glass unwilling to let anyone get close enough to see a reflection. Glasses didn't realize that i felt like enough of a shithead over the entire thing, blaming myself that I'D

done it, that when Raven pushed away. I let her.

That first week i tried. Showed up at her house and rang the doorbell to no answer. Let myself in, or was let in by her mother anyway and found her upstairs reading, or listening to music, vidya sometimes too. Joined her quietly, tried to start conversations and they fell up short, tried to hold her, a hug, a kiss, and she shoved me away. In that first week we shared maybe a three sentence conversation before she told me she wanted time alone, away. To think. The second week we didn't speak, even though i silently tried to make it clear i desperately wanted to.

There is no illusion in my mind as to what happened, love is deceptively yet elaborately simple, and we pretend to shroud it in mystery, romance and senseless actions. What love really is, is giving someone else the ability to hurt you and trusting them not to. Although Raven had hurt me before, pulled me down into depression and broken my heart in little ways she wasn't trying to do. I don't think i'd ever done the same to her.

Not until now, not really. Not when she realized as everything came crashing down around her just how much power my actions had over her emotions. That's a scary realization anons, when you see just how much power someone you love, really has over you. What went through her head when she ran away from us in florida are her own thoughts, private even to me. But i know they unsettled her to the core.

Storybro
So Raven and I stopped meeting up, stopped hanging out, hugging, entertaining one another with jokes and laughter. We no longer walked with one another to school, no longer sat at the same tables during lunch, and no longer worked together on projects in class.

But i never told her i wanted to break up, and i never told her we weren't friends anymore. Because that wasn't true. I missed her dearly, i loved her even more, and i didn't have an outlet for that. So i slowly hollowed myself a little hole, and buried myself in books, the internet and video games. Building walls between everyone that could give a shit about me and my life. It wasn't just me though, because trickles of information still flowed through the cracks in my shell. Gadget never gave up on keeping me in positive spirits, and blondie stole my attention sometimes for days at a time. Raven did the same thing i did, walled herself off, immersed herself in schoolwork and media. I forced Gadget to promise she would try to be as great a friend to Raven as she was to me, and she tried; failing. Raven wouldn't talk to anyone much anymore; I had to hope. Or actually I knew she loved me just as dearly as i loved her, because she never broke it off either, just left us in limbo, as if we'd both moved away and wouldn't be seeing one another for a while. Little did i know how true that would soon become.

OFFICIAL WORD-RELATED STORYBRO'S SUBCONSCIOUS TIER LIST

Details	
Words	373540
Characters	2009320
Characters (no spaces)	1677927
Sentences	11486
Paragraphs	42149
Avg. Sentence (words)	33
Avg. Sentence (chars)	175

Keyword Density	
gadget	1406 (1%)
blondie	1209 (1%)
raven	1144 (1%)
glasses	1088 (1%)
freckles	1084 (1%)
time	903 (1%)
spoiler	756 (1%)
eyes	732 (1%)
girl	659 (1%)
fuck	638 (1%)

-Do note that technically the women lower on the list are often referenced in other ways or have consistent alone-time with me.

Woody Archives: As is tradition, over 2000 woody images were harmed in the making of this tale. You can download woody images 1255 through 3271 here.
http://www.mediafire.com/download/1pvt8s4co35zbja/Road_Trip.rar

Additionally we have 33 Webms including woody.
http://www.mediafire.com/download/143kdbt83a2mqv7/Road_Trip_Webms.rar

Seeya Space Cowboys.

Continuing Stories

~~We also have the two soon-to-be-stories. NOTE: Sweet dreams is the happy ending to the trilogy, Nightmare is the sad ending. Both are entirely true and contain completely different events. Whatever you do pick ONE and never look back, do not read the other. Reading both unlocks the third ending and nobody wants that.~~

The Blog page is now up. You can find it here. Along with an explanation of the choice.
http://storybroadventures.wordpress.com/story-3-storybros-sweet-nightmares/

For those of you eagerly anticipating content magically appearing on this page (it will!). Here's a

post-roadtrip donor story that dips into some of the epilogue i haven't finished yet.
http://storybroadventures.wordpress.com/about/donations/sparks-the-digital-companion/

Epilogues will be finished entirely this weekend, and i'll have work started on story #3